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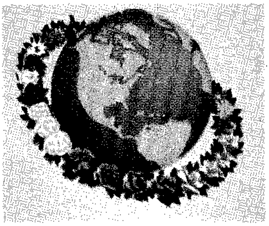

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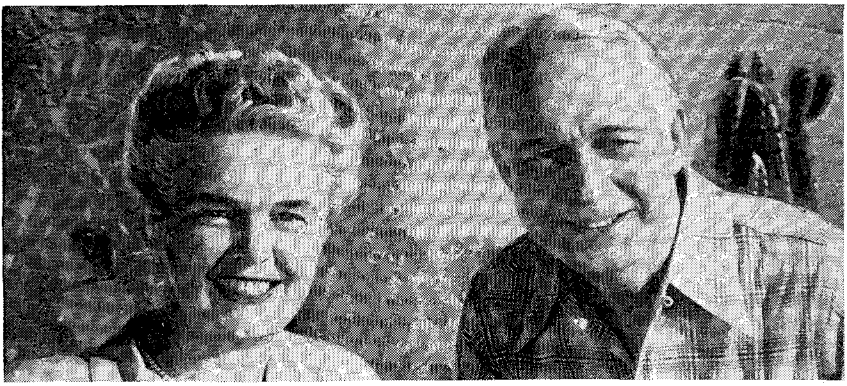

How we retired in 15 years with $300 a month

"We'd never be out here in California today, financially independent and happy, if it hadn't been for what happened back in Scarsdale the night of my fortieth birthday in 1941. Nell had gotten tickets for 'Lady in the Dark.' While she dressed that night, I was idly leafing through a magazine.

"I suppose any man feels serious when he hits forty. *Someday* Nell and I wanted to move out where it's summer all year and really enjoy life. But how could we? Half my working years had gone. I had a good salary. But we found it hard to bank anything. So I began to wonder: Must I always live on a treadmill?

"As I turned the pages, an ad caught my eye. It said a man could retire on an income without a big bank account through the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. I could get a guaranteed income of $300 a month when I reached fifty-five—not just for myself alone, but as long as either Nell or I lived.

"Just as I finished reading, Nell rushed downstairs. But I stopped long enough to clip the coupon in the ad, and mailed it on our way to the theater.

"Well, a while back my fifty-fifth birthday arrived—and was *that* a celebration! I was all set to retire. And it wasn't long before my first Phoenix Mutual check for $300 came. So we sold the Scarsdale house and headed west. We're in a beautiful spot here, just right for us. And every month we get another check. Security? Why, we have more than lots of rich people. Our income is *guaranteed for life!*"

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 to $300 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

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only 1⅓ people in 10,000 can buy these famous watches

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Unlike ordinary mass-produced watches, these time-pieces are crafted with unhurried care over a period of three years. Their production is therefore extremely limited . . . so much so, that only one and one third persons out of ten thousand can wear them. Illustrated are the "Aquamatic Champion" for men (left) and the "Aquamatic Sea Nymph" for ladies (right), self-wind waterproofs*. 17 jewels in knife-edge case with 10K yellow gold-filled top and steel back.

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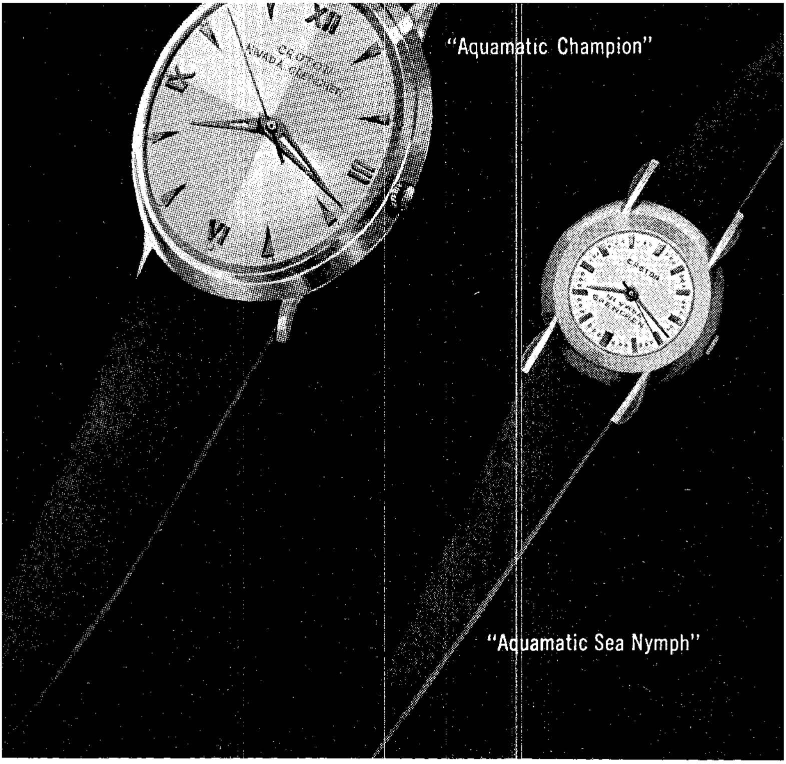
As long as case is unopened, crystal intact


"Aquamatic Champion"
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"Aquamatic Sea Nymph"

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At fine jewelers or write to CROTON Watch Co., 404 Fourth Ave., New York 16

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WORKING TOGETHER ★ TO BRING PEOPLE TOGETHER ★

For many a year, the Bell seal has been the signpost of telephone service. A little while ago we got to thinking that such a well-known symbol deserved a slogan.

We found six words that seem to sum up the story of the telephone and the telephone business... "Working Together to Bring People Together."

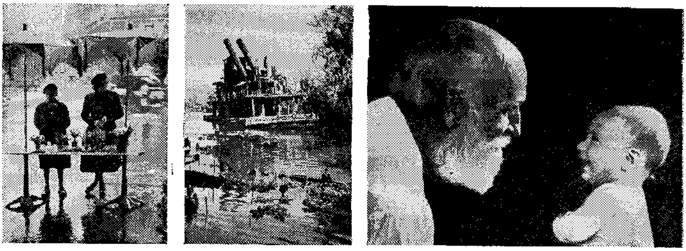
"Working Together" describes the spirit and co-operation of the telephone companies and the thousands of telephone men and women who help to provide the service. "To Bring People Together" describes the greatest use of the telephone.

It is priceless in emergencies and indispensable in saving steps and time and getting things done. And one of its biggest values is in helping people keep in touch with each other.

Many a day is brightened just because someone reached for the telephone to exchange news and good wishes and a friendly greeting.

Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Mood in word and picture: Paris flowers in the rain; death of a queen; youth and age.

Dear Reader:

Although CORONET is not a picture magazine, we receive many letters from readers about our pictures—especially about what we call our "mood" picture stories.

Essentially, each "mood" story is a group of pictures gathered under a single title and combined with almost poetic captions to create an emotional experience for the reader. This experience might involve walking the streets of Paris in the rain, mourning a discarded Mississippi riverboat, or sharing an old man's affection for a little boy (*see above*).

But, whatever the subject, finding the right pictures to tell the story means searching out, sorting and eliminating thousands of photographs. Each picture chosen must stand by itself in beauty and meaning, yet be an integral part of the over-all story.

The words are as elusive as the pictures. As Senior Editor Gerold Frank, who writes most of these stories, says: "When I start out I haven't the slightest idea of what I am going to say. Then, studying the pictures, I begin to react to them, and to write down what I feel."

Thus the pictures serve as springboards for the words; and the words in turn give new meaning and dimension to the pictures. The result is a CORONET "mood" story. For the magic worked this month by Mr. Frank and the photographers, see page 39.

The Editors

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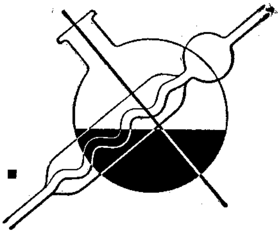
What is science doing about longer life for storage batteries? There are new developments that give you . . .



More for your money... if you choose your next battery carefully

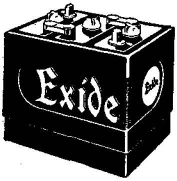
Since 1911, when the storage battery began to replace the motorist's right arm as starting power, science has been trying to develop a battery that won't wear out.

Batteries wear out because the plates lose ability to store electricity. Unlike most other parts, your battery is wearing out whether or not the car is being used. What's more, wear increases if the battery receives too much or too little electricity from the generator. Rarely is it possible to adjust a car's electrical system to meet all driving conditions!

Now, Exide—producer of the battery that made the self-starter practical way back in 1911—has found the way to greatly prolong battery life through the use of newly-developed alloys for the plates. Discovered by the company's scientists and patented, these new metals combat overcharging and sulphation—the cause of 82% of all battery failures.

On the Overcharge Life Test of the Society of Automotive Engineers, Exide Ultra Start batteries give over twice the life of those made with ordinary metals. And in actual service, Exides show the same superiority—one outlasted three police cars, giving over 170,000 miles of service without a single recharge.

As you know, all batteries look alike, and that may lead to careless buying. You can't see the patented metals that are in every Exide, nor the benefits from over 200 current patents held by the company. With such evidence that all batteries are not alike, don't you think it's wise to choose carefully rather than just take any battery offered?



So, choose an Exide—it will cost you no more than an ordinary battery and you'll get much more for your money. Exide batteries are available dry charged (filled by your dealer) or wet (factory filled).

Look for the name of a nearby Exide dealer in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. He'll give you good service. Exide Automotive Division, The Electric Storage Battery Co., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

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The Littlest Snowman Rescues Christmas
CHARLES TAZEWELL 93
ILLUSTRATED BY TINA CACCIOLA

Cover

Photograph.................................LEO AARONS

A Unique Non-Stuffed Shirt

When Mike Todd, the volatile cigar-chomping producer of *Around the World in Eighty Days*, asked David Niven how he'd like to play Phileas Fogg, hero of the Jules Verne tale, Niven, a Verne fan, blurted:

"I'd do it for nothing!"

"You're in!" snapped Todd, who in much the same fashion persuaded 41 international stars to play walk-on roles in the film.

Besides acting, Niven also became unofficial boredom-battler for the cast. Warm and gregarious, he is a witty storyteller who likes to poke fun at himself and his topsy-turvy 45-year existence. He left his native Scotland, and a military future, for Canada, where he worked in a lumber camp; thence to New York as a wine salesman, Bermuda as a beachcomber, Cuba as a munitions expert for revolutionists and, finally, Hollywood.

There a friend arranged a screen test. Told by an indifferent director to "do anything; tell a joke," Niven could only think of an off-color story. It got him a job. Working as an extra in 27 westerns, the 6′4″, 187-pound Niven—through social contacts made at a whirl of parties—eventually graduated to leading-man roles.

Tragedy marred Niven's life in 1946 when his first wife died in an accidental fall. Two years later, Swedish model Tjordis Tersmeden (he calls her "Pooh") became stepmother to his sons, aged 13 and 10.

Niven's yearly schedule consists of three pictures and ten TV films for his Four Star Productions, in which his partners are Charles Boyer, Dick Powell and producer Don Sharpe. Television, Niven says, allows him "to show something besides the same eight faces to people."

Not in the least impressed with movie glamour, Niven—who spent the summer in Rome filming *The Little Hut* opposite Ava Gardner—shrugs in an offhanded manner and maintains, "It's like going to the office every day." An adroit writer as well as actor, he parlayed his madcap adventures into a best-selling novel, *Once Over Lightly*, in 1952. Typical of his humor is the 1934 review of his acting which hangs in the lavatory of his Pacific Palisades home: ". . . an actor (?) whose name is David Niven and who is tall, dark and not the slightest bit handsome."

(*Continued on page 10*)

This year give them a Hammond Chord Organ ...and have a family-ful of fun

They'll all play the Hammond Chord Organ, because it's the one organ specially designed to bring the fun of playing to people who don't know music.

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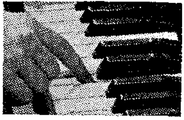
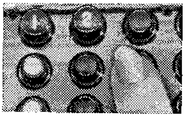
ONE FINGER of your right hand plays the melody. Hammond Picture Music shows you how.





ONE FINGER of your left hand presses a button to play a full, rich chord.

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But that's only the beginning. Every time you play you discover something new. You imitate dozens of orchestra instruments . . . play *the music you like best*. There's no end to the things you can teach yourself to play on the Hammond Chord Organ.

There's still time to have a Hammond Chord Organ for Christmas. See your Hammond dealer now. $97.50 down and about $29.50 a month at most dealers.

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Two confused people search for identity in these exciting dramas

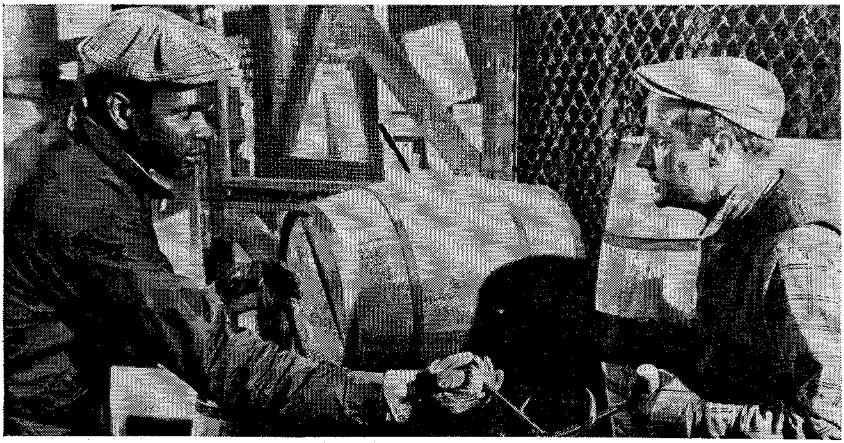
ANASTASIA, based on a real-life story, has a plot in common with Broadway's hit musical, *My Fair Lady.* In this suspenseful melodrama, however, an Imperial Russian fortune, not a wager, is at stake.

By careful coaching, four con men hope to pass off a derelict girl as a princess long believed murdered by assassins. But when the girl (Ingrid Bergman) meets the grandmother Empress (Helen Hayes, *right*), the women spring a few surprises.

Ingrid Bergman, returning to the American screen after seven years, demonstrates she hasn't lost her compelling quality. Yul Brynner and Helen Hayes also perform brilliantly.

EDGE OF THE CITY. In a Manhattan freight yard, two truck loaders—an Army deserter (John Cassavetes) and a Negro (Sidney Poitier)—become fast friends. Through this sensitive relationship, the white boy gradually learns to face his problems squarely.

This is an unusual drama, originally performed on TV as "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall." It comes to life through the forceful portrayals of Cassavetes and Poitier (*below*, seen with Jack Warden), two of the finest young actors on screen or television.—MARK NICHOLS



WINTER FALL OR SPRING

THERE'S NOTHING UNDER THE SUN LIKE A TUCSON VACATION

Here's a way of holiday living that's relaxed — and relaxing — because of the wonderful weather . . . the spectacular setting . . . the variety of things to see and do . . . and the people, who are easy-to-know, hard-to-forget.

Balmy sun-filled days (more than any other city in the nation) are yours to enjoy *every day*. Nights are clear and cool — the air is always fresh and dry. Whatever your tastes and budget you have more fun in Tucson and you're welcome wherever you go.

In all America there is nothing comparable to a holiday in this cosmopolitan city, where the charm of the Old West lives comfortably with the convenience of the New.

GO TO **Tucson** *IN FRIENDLY ARIZONA*

Western Gateway to Mexico

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where to stay . . . what to see and do — write:
Tucson Sunshine Climate Club, 5636-D Pueblo, Tucson, Arizona

RECORDS

The Composer's Debt

When Chopin left Warsaw at the age of 20 to seek new laurels in the music capitals of Europe, he was tormented by the conviction that he would never see his native Poland again. So he filled a small silver cup with Polish soil, and wherever he went he kept the cup near him. Twenty years later he died in Paris of tuberculosis. And as his coffin was lowered, his friends scattered the contents of the cup over it.

Music may be a universal language, but its roots often lie deep in the composer's national heritage, whether he knows it or not. Chopin knew it; and because Poland was under the alien yoke of the Czar, he felt all the more keenly his affinity for the folk tunes of his native land. His 42 Mazurkas and 15 Polonaises are wondrously lyrical to everyone with a romantic ear. But to Chopin they were more than the lively dance of the Polish peasant and the stately procession of the Polish courtier; they were the expression of his unswerving faith.

From Scotland, Chopin once wrote: "Dear Poland, I see thee in the mists with the eyes of my mother, her mouth, her chin. Poland who sings and who weeps, poor land, my heart is thine." The outpourings of his Polish heart became immortal music.

Franz Joseph Haydn, the Austrian composer, was the son of a wheelwright, one of 12 children. His mother had worked as cook in a nobleman's house. The father loved to play the fiddle, and both parents loved to sing. Of an evening the neighbors would drop in to listen to the Haydn family, parents and children, sing the simple folk tunes of Austria and Croatia. These are all found, with their freshness and beauty, in Haydn's great works, particularly his quartets and symphonies.

Franz Liszt, composer and one of the greatest piano-virtuosos of all time, was born in Hungary. But already as a boy he had left his fatherland. Not until he was 38 did he return to visit his native land. Once more he heard the gypsies play. And to Liszt this gypsy music was the emanation of the Hungarian folk-soul, its spontaneous melodies and variations witness to the original genius of his people. In the years that followed, he wrote a large number of piano pieces around these gypsy tunes: the well-known Hungarian Rhapsodies are their offspring.

A prominent American composer

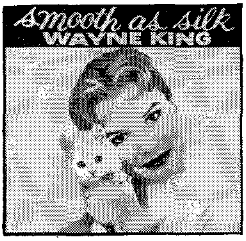
(*Continued on page 14*)

For Happy Holidays . . .

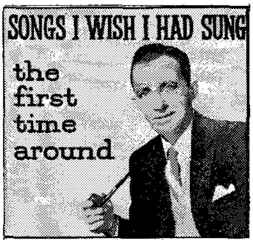
MUSIC DRAWS THE FAMILY CLOSER

SOUND TRACK ALBUM
THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY
CARMEN CAVALLARO

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY: Sound Track Album; Carmen Cavallaro, Piano; 'La Vie En Rose', etc. **DL 8289, ED-844**


Smooth as silk
WAYNE KING

SMOOTH AS SILK: Wayne King & Orch.; 'Tenderly', 'Trees', 'Anniversary Song', etc. **DL 8353, ED-437**


SONGS I WISH I HAD SUNG
the first time around

SONGS I WISH I HAD SUNG (the first time around): Bing Crosby; 'Prisoner of Love', etc. **DL 8352, ED 2426-7-8**

Silver Jubilee
GUY LOMBARDO

SILVER JUBILEE: Guy Lombardo & Orch.; 'St. Louis Blues', 'You're Driving Me Crazy', etc **DL 8333, ED-681**

...manhattan tower
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MANHATTAN TOWER: Original Hit Album; Gordon Jenkins, Chorus, Orch., also, CALIFORNIA. **DL 8011, ED-562**

memory lane...
the mills brothers
DECCA

MEMORY LANE: Mills Brothers; 'Nevertheless', 'Lazy River', 'Someday', etc. **DL 8219, ED-777**

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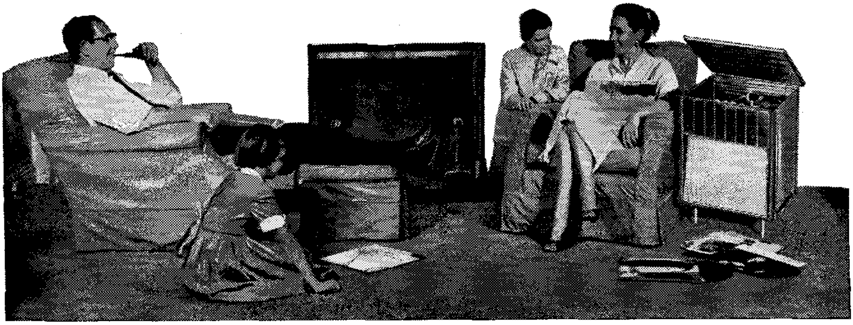


of our days, Ernest Bloch, is drawing his inspiration from his Jewish heritage, with his Israel Symphony, Schelomo Rhapsody and Baal Shem (Three Pictures of Hasidic Life) he transforms the searching chants of the mystical sects and the melody of Jewish liturgy into very personal musical expression. "It is . . . the Hebrew spirit that interests me," says Bloch, "the complex, ardent, agitated soul that vibrates for me in the Bible; the vigor and ingenuousness of the Patriarchs . . . the burning love of justice, the desperation of the preachers of Jerusalem, the sorrow and grandeur of the book of Job, the sensuality of the Song of Songs. . . . This is what I feel within me, and translate in my music."

When the Czech composer Antonin Dvořák lived in Spillville, Iowa, and composed his Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (the "New World" Symphony), he issued the following statement before its premiere in 1893: ". . . the future music of this country must be founded upon what are called the Negro melodies. . . . These beautiful and varied themes are the product of the soil. . . . They are the folk songs of America . . ."

Dvořák did not know that an American pianist and composer, dead at that time for almost 25 years, had done just that. Louis Moreau Gottschalk was born in New Orleans. He was a student of Berlioz, and Chopin predicted he would become "the king of pianists." He did become a sensationally successful, much-wooed performer, the first American-born artist to achieve such success. He also became the first American composer to draw for his piano works (Bamboula Dance of the Negroes; le Bananier, Negro Song; etc.) on the same New Orleans folk-sources, Negro and Creole, which so strongly influenced contemporary American music.

Coronet's Choice From Recent Recordings of "National" Music

Bloch, Schelomo, Hebrew Rhapsody; André Navarra, London Symphony: Capitol P 18012.

Brahms, Hungarian Dances (complete); Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Rossi: Vanguard VRS-473.

Copland, El Salón México (with Grofé, Grand Canyon Suite); Boston Pops, Fiedler: RCA Victor LM-1928.

Dvořák, Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, op. 95 ("From the New World"); Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy: Columbia ML 5115.

Dvořák, Trio in E Minor, op. 90 ("Dumky") (with Smetana, Trio in G Minor, op. 15); Oistrakh, Knushevitzky, Oborin: Westminster XWN-18175.

Gottschalk, The Banjo and other Creole Ballads, Cuban Dances, Negro Songs and Caprices; Eugene List: Vanguard VRS-485.

Kodály, Háry János Suite (with Prokofiev, Lieutenant Kijé Suite, op. 60); New York Philharmonic, Mitropoulos: Columbia ML 5101.

Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole in D Minor, op. 21; Isaac Stern, Philadelphia Orchestra: Columbia ML 5097.

Liszt, Hungarian Fantasia; Philharmonia Orchestra, Geza Anda: Angel 35268.

Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnole, Bolero, La Valse; Boston Symphony, Munch: RCA Victor LM-1984.

Rimsky-Korsakov, Capriccio Espagnol, op. 34, Russian Easter Overture, op. 36; Tchaikovsky, Capriccio Italien, op. 45; Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Rossi: Vanguard VRS-484.

—FRED BERGER

Worried about wearing a hearing aid for fear of being conspicuous?
How a dramatic new invention revolutionizes concealment of hearing loss.

Eye-Glass Hearing... New Era in the Conquest of Hiding Deafness

By S. F. Posen, *Director of Beltone Electronic Research Laboratories*

THE BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS who created the transistor during wartime research never dreamed it would revolutionize the lives of millions who are hard of hearing.

This tiny speck of mineral, the transistor, inspired Beltone research scientists to perfect an almost incredible new invention. This sensational scientific development enables the deaf to hear clearly again without advertising their hearing loss. Gone is the once tell-tale cord, gone is the receiver button in the ear.

This exciting invention crosses a new frontier for the deaf. It solves the problem of people who hesitated to wear a conventional hearing aid for fear of being stared at. Beltone scientists achieved this by completely hiding an all-transistor hearing aid and receiver inside one temple of glasses. A tiny, almost invisible tube carries sound to the ear. There is nothing to hide in the hair or clothes, no special attachments behind the ear.

Beltone Hearing Glasses are so streamlined that wearers look like any other person with glasses. Even their friends do not guess they wear a hearing aid. This invention makes overcoming hearing loss for both men and women as easy as putting on a pair of glasses.

Beltone scientists added an even more exciting feature in this invention. It enables the deaf to hear with BOTH ears, as nature intended. Full dimensional hearing with both ears gives new advantages for more natural hearing, easier understanding. Now the deaf can tell *where* sounds are coming from . . . *who* is talking. No more head-turning like an antenna, to catch sounds with the "good" ear.

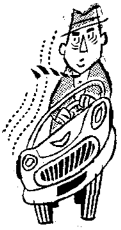
Thanks to these remarkable advances, the deaf can recapture lost joys of normal conversation with family . . . social life with friends . . . inspiration of church . . . recreations like TV, radio, movies. Beltone Hearing Glasses enable them to become part of the everyday world again.

Free book on request. *A fully illustrated new book explains how Beltone Hearing Glasses introduce a new era in the conquest of hiding deafness . . . how they enable the deaf to hear with both ears. For your free copy, without obligation, write: Dept. 4-311, Beltone Hearing Aid Co., 2900 W. 36th Street, Chicago 32, Illinois.*

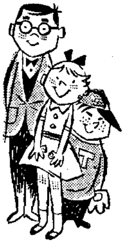
This advertisement is published as a service to hard of hearing by
Beltone Hearing Aid Company

YOU

Drivers' compulsion; children's personality; physical fitness



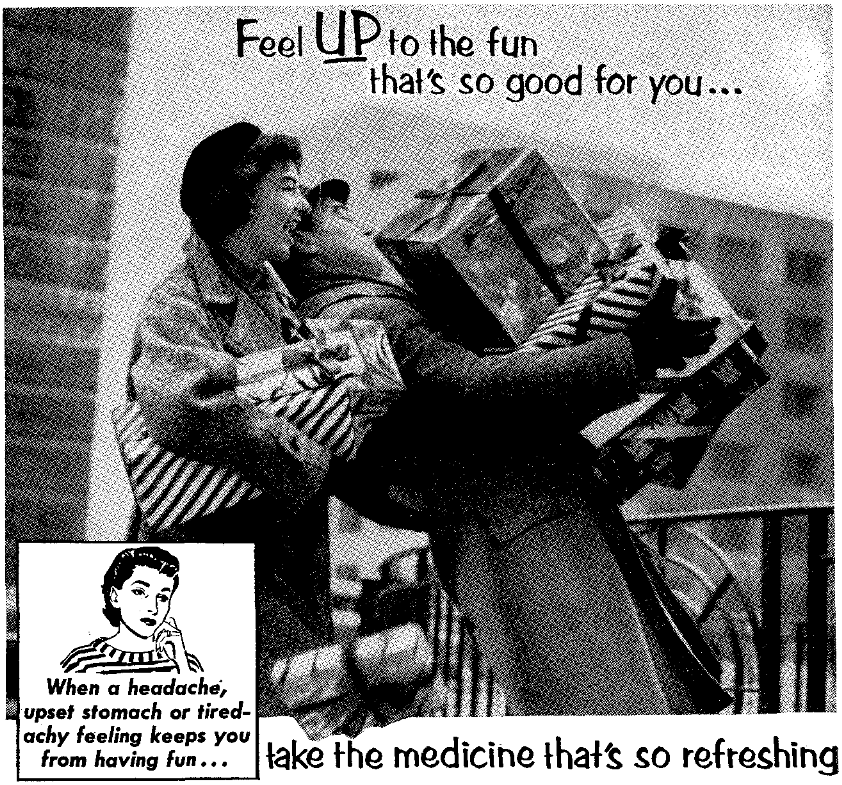
SHOULDER SHY: Safety experts say that when passing a car parked on the shoulder of the road, typical driver reaction is to maintain speed and swerve toward the center of the road—even though there's an oncoming car in the opposite lane. But what shakes the nerves of the safety experts is the fact that the narrower the road, the greater the swerve! In other words, the sight of non-moving objects on their side very often makes drivers shy dangerously close to what is actually the far more lethal moving object—the car in the other lane.



FAMILY PATTERN: "They're all so different" is a common parental remark about children. It's not just inherited characteristics that make the difference, but, in large families at least, the order of birth. Drs. James H. S. Bossard and Eleanor Boll, at the University of Pennsylvania, have found that the first child is generally the "responsible" one, the second the popular, social butterfly type, the third and fourth the social-minded and ambitious ones. Children born last are likely to be either "studious," "sickly," or "spoiled baby" types. In each case, the personality of the child seems to be molded by reactions to the position occupied by the child ahead of him. Thus, with the responsible child already playing the role of "little mother" or "family head" the child after him often seeks recognition by making himself unusually agreeable.

SCORE YOUR FITNESS: Do you wonder if you're in good enough physical shape to engage in an active sport? A research organization, Sports College of Toronto, tests the fitness of athletes in this way: (1) Lie down for five minutes, take your pulse the entire time, jot the figure

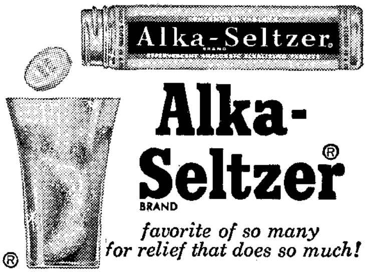
(*Continued on page 18*)


Feel UP to the fun
that's so good for you...

When a headache, upset stomach or tired-achy feeling keeps you from having fun...

take the medicine that's so refreshing

Tis the season to be jolly! But when you have a headache or upset stomach and that out-of-sorts feeling that goes with them, you can't enjoy yourself. That's the time to take ALKA-SELTZER for combination relief. ALKA-SELTZER is *effective!* It soothes and neutralizes an acid upset stomach and then quickly goes on into your system to work for relief of that headache and tired-achy feeling. Yes, ALKA-SELTZER gives *combination relief!* Its several time-tested ingredients work together to make you feel *better* all over. So, take ALKA-SELTZER next time . . . for relief that is so refreshing!



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favorite of so many for relief that does so much!

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD . . . discover how pleasantly and effectively ALKA-SELTZER relieves the ache-all-over feverish feeling. Makes a soothing gargle, too. Let ALKA-SELTZER help you feel better while you're getting better.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC. . . . *for Better Health*
ELKHART, INDIANA

YOU

Happy homes: talking through your ears

(*Continued from page 16*)

down. (2) Stand up, do the same. (3) Subtract the first figure from the second. (4) Jog easily in place for one minute, note your pulse. (5) Sit one minute, do the same. Now add all five figures together. If you're a normally fit person, your total will be close to 380. If it is much higher, better see your doctor before you go in for any kind of hard exercise. The average score for well-trained athletes, Sports College experts say, is 360.

ROSE-COLORED GLASSES: The more attractive your home, the more optimistic your view of the world around you, say Dr. A. H. Maslow and psychologist N. L. Mintz of Brandeis University. To prove it, they showed a set of photographs to different groups of students and asked them to rate the people pictured in terms of energy, fatigue, displeasure, well-being. The group seated in a beautifully furnished room for the test gave high energy ratings to the people shown. Those in a reasonably well-furnished room gave them a lower rating for energy and well-being. Students who were placed in a disorderly, ill-furnished room took a grim view of the pictures they studied. To them the people looked tired and unhappy.

LOOK WHAT'S TALKING: Every time you say something with your mouth, the same words are coming out of your ears, too. One explanation is that the sounds carry up through the eustachian tube or through the bones of the head and emerge from the ears. After the first shock at this discovery, Dr. Henry Moser and other researchers began to study this strange ear talk. "Speaking" to each other through stethoscope earpieces and tubes, they found the sounds lacked the volume of oral speech, but were perfectly clear. In some situations, they are even more understandable. This is particularly true of pilots, where ear speech into a microphone pressed tightly against the head is never drowned out by interfering engine noises which are picked up by mouth-type microphones.

Christmas Greetings
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The Scotch with Character
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The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
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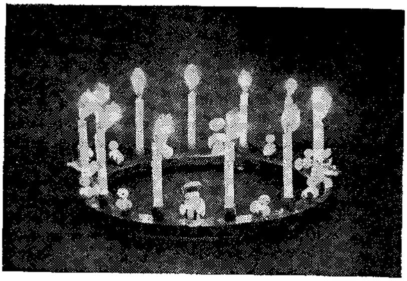
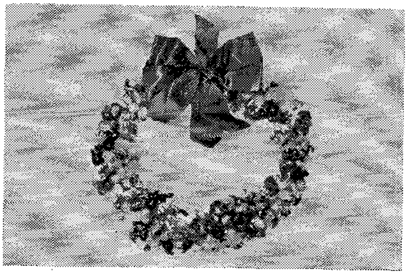
CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Products on Parade

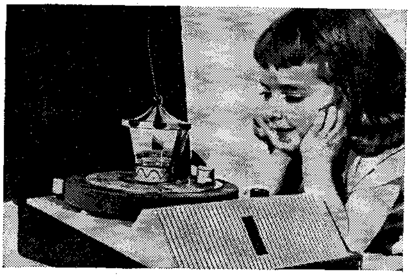


GLORIFY a holiday table with an Angel and Candle Centerpiece Ring. Gaily painted wooden figures playing assorted musical instruments alternate with candle holders. Ring measures 11″ in diameter. $2.95 pp. Carol Beatty Co., Dept. #CC, 7410 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.



MAKE your own colorful Christmas wreath from candy you can eat. Kit contains 4½ lbs. assorted hard candy, red masking tape, wire, ribbon bow and instruction sheet. You supply wire coat hanger for frame. Finished wreath measures 14″. $3.95 pp. Meredith, Inc., Dept. CO, Evanston 4, Ill.

KEEP your child's room neat with a toy chest made from any standard bushel basket. Heavy duty, polka dot vinyl plastic covers a basket inside and out. Elastic on bottom grips to hold it firmly in place. Beautifully Christmas packaged. $1.98 pp. Mansfield House, Dept. CO, 38 Water St., N. Y. 4, N. Y.



NURSERY rhyme figures dance to gay tunes with this Magic Mirror Movie toy. Prism reflects figures on revolving record. Attaches to standard 78 rpm phonograph. Two unbreakable records and plastic prism, $3.00 pp. Childhood Interests, Inc., Dept. C-56, 180 W. Westfield Ave., Roselle Park, N. J.

(*Continued on page* 22)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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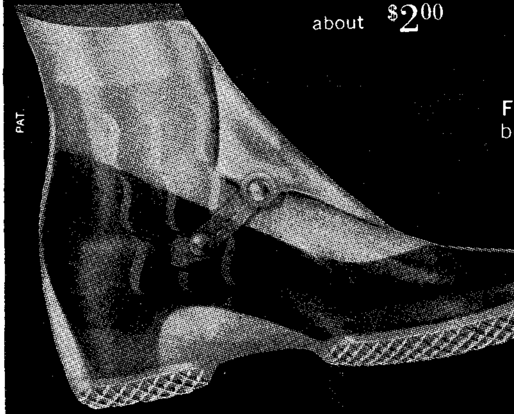
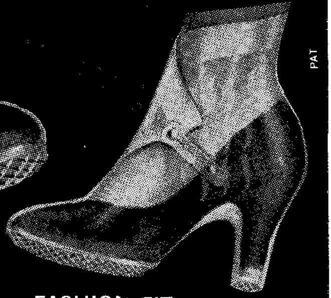


UNIVERSAL FIT . . .
best for LOW heels (to flats)



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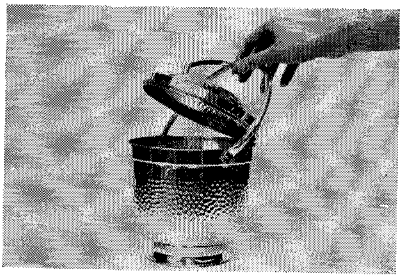
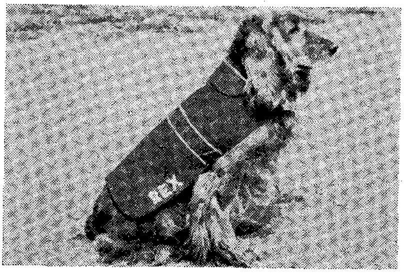
CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Products on Parade



IMPORTED ice bucket from Italy for holiday get-togethers. Made of hammered, mirror-polished, heavy gauge pure aluminum. Swing handle top, Fiberglas insulation to keep ice from melting. Attractive and useful addition to home. $3.98 pp. Singer's Inc., Dept. C., 33 S. Division St., Buffalo 3, N. Y.

WEAR silhouettes of your favorite people on a sterling silver or gold-filled bracelet. Disc has silhouette of son, daughter or parents on one side; engraved name, and birth or wedding date, on other. Bracelet $3.00; discs $2.75 each, pp. Wayne Silversmiths, 546 C So. Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.



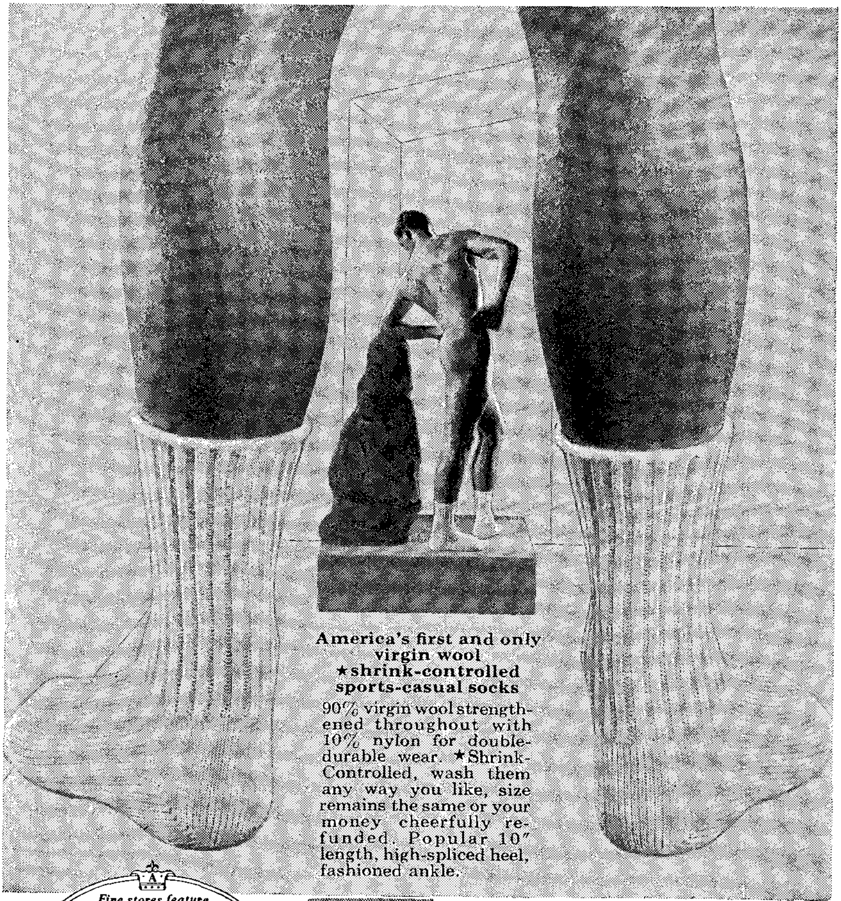
REMEMBER the family pup with a personalized dog coat. Made of warm felt in 10, 12, 14, 16, 18″ lengths. Colors of red on green, green on red, yellow on blue, blue on yellow. Limit of 6 letters on 10″ coat. No limit on other sizes. $2.50 pp. Jeb's On Santa Fe Trail, Dept. C, Waverly 22, Mo.

YOUNG model airplane hobbyists will be happy assembling plastic planes in this cardboard flight bag. Contains model B-25 Mitchell bomber, B-26 Invader bomber, Catalina PBY patrol bomber, Douglas DC-3, and cement. $4.69 pp. Monogram Models, Dept. C, 3421 W. 48th Pl., Chicago 32, Illinois.

(*Continued on page* 24)

For additional mail order products and services, see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 161.

You never turn your back on comfort in Adler SC* size-guaranteed socks



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Products on Parade

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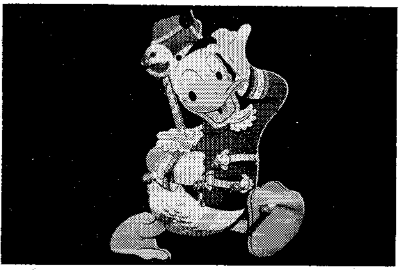
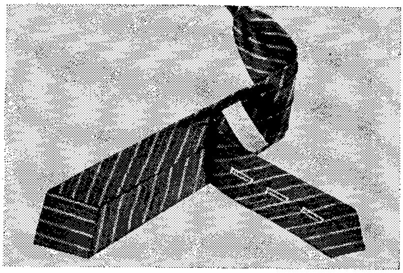
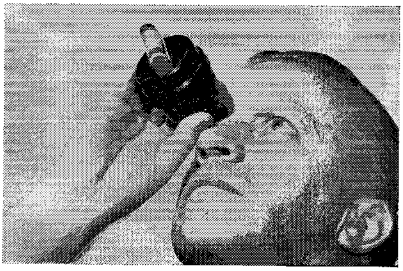


DONALD DUCK pin-up tidies up for the younger set. He's a 22″ long clothes rack with 6 knobs to hold everything from pajamas to space helmet. Made of 10-ply laminated board, decorated in blue, orange and yellow. $3.48 pp. Page & Biddle, 21 Station Road, Haverford C 11, Pa.



GIVE him a tie that buttons to his shirt with loop and buttonholes for smooth, flat appearance. Choice of good-looking stripe or figure patterns in wide range of colors and fabrics. Rayon and silk, $1.50; pure silk, $2.50, pp. A. Schreter & Sons, Inc., Dept. C-1, 16 S. Eutaw St., Baltimore 1, Maryland.



LEARN the stars with this Optical Star Finder. Optical illusion "projects" battery-illuminated charts on the heavens to name stars, locate planets, identify constellations. Complete sky coverage with 30 charts for study and enjoyment. $1.98 pp. Tri-G Co., 2717A Main St., Santa Monica, California.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 161.

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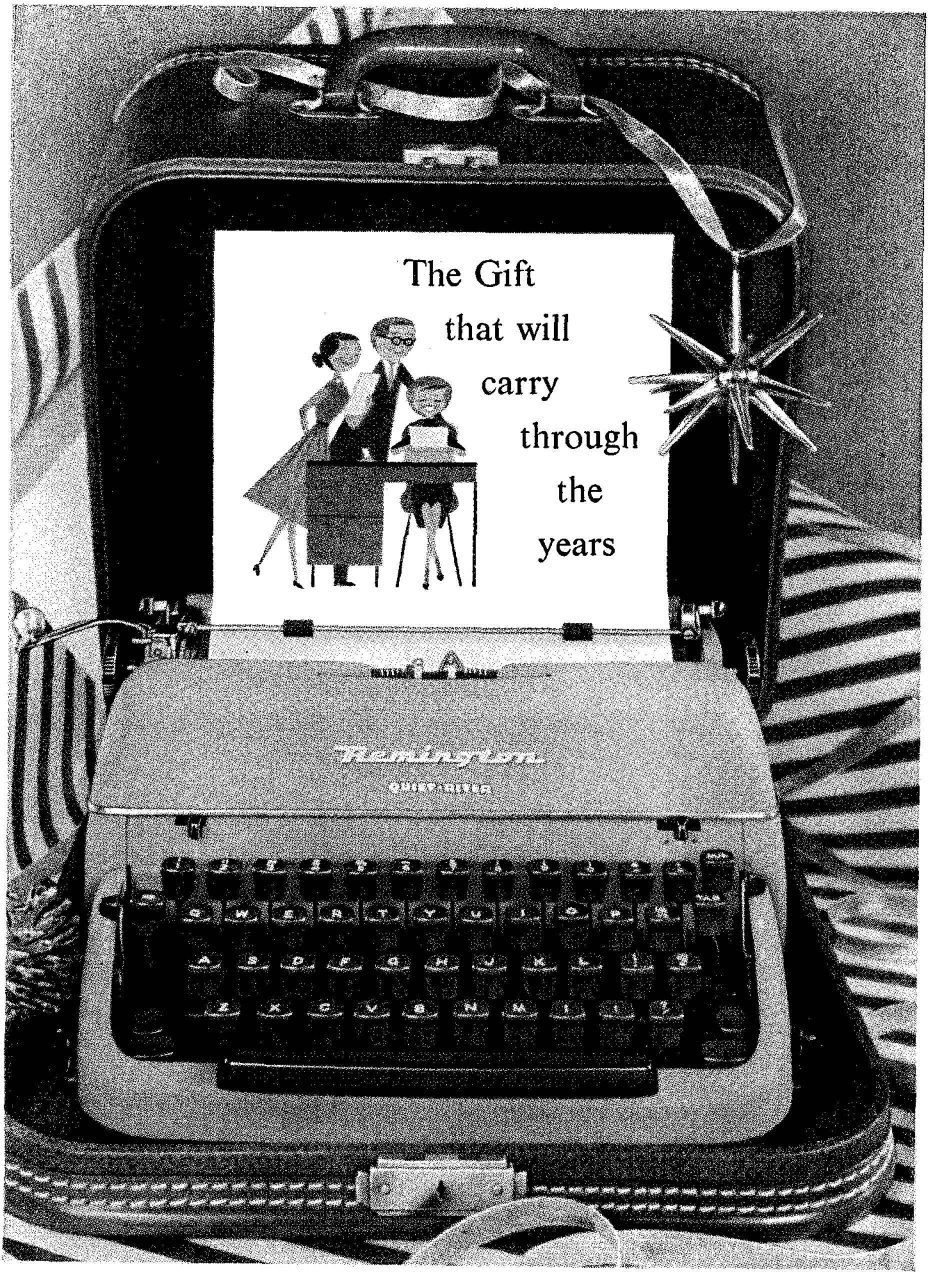
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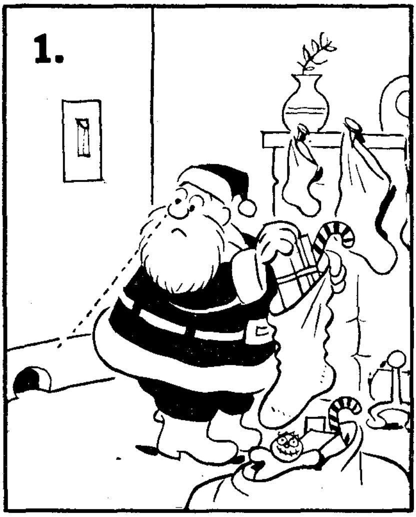

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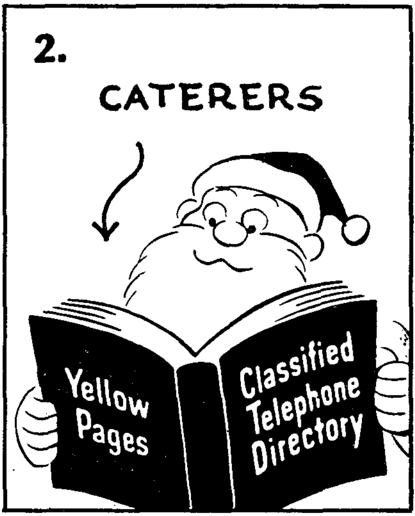
CATERERS
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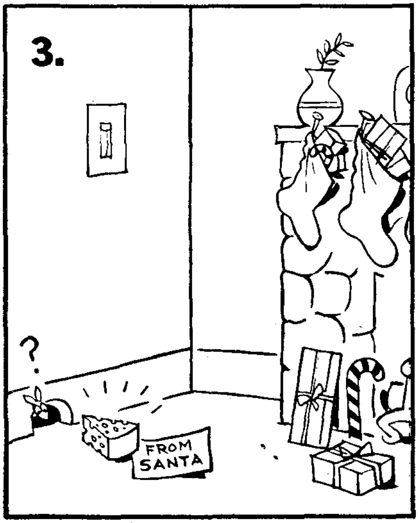

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Making of a Missionary

by REVEREND HAROLD REIMER
as told to MARTIN L. GROSS

Adventuring for God, this young clergyman fought death and disease in the Brazilian jungle to bring the Gospel to the savage Chavantes

IT WAS the 7th of July, the "mild" season in Brazil, yet I was sweating from heat and anxiety when we camped that night beside the Culuene River. We were deep in the Mato Grosso jungle, home of the Chavante Indians, a tribe of fierce, Stone Age killers who had skillfully eluded white men for generations. As an apprentice Word of Life missionary of 27, I had come to find them and bring the Gospel to them.

All during the day we had seen Indians stealthily stalking us along the banks as we paddled our dugout canoes down the river. And now, as I leaned back restlessly in my hammock, my rifle beside me, I could feel dozens of hostile eyes watching from the surrounding blackness.

Suddenly, with an eerie whistling sound, a barrage of arrows landed in a patch of moonlight less than two feet from my hammock. I had found the Chavantes, but not exactly in the way I had hoped. . . .

The road that had led me to this rendezvous with adventure in the Brazilian jungle started back at our little church in Mountain Lake, Minnesota. A visiting Mennonite evangelist spoke there one night when I was 14, and I made my personal conversion. After serving in the Navy during World War II, I entered Wheaton College, Billy Graham's alma mater.

I made my decision to become a missionary in 1951 at the summer camp of the Word of Life, a worldwide evangelistic movement headed by Jack Wyrtzen. I had already been ordained an evangelical minister, and was assigned to the South America Indian Mission.

A year later I arrived at the Paranatinga, which was to be my headquarters for the next four years. My fellow apprentice Harry Bollback, 150 civilized Bacaïri Indians and I were the sole inhabitants of this outpost on the edge of the almost impenetrable jungle that stretches for 500 miles up to the Amazon River.

The Chavantes regularly terrorized the region. They would walk vast distances from their secret village in the interior and raid outposts and ranches. The first year a nearby rancher was killed by a marauding band of naked warriors in their usual grisly manner: while one Chavante held him, another beat him to death with a *borduna,* a four-foot club made of a wood so hard even a nail can't penetrate it.

The Chavantes are among the most primitive people on the face of the earth. They have no stone, metal or flint implements. They fell a tree by digging around its roots and prying it loose. Although they often live along rivers, they have no boats. They cook their food by throwing it on the open fire, then eating it—ashes, innards and all.

Harry Bollback and I, with a party of 23 civilized Indians, started up the Culuene River in search of the Chavantes on June 24, 1953.

Six tributaries stretch 200 miles northward to the Xingu River, which empties into the Amazon. Of these, only the Culuene was still unexplored, and it seemed the logical place to look for the Chavantes.

Every few miles we hit fierce rapids, with falls that dropped ten feet or more. Our dugout canoes sometimes capsized as we tried to shoot the lesser rapids. The falls meant laborious portages which had to be hacked through the jungle.

At the end of the first week, we had made barely 40 miles. My body was covered with festering sores; and our food (half of which had capsized into the river) was dangerously low. But we were in Chavante territory.

The first hint we had of this came on July 2. We had just beached our canoes when I noticed fresh imprints in the grass where some two dozen Indians had lain watching us disembark. Before pushing off again I left behind gifts—gaily colored shirts, knives and axes—for I sensed the Chavantes were still stalking us.

The bait worked. The morning of the 7th, someone in our party shouted, "Indians!" From the brush suddenly materialized half a hundred red-painted, sullen-faced savages carrying poised bows and arrows. They were nude, except for a one inch cup of palm leaves, and exceptionally tall, some six feet and more.

They made motions that they wanted knives and axes, and for the

"Here I'm holding our first Chavante friend. We 'adopted' her because the Indians—who hate orphans—ostracized her and were allowing her to starve."

next hour they traded with us like happy children. Harry and I even started to play a gospel duet on accordion and trombone, but the old one who was obviously their chief disgustedly waved us to stop.

I was congratulating myself on this lucky contact, when Harry cried, "Watch out, Harold!" A young Chavante had grabbed a bag of supplies and was running toward the jungle. I caught him, but it started a rash of Chavante stealing.

When one of our men panicked and reached for a gun I decided we had better get going.

The Chavantes attacked that night. As soon as the arrows landed near my hammock, we all scrambled for cover. Some of our party fired aimlessly into the jungle, despite my pleas to stop. I wanted to frighten off our attackers as much as anyone, but I knew that a single Chavante casualty would set back our chance to evangelize them by decades.

No one slept that night. We dared not light a fire, and huddled together for warmth and protection.

Before the first light of dawn, half our party boarded canoes while the rest walked in a single line along the bank, covering those in the canoes. By one o'clock, sure we had eluded the Chavantes, we beached

"We were kept busy inoculating the Chavantes. Penicillin saved their lives and helped us win their confidence." **(Right)** ***"I try to make friends using sugar."***

for a rest. Immediately, we heard the *thfft-thfft* of Chavante arrows. The crafty Indians had followed us all day.

We scrambled up the bank and counted heads. By some miracle, or due to bad Chavante marksmanship, no one had been hit.

That night, with the moon behind clouds, we crept down to the river and silently climbed into the canoes. The jungle seemed deathly still except for the usual animal chatter. But we hadn't been quiet enough for, as we pushed off, a rain of Chavante arrows made little splashes in the water all around us.

But once more no one was hit. We made our way cautiously down river in the dark for several hours, then camped. The next morning when we awoke, we realized that we had not only evaded the Chavantes, but had escaped a surer death. Just a few hundred yards downstream was a huge waterfall. Had we paddled on for another few minutes, we would have been crushed on the rocks.

My emotions were mixed on leaving Chavante territory. I had escaped with my life, but I felt I had failed in my vow to bring the Gospel to these fierce Indians.

On the 35th day we reached the Xingu River, and a village of friendly Kalopalo Indians. For a month I traveled from tribe to tribe, preaching and teaching. The Indians here were primitive yet naturally affectionate people and welcomed me as "Caraiba Awerzapai," or "White Man, Good."

We saw no more of the Chavantes on our return trip to the Paranatinga in August. But I was satisfied.

I had located them. And I brought back a 17-year-old Mehinacu Indian named Oppawai who wanted to see "civilization." We bought him clothes and soft drinks, which he loved. He parted his bowl-shaped hair and proved to be an excellent student of Portuguese. And in a little over a year Oppawai became a neat, well-spoken Christian young man.

Early in 1954, our isolated outpost was electrified by a minor miracle. Obviously frightened Bacaïris came rushing into our headquarters. "Senhor Haroldo," they gasped, "there are strange fires on the plains."

A few days later, 25 naked Indian warriors walked boldly into our village. The terrified Bacaïri locked their women up and hid their shirts. I rushed out to welcome the newcomers. They were the same Chavantes who had attacked us on the Culuene!

I was the happiest man in the Mato Grosso. I was sure that our gifts had drawn them here. They had walked 100 miles overland (with only a heel sandal) to look us over. They accepted more gifts of food, matches, knives; and two hours later left as abruptly as they had come. I saw no more of the Chavantes for months.

In June, with Harry and Oppawai, I again visited the Xingu. The Brazilian government had set up an emergency airstrip in the middle of the jungle, and the trip that had taken us 35 days we now made in two hours by Piper Cub.

We traveled about among the Xingu Indians by canoe. The Xin-

"We used cutout figures and interpreters to teach the Bible to the Chavantes in 'church.' They learned hymns with surprising ease."

gus, like the Chavantes, are polygamous. The marriage ceremony is rather simple. The man's hammock is put on top of that of his bride, who is usually about 13 years old, and the ropes of his hammock are then cut.

In July we arrived at a Waura Indian village to find several ill with a strange malady which was spreading rapidly. The symptoms were curious—some fever, bleeding at the nose, spots on the skin and weakness.

I had no medical training, but I went through my "second Bible"—*Merck's Manual*, a thick dictionary of illnesses put out by the famous drug firm—and finally found the disease. The Wauras had measles. The manual said they weren't fatal but that they left the body susceptible to other things, especially meningitis.

The situation quickly became critical. Each day dozens of Wauras were stricken with a combination of dysentery and meningitis, a trance-like paralytic condition. We had exhausted our penicillin, and Harry decided to go back for medicines and a missionary nurse before the tribe was annihilated.

Within ten days, every Waura was bedridden and the first had died. I worked desperately to keep life going in the others. For the next three weeks I was doctor, cook, hunter and nurse to 120 sick Indians. At the end of that time the death toll was 17 and things were in a bad way.

But the Piper Cub came over the next day and even the sickest ones looked up hopefully. It dropped a package which broke its fall on the roof of my hut. Inside were sulfa pills to treat the dysentery. Four days later, Harry and a missionary nurse, Jean MacArthur, arrived and relieved me.

Soon after I returned to the Paranatinga I received the most wonderful surprise of my missionary career. The 25 Chavante warriors who had visited us had reported back to their village near the Culuene. In September, 1954, the entire tribe of 350, after trekking overland for weeks, settled down near the Paranatinga!

Immediately, I hurried over to greet them. They were not too friendly but I spent a week with them. It was the beginning of a year and a half of intimate contact with these strange Indians (much of it living in a crude hut outside their village) as their missionary, and later their friend.

The Chavantes were more backward and primitive than even I had realized. They ate ants, caterpillars, grasshoppers, even the feathers on birds. They slept on the ground without blankets. They farmed a few simple crops, but didn't understand the principle of the plow.

The Chavantes were distrustful of me at first, and caused dangerous unrest throughout the region. They clubbed the other Indians, raided their gardens and killed horses and pigs—sometimes for the sheer delight of using their *bordunas*.

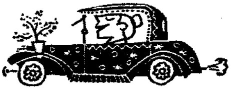
"The Chavantes will always be killers," a Bacaïri told me. "They should be sent back to the *mato*."

But I had more faith, and gradually my missionary work began to make itself felt. I taught them to cook in iron kettles and presented every male with a knife, axe or machete. I introduced them to soap, which they loved. When they ran out of it, both men and women came to take a bath with "Haroldo."

Gradually the stealing and killing subsided, and as I won their confidence they lost their fear of white men. I can't claim to have evangelized the Chavantes yet. I taught them Bible stories endlessly through an interpreter, although I don't know how much they understood.

However, when I left the Paranatinga in February, 1956, to come home on a year's leave, I had my reward. For these stoic Indians, who only two years before had lived wild in the *mato,* were plainly sad at seeing me—their first contact with the civilized world—leave.

This January I plan to return to Brazil. I don't know if I shall ever see the Chavantes again; but whether or not I do, I still owe them an everlasting debt. They helped inestimably in the making of a missionary.



A Matter of Pride

For $45 Mrs Ruth Barron of Oklahoma City bought a 1937 model Ford to use while her husband took the family car to work. It was in bad condition—inside and out—so Mrs. Barron covered the interior with a wild pink print, with ruffles. A matching ruffled pillow softened the worn-out seat for the driver. Outside, pink polka dots were generously applied. Even a big hole in the front fender didn't stop Mrs. Barron—she made it into a planter for evergreens and artificial flowers.

Everyone chuckled at the redecorating job, but Mrs. Barron added a sobering note with the sign she painted on the back. It reads: "Mine is paid for—is yours?" —*Capper's Weekly*

"Until now I had always tried in vain to understand the type of art you present," said a friend to Picasso. "But my eyes were opened during my last trip. In nature I saw innumerable forms and figures like those you portray."

"So," replied Picasso, "is nature gradually getting on the ball?"

— *Quote*

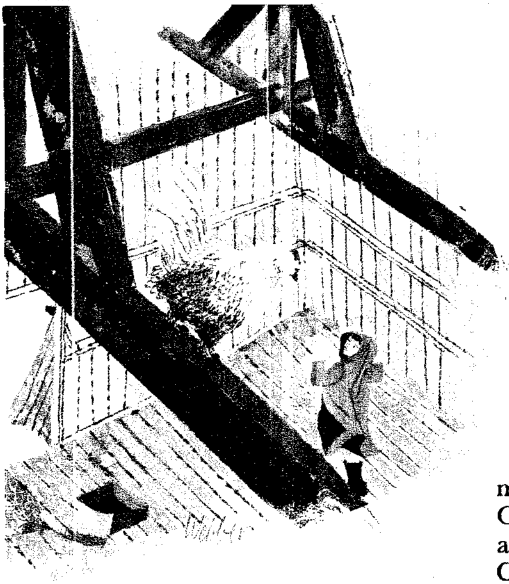
A charwoman was telling a friend of her prowess in polishing floors.

"When I started to work here the floors were in bad shape, but since I've been doing them," she said with quiet pride, "three ladies have fallen down." —*A.M.A. Journal*

Mrs. Calhoun was slightly obese. One day her cleaning lady, inclined to be overly intimate, asked, "Just how much do you weigh, Mrs. Calhoun?"

"I never get weighed, Nora. It is so much more refined to be able to say, 'I don't know' than to say 'It's none of your business!' "

—*Capper's Weekly*



Cluck-Cluck and Christmas

by ANNE PINKERTON

THIS IS THE TALE of a little girl's conviction of the ultimate goodness of life; the innocent and naïve, and perhaps desperate, belief of childhood that, in the end, only happiness must prevail—and that Christmas was the one time in all the year when this happiness would be made most manifest. I was that little girl, and I was five and a half years old, and I believed this because my mother had told me it was so.

The story begins on the first Christmas that I remember, 50-odd years ago, on a ranch in western Nebraska.

My mother and father had just moved to their homestead from Iowa, bringing with them their scanty furniture and livestock, including the deaf white bird dog we called Ol' Bird, and Cluck-Cluck, my little reddish-brown bantam hen. Ol' Bird being peevish and aloof, and my sister being only a baby, Cluck-Cluck was really my only companion. She followed me around like a dog, begging in a soft, little throaty "cluck, cluck!" for grain.

I loved Cluck-Cluck very much, and was quite upset when, upon arriving at the homestead, my mother put Cluck-Cluck in the chicken house with the ordinary fowls. When I cried about it, though, Mother laughed at me. "Why, silly, that's the very best place for a little banty hen!" So I scrubbed the tears from my eyes and tried to think so, too.

Besides, my mind was getting more and more taken up with the exciting idea of Christmas, and I didn't really have time to worry. For one thing, there was to be a Christmas Eve dance at a neighbor's sod house off down the creek, and I didn't know much about Christmas, dances *or* sod houses, and it took up a lot of my time just wondering and asking questions about them.

It was suppertime before we arrived at the house where the dance was to be held. As it turned out, though, I wasn't to know much of what went on at my first Christmas dance. For, with the other children, my sister and I were put to bed soon after supper under mountains of coats and wraps of all sorts. Then, hours later, we were awakened, swathed in blankets like cocoons, and to the squeaking and sawing of fiddles were carried out and loaded into the sled again.

Was this what a Christmas dance was like? Why, there wasn't any happiness in it! Silently the self-pitying tears began to slide down my cheeks.

But overhead there were millions of white stars very close and friendly, and the prairie swept miles and miles away to either side in its silver blanket of snow, and in spite of the pain of my betrayal I gradually gave myself up to the beauty of the night.

I hadn't paid much attention to all this when I'd made the trip over —I had been too excited by the imaginings of the evening to come—but now I crouched down in the straw beside my mother and baby sister, and the memory came to me of what Mother had said when she'd put me to bed earlier in the evening. "Silly child!" And her eyes had laughed down at me. "All this fuss! There's still Christmas, you know. *Tomorrow* is Christmas, Florrie."

A warm feeling spread all through me, and my heart began to keep tune to the jingling of the little bells Father had fastened to the horses' harness. Maybe this good, warm feeling was a part of that happy time; it was a happy *feeling*, anyway. Half asleep, I was carried from the sled and covered up again, warm and close, in my own bed.

It seemed only a moment till I awoke, starting up in terror, to the sound of a weird yelping and howling from the darkness outside the house. There was something dreadful and wild in the doglike voices, and I screamed for my mother. Screamed again. "Sh!" she whispered from the far side of the room where she was trying to quiet my sister. "It's only coyotes, child." I went back to uneasy sleep.

The next morning was Christmas, and it dawned clear and bright and cold. My parents didn't seem to be quite the same as usual, although I hardly noticed. A little tree, candlelit and hung with strings of popcorn, stood by the window. Under it were wondrous things: a bright red and green top, a little ark made of rough wood and painted a dull mauve, with tiny, rudely-carved animals that fitted inside. My long, black-ribbed stockings were stuffed with lemon drops and an orange and nuts, and a doll with a china head. This really was Christmas—at last.

After breakfast I asked Mother if I could go out to the chicken house and feed Cluck-Cluck. This it was my pleasure to do every morning, but today there was an added reason—I wanted to show her my gifts. Mother looked at Father. I asked her again.

"You tell her, John," Mother said, in her scolding voice. "It was you that shut the dog up."

"Florrie," my father said then, kneeling before me and taking my shoulders gently in his hands. "Something's happened. You remember the racket last night? The coyotes? Well, we didn't know it, but they'd come earlier, when we were at the dance, and had broken into the chicken house. We'd shut up Ol' Bird in the shed, remember, so he couldn't follow us? Well, he couldn't protect the chickens, either. They—"

"Did they—hurt the chickens?" I asked fearfully.

Father found it hard to look at me. "Yes, they did, Sis. They killed them all."

"Even Cluck-Cluck?" I sobbed. "Is Cluck-Cluck killed, too?"

"I'll get you another banty, Florrie, I promise. Exactly like Cluck-Cluck. Maybe even a little rooster to go with her!"

But I was not to be consoled; there would never be another just like her. Now, indeed, my happiness was gone. Christmas was a snare and a delusion—and at last I knew it. Not in those words; my mind didn't know those words. But my heart knew. I cried myself sick; my red and green top didn't matter now, nor my ark, nor the candy and nuts, even my doll. . . .

Finally my weary mother suggested that Father take me with him while he looked after the stock. Silently I submitted to overshoes, mittens, coat and hood, my heart a lump within me. Silently we passed the path to the chicken house, and I noticed strange little clumps of darkish feathers on the snow along the path, the snow itself tramped and stained about them.

Suddenly, although my father pulled at my hand, I broke away and ran toward the chicken house, with its broken door hanging by one hinge.

I stood on the threshold and peered inside. Roosts were torn down, nests upended.

"Cluck-Cluck?" I quavered. "Cluck-Cluck, where are you?"

From high up in the rafters came a faint, familiar sound. I gasped. Then it came again. And there she was snuggled up in the gloom, her head to one side, her bright eyes peering down at us.

"Cluck, cluck," she said again, softly, reassuringly. "Cluck, cluck."

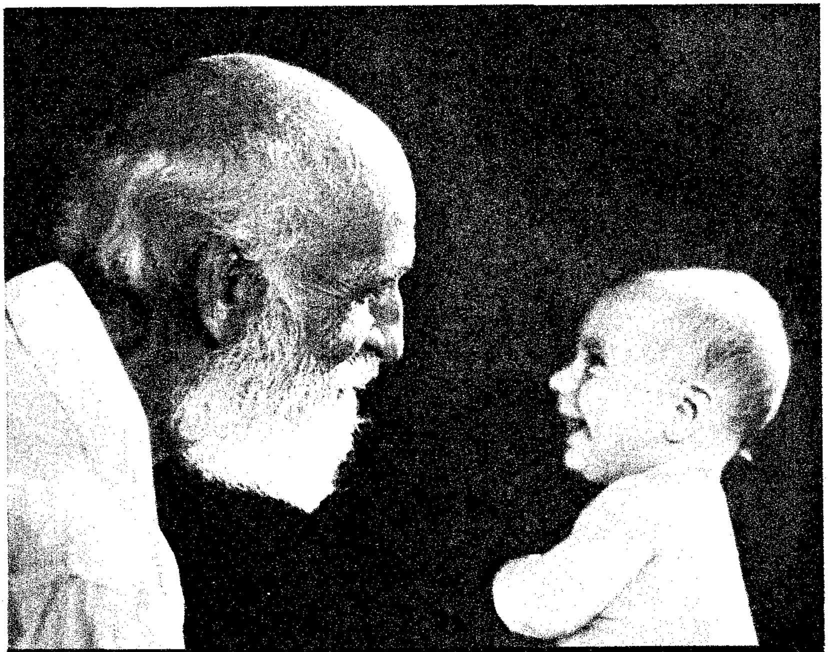
And at last it was Christmas!

You Against Nature

Here are 16 statements regarding animals. How many can you identify as True or False? A score of 10 or more is excellent. (Answers, page 132.)

1. Elephants are afraid of mice.
2. Giraffes sleep standing up.
3. Birds have ears.
4. Camels carry water in their humps.
5. The alligator "hibernates" in summer.
6. Eels travel over land.
7. Cats see better in the dark.
8. Monkeys can swim.
9. The hippo sweats blood.
10. Lemmings commit suicide.
11. Mules do not propagate.
12. Kangaroos weigh only 1/22nd of an ounce at birth.
13. Storks are voiceless.
14. Turtles are the most long-lived animals.
15. Lions can be crossed with tigers.
16. The whippet is the fastest mammal.

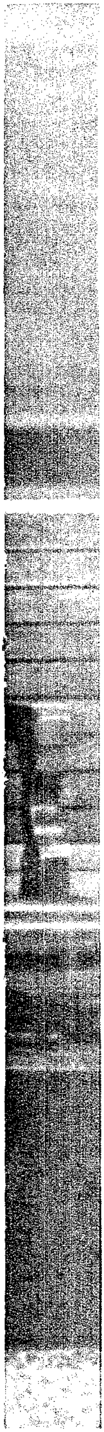
—GERARD MOSLER



Things Money Can't Buy

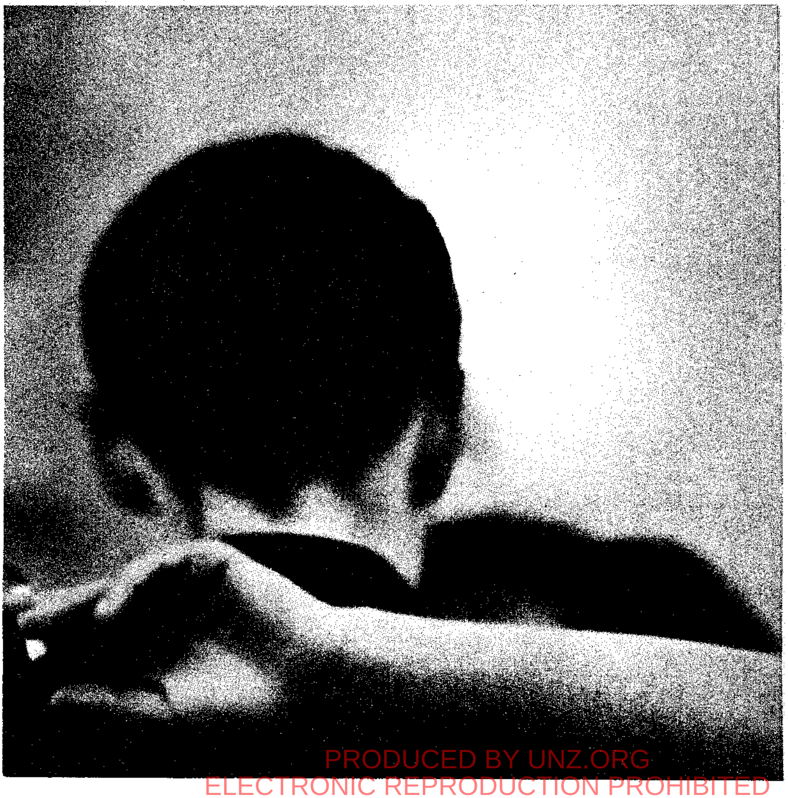
by GEROLD FRANK

NOWHERE on sale are these,
Yet you will find them everywhere about us:
A moment, an emotion, a bit of eternity
Caught and held for the space of a heartbeat,
Yet forever remembered . . .
These are the things no money can buy.



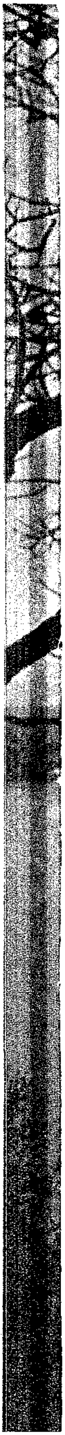
Who can buy innocence, or peace of mind;
And what price will one pay
For delight as secret as girlhood,
Or as simple as faith? And on what counter
Will you come upon that wordless rapture,
Intimate and all-embracing
As the beating of one's heart,
Which only a mother and child can know?

THERE are the moments of tenderness
That defy speech,
Possessing an alchemy of their own,
When time has neither beginning nor end,
And all that exists is the blinding
Wonder of discovery, each of the other.
There is the craftsman's moment,
Distilled from centuries of patience . . .
What can one bid for these? And where?



On the edge of tomorrow,
On the other side of the looking glass,
In the enchanted realm of childhood, lurk
Secrets too wondrous to sell . . .
Nor can one take the measure of triumph —
The assailant assailed, the challenger
Trapped and conquered —
Triumph so pure it can scarcely be contained.

For these there is no price: the magic code
By which the young hold communion
With all speechless, living things . . .
The soul-stirring moment
When out of vastness, and silence,
And utter solitude,
We sense the presence of infinity
And know our kinship with all mankind.



AMERICA'S ONLY

It's in the Arkansas mountains. And it's among the world's largest. But it caters mainly to amateurs with a taste for bargain carats. They're allowed to dig them, find them and keep them. And they've been finding up to 50 sparklers a month

DIAMOND MINE

by JOE P. FAULKNER

HAVE YOU DREAMED of picking up diamonds practically in your own back yard? Thanks to Howard A. Millar—and if you're lucky and have a strong back—you may do just about that.

For gray-haired, chubby Millar, who looks something like an out-of-season Santa Claus, operates one of the strangest giveaway projects this side of dreamland. It is the "Crater of Diamonds," a 32-acre section of the only diamond mine on the North American continent, located near Murfreesboro, Arkansas. What's more, finders are keepers, except for gems weighing more than five carats each—in which case Millar may claim an occasional 25 per cent.

Children under 12 can prospect free, others pay $1.50 each to poke about with sticks, spades and other hand tools in Millar's garden of gems from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Arkansas' diamond bonanza for amateur sourdoughs, in operation five years, plays host to around 100 persons each weekday, double that number on Sundays and holidays during the summer months. Up to 50 diamonds a month are taken away by visitor-prospectors. Last year their finds averaged slightly *more* than a half-carat each.

Top prize went to Mrs. Arthur L. Parker, a Dallas housewife who last March 4 turned over a piece of turf—and stood looking down at a 15.36-carat gem. It was later appraised at $15,000 and Governor Orval Faubus officially christened it "The Star of Arkansas."

Millar's happy hunting ground is part of a 72-acre diamond crater in the foothills of the Ouachita Mountains two and a half miles from Murfreesboro. It is comparable in size to the fabulous Premier Mine in the Transvaal province of South Africa.

Since its chance discovery half a century ago it has yielded more than 150,000 registered diamonds—both industrial and ornamental—worth in excess of $1,000,000. The largest gem found there, or any other place in the United States, was the "Uncle Sam," a $75,000 pinkish-blue aurora of 40.23 carats in the rough; 12.47 when cut and polished.

Except for three abortive attempts at commercial exploitation, the crater has remained virtually untapped. This becomes doubly incredible since laboratory tests show its industrial diamonds, essential to our economy and indispensable to defense production, are on an average 28 per cent harder than those from other sources. Its gem diamonds repeatedly have been characterized by experts as "equal or better in quality, color, perfection and brilliancy to those of any known origin." They vary in color from white, blue and blue-white to canary yellow, mocha and pink.

Adding to the mystery of why the nation's only diamond mine remains idle is the fact that last year we *imported* some 1,772,791 carats of gems and probably over 14 times as many industrials.

Diamonds in the Arkansas field, as elsewhere, are believed to have been formed under conditions of extreme heat and pressure in feed pipes to what later became volcanoes and were forced upward by molten rock when the volcanoes erupted.

Stray diamonds have been found in various parts of the U.S., including Kentucky, Virginia, Idaho, Wisconsin, Montana and California, where scientists claim they were washed by the natural drainage of land following the Ice Age. But Arkansas is the only known place in the North American continent where diamonds have been discovered in their natural matrix, the pipe of a prehistoric volcano.

Shortly after the turn of the century, the State's geologist, John C. Branner, found that ground near Murfreesboro contained the same magic kimberlite found in the South African mines. Kimberlite is a variety of peridotite, a volcanic rock which is the only source of diamonds in paying quantities.

Tirelessly, Branner searched the rocky extrusions, hopefully peering through his magnifying glass at varying formations. With him on his expeditions was tall, gangling John Wesley Huddleston, a farmer-handyman who carried the scientist's equipment.

Huddleston hadn't the faintest idea what the tight-lipped geologist was searching for, but noticed that he paid special attention to luminous pebbles.

Soon Huddleston was sneaking out nights exploring on his own. In the pre-dawn moonlight of August 8, 1906, he stumbled onto two brilliant stones.

At daybreak he got astride one of his two mules and rode off to a nearby farm to get an option on what he alone knew wasn't just a cow pasture. The price of the 160 acres containing the land he wanted was $1,000. Chronically without funds, he left the mule as down payment.

Back home, Huddleston straddled his other mule and hurried into town. At the Pike County Bank he showed his prizes to cashier Jess Riley and asked how much he could get for them.

"Maybe 50 cents apiece," Riley smiled indulgently.

"But," protested Huddleston, "them's 'dee-mints,' and I got a whole field of 'em."

After consultation with the president, J. C. Pinnix, and Little Rock jeweler Charles S. Stifft, the stones were sent to New York for appraisal. The report came back that they were "genuine diamonds of the highest quality; one 2.75 carats, the other 1.35 carats."

Arkansas bankers, investors and businessmen, and New York investors, met swiftly and formed a syndicate. Sam Reyburn, president of the Union Trust Company, in the State capital, was delegated to negotiate with Huddleston. Twirling his gold watch chain, the banker made an offer he felt sure would charm the handyman.

Huddleston leaned on his mule and laughed uproariously. "My option," he said, and this was in a day when a quarter would buy enough steak for dinner, "will cost you $36,000."

He got it, and a few days later rode out of town on his mule, his pockets stuffed with greenbacks.

In 1914, after eight years of disputes and procrastinations, the first serious mining operation finally started. Within five years, 50,000 tons of kimberlite were scooped up and washed. The yield was 48,000 to 50,000 diamonds; 70 per cent industrials, 30 per cent gems.

Dreams of an American diamond industry appeared approaching reality. Then, at midnight on January 13, 1919, a series of unexplained shots rang out in Murfreesboro and at the crater. At the same time, the mine's two processing plants were discovered to be on fire. Both burned to the ground. The strange happenings were never explained.

Three years later, Henry Ford financed a survey of the mine which showed that a part of the property alone could produce enough industrials to supply indefinitely the entire Ford enterprises. Ford offered approximately $2,250,000 for the crater. Two of the then owners agreed, the other balked. Ford withdrew his offer.

Guests gaze at mine museum exhibit. Last year one woman dug up a $15,000 gem.

During the depression years a group of local investors made a second resolute effort toward commercial production. But their funds and know-how were limited. Within two years they recovered thousands of diamonds but, as economic conditions worsened and bickering set in, operations were "suspended."

During World War II, when Field Marshal Rommel was sweeping across Africa, fear arose that the Nazis might capture or cut off the Kimberley Mines and leave the Allies without adequate industrial diamonds to keep up the flow of needed munitions. An emergency delegation from Arkansas, headed by the Governor, went to Washington and pleaded for the Government to operate the mine. After prolonged double talk, the answer was no thank you. Nobody knows why, it seems.

In 1948, Glenn L. Martin, the aviation pioneer who had bought five acres of the tract in 1937, leased 35 acres controlled by the North American Diamond Corporation and erected a plant. Operations began encouragingly but spluttered feebly to a halt within about six months. A final report filed with the State asserted that less than $1,000 worth of diamonds had been recovered *through mining.*

Today, after years of mismanagement, costly court battles, intrigue, feuding, thefts, sales and transfers, the mine is owned by three groups. The North American Diamond Corporation still controls 35 acres; and the estate of Glenn L. Martin five acres. The late Austin Q. Millar bought into the mine property in 1912 and his son, Howard A. Millar, is majority stockholder in the Consolidated Diamond Corporation which owns the remaining 32 acres.

Millar looks after all three plots, and is sole owner of the Crater of Diamonds which leases the Consolidated acreage and operates it as a tourist attraction. He pays 10 per cent of the profits to the parent company, a similar sum to the Federal Government, and 2 per cent to the State of Arkansas.

Millar, too, has been the target of occasional mystery bullets which have come precariously close to his head. The shots all were apparently deliberate near-misses intended only to warn against animating the diamond-filled strata. Also he has received anonymous threatening letters, and succinct "advice" from strangers who stopped him on the street and then vanished as quickly and mysteriously as they appeared.

And what of John Wesley Huddleston, the original owner who rode out of Murfreesboro, his pockets bulging with greenbacks? Not long thereafter he was back, his pockets empty. Sympathetic townsfolk raised a fund for him and, until he died some 27 years later, the discoverer of America's only diamond mine went to the bank each morning to collect his daily allowance: $1.00.

Lessons in Logic

A PRETTY YOUNG LADY presented a check at a bank for cashing. The teller examined it, then asked, "Can you identify yourself?"

Looking puzzled, the girl dipped into her handbag and pulled out a small mirror.

She glanced in it for a moment, and then smiled, "Yes, it's me all right." —*Tit-Bits*

THE TEACHER was trying to make Elsie understand subtraction by explaining: "You have ten fingers. Now supposing there were three missing. What would you have then?"

Elsie replied promptly: "No music lessons."

—*The International Teamster*

"Why I Became a Painter"

by Grandma Moses

I always liked to paint, but only little pictures for Christmas gifts and things like that. I painted for pleasure, to keep busy and to pass the time away, but I thought of it no more than of doing fancy work.

My husband Thomas never talked about my painting; he thought it was foolish. But one night, a few weeks before his death in January, 1927, he came in, it was after candlelight, and he asked, "Who did that painting?" It was one I had just painted.

"Oh," I said, "that isn't much."

"No, that's real good," he said.

The last few weeks, when I started to do a little painting, he was right there watching, and liked it so much.

He never knew that he was going. And yet he made some very strange remarks that fall. Once he said, "I don't mind dying . . . but I can't bear the thought to go and leave you here. But if there is such a thing as coming back to this earth, I will come back and watch over you."

When I had quite a few paintings on hand, someone suggested that I send them down to the old Thomas' drugstore in Hoosick Falls, so I tried that. One day a Mr. Louis J. Caldor of New York City, an engineer and art collector passing through the town, saw and bought my paintings. He wanted to know who had painted them, and they told him it was an old woman living down on the Cambridge Road by the name of Anna Mary Moses.

He wanted me to paint more. He came back several times. He bought the pictures and paid for them. He took them down to New York to show in the galleries. Then, in October of 1940, I had the first exhibit of my paintings.

I am not superstitious or anything like that. But there is something like an overruling power. I never know how I'm going to paint until I start in; something tells me what to go right on and do.

It is just as though Thomas has had something to do about this painting business. I have often thought: "I wonder if he has come back, I wonder if he is watching over me."

(From *Grandma Moses: My Life's History*, Harper & Brothers.
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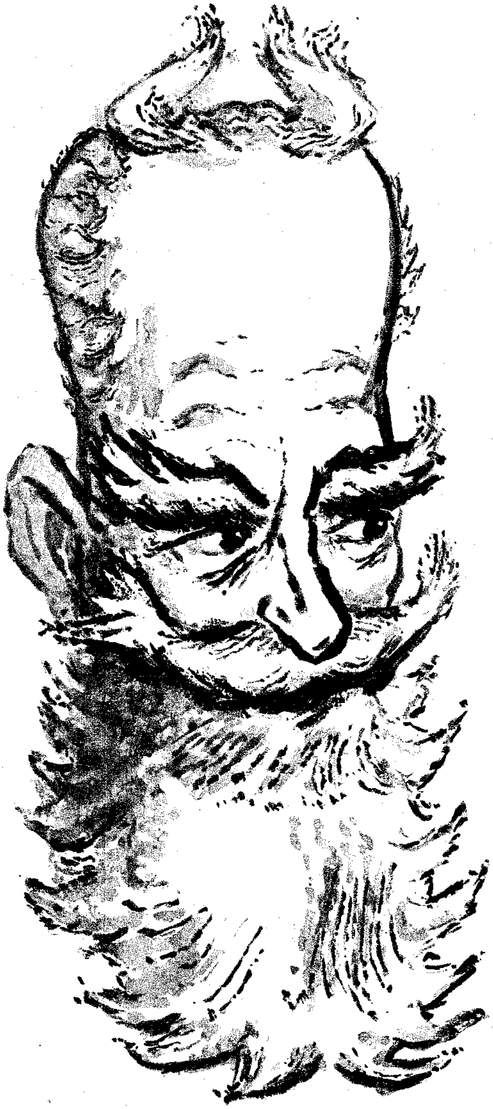
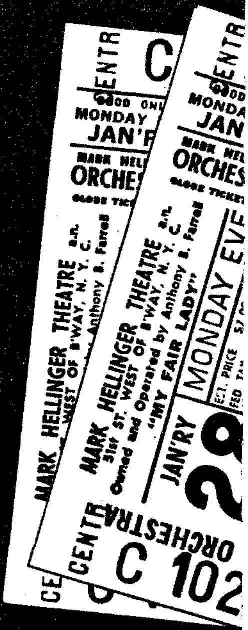
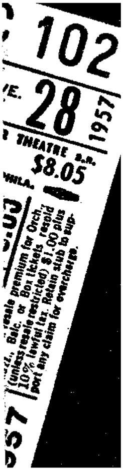



MARK HELLINGER THEATRE
WEST OF B'WAY, N. Y. C.
Anthony B. Farrell
MARK HELLINGER THEATRE
51st ST. WEST OF B'WAY, N. Y. C.
Owned and Operated by Anthony B. Farrell
"MY FAIR LADY"
JAN'RY
28
MONDAY EVE
EST. PRICE
FED TAX
ORCHESTRA
C 102
CENTRE
GOOD ONLY
MONDAY
JAN'RY
ORCHESTRA
GLOBE TICKET



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THEATRE

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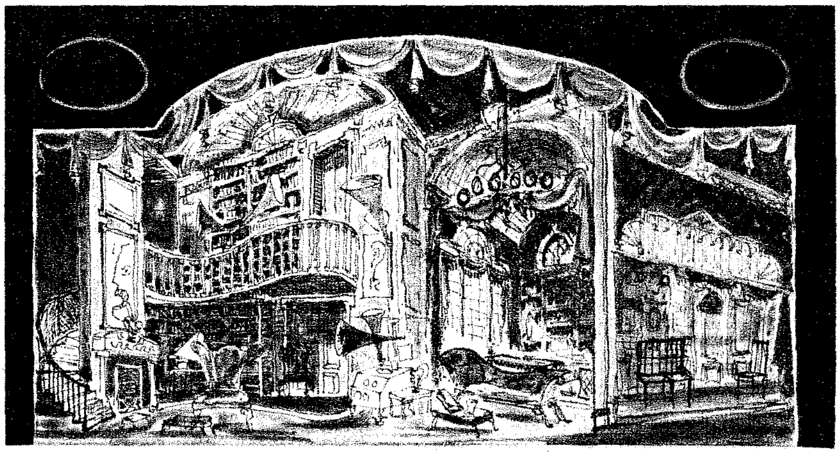
PHILA.

resale premium for Orch., Balc. or Box tickets resold (unless resale restricted) $1.00 plus 10% lawful tax. Retain stub to support any claim for overcharge.



Smith first sketched Prof. Higgins' study on back of an envelope in ten minutes.

Designer Oliver Smith's sketch above comes to life *(right)* as Eliza Doolittle (Julie Andrews) descends staircase to go to the ball. This is the climactic moment toward which Higgins (Rex Harrison) and his associate Colonel Pickering (Robert Coote) have been working—when they will hoodwink high society with a flower girl masquerading as a grand lady. During the pre-Broadway tour, Smith removed the chimney originally sketched near the staircase because Harrison allegedly "couldn't stand being out of sight one second, coming downstairs."

The Sets took Oliver Smith six months to design and construct on an $80,000 budget. His system: "I amass an enormous amount of references and then it kind of solves itself in my head."

Smith's biggest puzzler was how to make rapid changes with his ten sets. He solved it by using two of the largest revolving stages ever seen on Broadway. They dovetail intricately and require 37 men backstage to operate the production. "It was like putting together a Swiss clock," says Smith.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO FRIEDMAN

Mr. Doolittle *(right)* harangues Higgins.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WM. KLEIN & DANIEL JACKINOW

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO FRIEDMAN

I could have danced
all night!
I could have danced
all night!
And still have begged
for more . . .
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
*I've never done before . . .**

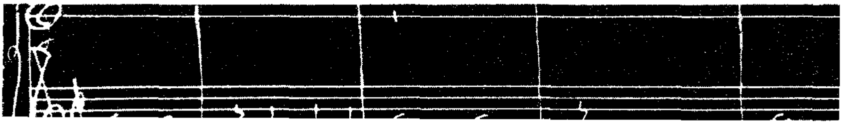
**Copyright© 1956 by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. Published by Chappell & Co., Inc.*

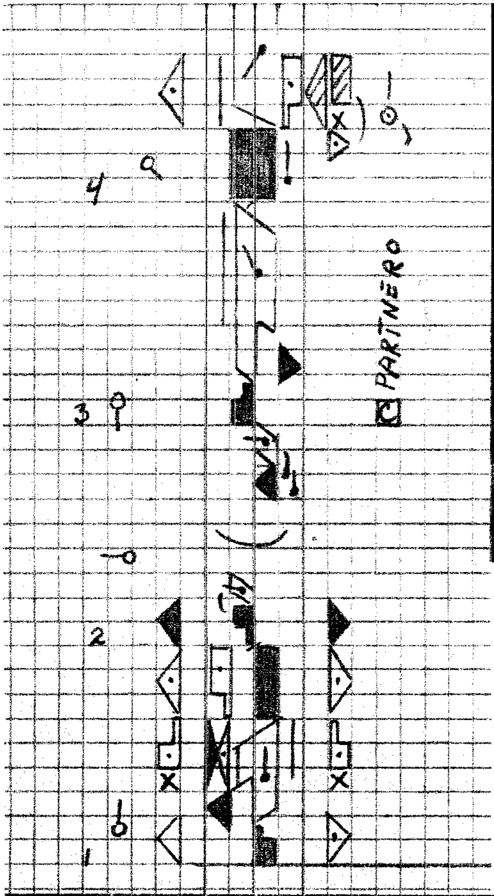
Damn, damn, damn . . . !
I've grown accustomed
to her face.
She almost makes the
day begin . . .
Her smiles, her frowns,
Her ups, her downs
Are second nature
*to me now . . .**

**Copyright© 1956 by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. Published by Chappell & Co., Inc.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO FRIEDMAN

The Score. Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe—authors of *Brigadoon* and *Paint Your Wagon*—wrote *My Fair Lady*'s 15 songs with only a plot outline to guide them; the book was written later. Lerner's lyrics (*samples on these pages*) and Loewe's music had to overcome a problem unique to Broadway. "We could never say 'I love you' directly," explains Lerner. " 'On the Street Where You Live,' sung by Eliza's suitor Freddy, is the closest to it. But Higgins and Eliza are unaware of their growing emotions. They never kiss—so the music must build a romantic aura."





What looks like armored warfare among the pyramids *(upper left)* is actually the notations for the choreography of the "Hesitation Waltz." The show's dancers prefer Stanley Holloway's "Get Me to the Church on Time" number *(above)* for its high-spirited routines.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO FRIEDMAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO FRIEDMAN

The Choreography was done by Hanya Holm, whose dances also enlivened *Kiss Me, Kate*. Her research involved exploring London for the flavor of Cockney cavorting, and studying books on 1912 dancing (including the techniques of Vernon and Irene Castle) for period suggestions.

My Fair Lady's seven dances are an integral part of the plot. The 20 dancers were carefully chosen for height (the costuming called for tall girls) and character type, as well as dancing ability.

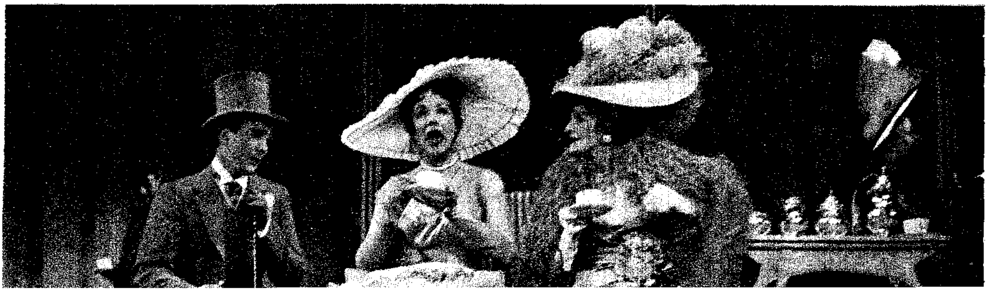
The tight-fitting skirts and long trains restricted the girls' movements in the ballroom scene. To overcome this, the soaring leaps were assigned to the boys (*shown bottom left*).

Tango to "The Rain in Spain" celebrates Eliza's victory over vowels.

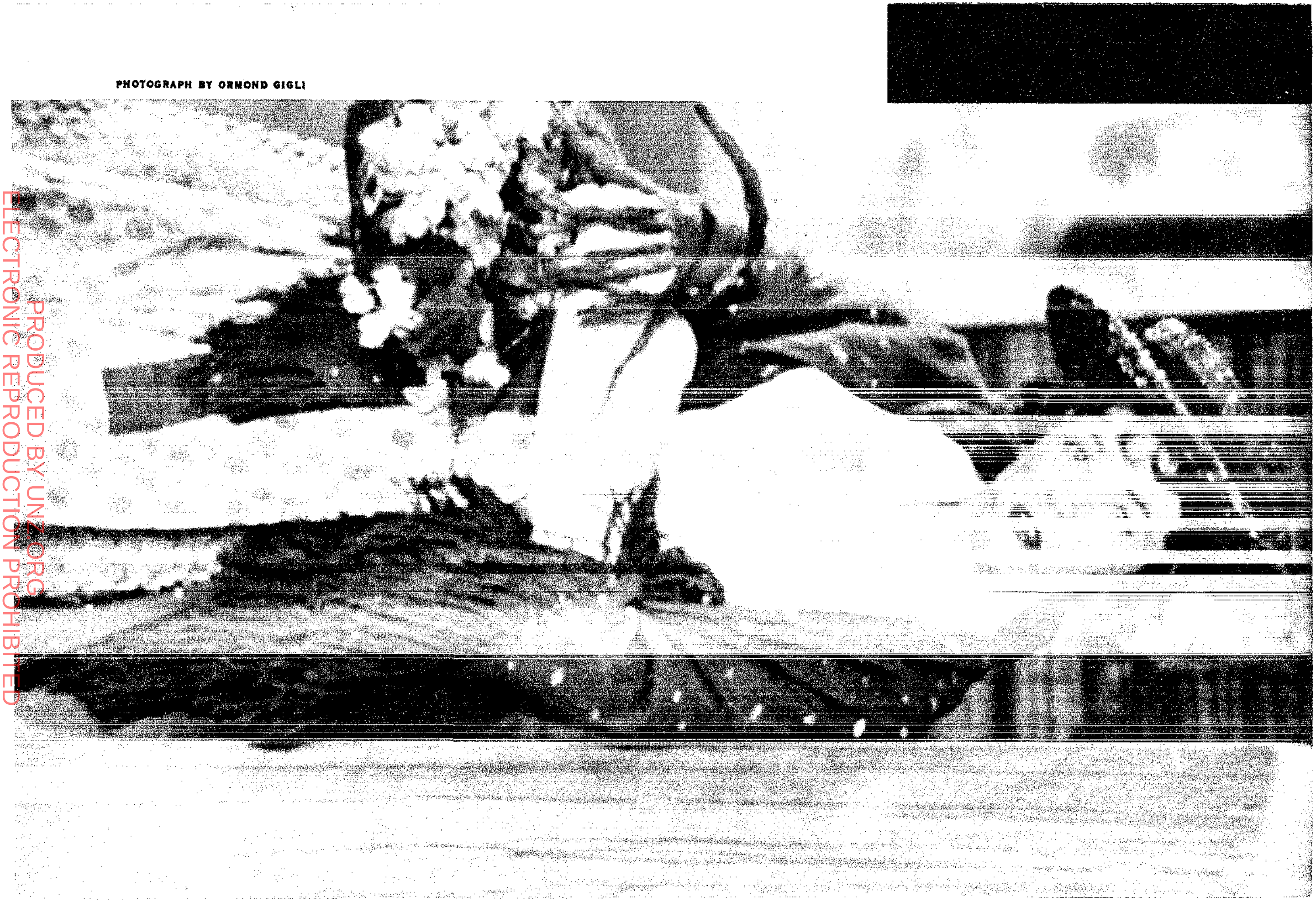
PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO FRIEDMAN

The Costumes. Lerner and Loewe had planned to set *My Fair Lady* in the Victorian era. But Cecil Beaton, the British costume designer, suggested instead the more sophisticated fashions of 1912. Rejecting the notion that the head-to-toe coverings of pre-World War I might not be sexy enough for a musical, Beaton insisted they could be "romantic and tremendously feminine"—and then created nearly 250 magnificent gowns to prove it. Among his clever creations were the black and white shadings worn by the chorus girls at the Ascot races. (*Below, tea time at the track.*) Beaton's full-flown fancy ranged from hobble skirts (*above*) to the raggedy flower girl outfit (*right*) worn by Julie Andrews.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO FRIEDMAN



PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GIGLI



"Today Is What Counts"

by JANE STERLING

This is the philosophy of a dauntless woman who found the power within herself to conquer her crippling malady—and become a wife, mother, columnist and radio-TV personality

I SAT APPREHENSIVELY on the edge of my chair while the doctor gave me the verdict: "Yours is a rather mysterious chronic disease of the central nervous system called multiple sclerosis."

At long, long last I could pin a name at least to the peculiar sensations—and lack of them—that had plagued me for five years. But that day—March 17, 1947—I had no idea how those two fearsome-sounding words would completely alter my life—not only mentally and emotionally but from a physical standpoint.

Even now I shudder to recall how many times during those five years I had thought I was losing my mind. How else could I explain waking up in the morning and having to look to see where my legs and arms were, to touch the top of my head to see if it had a top?

Can you imagine the frightening sensation of thinking you are stepping up a curb and finding yourself flat on your hands and knees because you hadn't actually stepped up at all? Or seeing two of everything, and then only half of a person or object?

As each of these symptoms improved, then eventually disappeared, I put them down to overwork, too much tension, or whatever seemed most logical at the time.

For five puzzling, sometimes frightening, years I worried along with these imaginary (I thought) symptoms. Had there not been actual pain due to the terrific sensitivity in my legs—pain that brought tears to my eyes when I put on my stockings—I doubt if I'd have gone to see a neurologist.

"For heaven's sake, Doctor, what is multiple sclerosis?" I asked. "I hope it doesn't take long to get over it. You see, I have two radio programs on the air." I still maintained the attitude: ignore it and it will go away.

Slowly, with a kindly smile he said, "The simplest explanation I can give you is that multiple sclerosis is a disease which causes scars (or scleroses) in the nerve fibers and spinal cord. This scar tissue blocks off the functions of the part of the body controlled by that particular nerve. What causes it? In spite of intensive research, no one knows.

"Now—as for your radio programs, there will simply be two less programs on the air for a while. I want you in the hospital by six tonight so I can do a spinal puncture and get you started with intravenous injections of histamine."

Six tonight? Impossible! Because of one of those hasty, unhappy wartime marriages, my husband and I were divorced and I was the sole support of my two boys, aged two and four. Who would look after them? Where could I find a substitute to take over the radio programs coming up in a couple of days? I had to order groceries. . . .

My major problem was miraculously solved when I found my sister Emmy waiting for me at home. She had just arrived by plane from Minnesota because, as she put it simply, "I woke up in the middle of the night knowing you needed me."

My main recollection of those ten days in the hospital is the steady "drip-drip" of histamine, first in one arm and then in the other. I was also taking high-potency vitamin shots because one of the essentials in coping with multiple sclerosis is keeping in as good general health as possible.

Gradually the feeling that someone had scraped my skin and left all the nerve ends exposed, left the lower half of my body, only to be replaced by a terrifying numbness and utter lack of sensitivity.

Those days in the hospital were days of mounting tension darkly interlaced with apprehension which I found impossible to discuss with others. What would happen to my sons? What if I could never walk again? How would I manage financially? I was only 28 years old and didn't want to be handicapped.

If I were one of the lucky ones, I might have what is known as a "remission" that would allow me to resume almost normal physical activity. On the other hand, I faced the prospect of an attack in any part of my body at any time. However, I *was* assured that it wouldn't kill me, nor would it make me insane.

Through my doctor and one of the understanding sisters at the hospital, I was encouraged to talk of my disease casually. I got so I could refer to it as "M. S." And although I understood that no cure had as yet been found for it, I was led gradually into a hopeful—and I do mean hopeful—understanding of what I faced for the rest of my life.

Through the maze of questions, inner protests, tears and defeatism, I built a philosophy: *Learn to face what you have. Accept it and learn to live with it. Concentrate on what you have—and not what you have not.* Although up to this point I had taken the spiritual side of my life pretty much for granted, God suddenly became very real to me.

I'll never forget the day I left the hospital. Everyone had subtly been trying to tell me I'd probably be wearing low-heeled shoes from that point on, *if* I could walk at all. I like high heels and felt that if I had to learn to walk again I was going to do so in the kind of shoes I wanted to wear.

Departure time arrived. My heart triphammered. My stomach was a tight knot.

I shooed everyone out of the room, gingerly slipped my high heeled pumps onto feet that couldn't tell whether or not they were shod, and carefully slid off the side of the bed onto the floor. It was like trying to walk on feet that belonged to someone else. Clinging to the bed and then to pieces of furniture, I gained a little confidence.

For the first time, I realized I could no longer depend on the subconscious action of my legs to propel me as normal people's do. The impulses from the brain which would ordinarily tell the nerves in my legs to walk did not reach them. For me, from now on, each step had to be a definite thought process, with the added visual aid of looking to see that I was doing what I thought I was doing. (It was a year and a half before I could tell by actual feel that I had on shoes.)

Home again, life went on much as usual. Since I didn't have a car, my sister somehow boosted me into the bus and accompanied me to the radio station for broadcasts of my program, "These Kids of Ours." The only two programs I missed were those friends took over for me during the days I was actually hospitalized.

I was walking, if that's what you can call a slow shuffling process. However, as time went on, I became so used to thinking out every step before I took it that many people didn't know anything was wrong.

One night I was late getting into the studio for my broadcast. Six teen-agers who were to appear stood on an eight-inch-high platform around a microphone waiting for me. I automatically glanced at the clock and saw there were only 30 seconds before air time.

Without thinking, I started walking faster. I *thought* I stepped up, but, of course, landed on my face. As Bill Ballance, the announcer, helped me to my feet I said, "I knew I liked 'These Kids of Ours,' but how eager can you get?"

IT WAS in the next few months that I came to the firm conclusion that God does not burden us with anything we have not the strength to bear. If trouble comes, it is to show us a weakness within ourselves that needs strengthening and correcting. The rest is up to us as individuals, and I made up my mind that multiple sclerosis might eventually conquer my body but it would never, *never* conquer my spirit!

Shortly after my attack in 1947, Mr. Palmer Hoyt, editor of *The Denver Post,* sponsors of "These Kids of Ours," asked me if I'd be interested in writing a daily "human relations" column in which I would answer problems sent in by the public. I badly needed the additional income, so I agreed.

Writing my "Jane Sterling" column proved a most gratifying experience. At times, that daily deadline looked like a monster. But it kept me doing what I knew I had to do, regardless of the inevitable M. S.

> *"I felt like lead from the waist to the neck—and had the feeling that I couldn't breathe"*

symptoms which bothered me when I awoke each morning. Self-discipline is of utmost importance if one is to cope with the disease successfully.

Although my doctor had warned me that fatigue would be one of my biggest battles, I let the 1949 Thanksgiving-Christmas rush get me down. I was terribly tired when I went to bed one night early in December.

I awoke the next morning with a weighted feeling in my chest. I noticed a more than usual clumsiness in my hands and was unaccountably irritated when I couldn't put on my earrings.

Each day the symptoms progressed. I lost interest in food because handling a knife and fork was becoming almost impossible. I felt like lead from my waist to my neck, and had the constant feeling I couldn't breathe. I gradually lost not only all feeling from my waist up but all coordination of my hands and arms.

But even in that dismal picture there was brightness. My youngsters, by now four and six years old, started developing an awareness of other people's problems. I wish I had a nickel for every time those little fellows buttoned my blouse, fastened my garters, put on my shoes, held my coffee cup to my lips.

I had to dictate my columns to a Soundscriber so my secretary could type them for me. On broadcast nights someone stood at my elbow to turn the pages of my script as I read. A lesion formed in the center field of vision in my left eye. (I still have only peripheral vision there since the center field of vision is gone.)

At the peak of this devastating attack the most wonderful, the most unbelievable thing in the world, happened to me. My doctor, a neurologist who knew as much about multiple sclerosis as anyone in the country, asked me to be his wife! I had to have my hand guided to sign the marriage license, but we were married on January 4, 1950.

It took time and much patience, as well as faith, love and understanding, but I licked that attack. Bit by bit the numbness receded, and I started feeling life in the upper part of my body again. Through concentration and practice and prayer, most of the coordination returned; and for the past four years I have been able to do all of my own typing, dress myself, play the piano for short periods of time, and live a completely normal life. I even took up golf.

Not once have I missed writing my column for the *Post* or making my weekly appearance on the radio-television version of "These Kids of Ours," which has been on since

Denver got TV in January, 1954. I've given talks to virtually hundreds of civic groups and schools all over the Rocky Mountain states.

People ask me why I keep such a busy schedule. It's a personal lifesaver. I don't have time to worry about my own problems when I have thousands of other people's on my mind. Because I don't have to keep regular office hours, I can arrange my schedule so that I spend more time with my children than most mothers do and I feel very close to them.

Now comes the real fairy tale ending. After my younger boy was born, I was told I could never have any more children. Imagine my husband's and my unbelievable joy when a darling baby girl arrived July 3, 1953. I breezed through my pregnancy and was actually in my office writing two extra columns the afternoon of the night she was born.

God works in mysterious ways. I have had M. S. for 13 years now, but because I have had it I have found unexpected happiness. Despite great odds, I lead a full, productive and gratifying life. I can honestly say that having multiple sclerosis need not necessarily mean the end of useful living. Just as long as a person has the sincere desire to give, he isn't through even though he may be confined to a wheelchair.

What does the future hold for those with M. S.? I've learned not to let it matter. For me, *today* is what counts. Each day I hope to be able to give something good of myself to my husband, my children, my family and my friends in return for the understanding confidence they have given me.

Yes, for me multiple sclerosis has truly been a blessing in disguise.

Frankly Speaking

SOME YEARS AGO the late Albert Einstein, world-famous scientist, was a guest at a dinner tendered by a college president. When called on for an address he said: "I have nothing to say. In case I have something to say, I'll be back"—and sat down.

Six months later he wired the college president: "I have something to say." Accordingly, another dinner was held and he made his speech.

—*Railway Carmen's Journal*

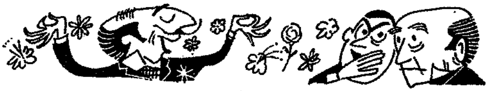
WHILE SERVING as secretary of state, Charles Evans Hughes learned to take flowery diplomatic speeches with a grain of salt.

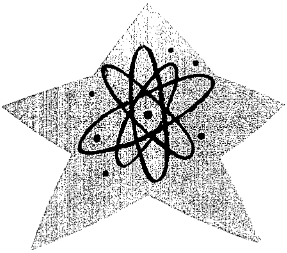
Once, at a foreign ministers' conference, he was being introduced by a foreign diplomat, an interpreter whispering the translation into Hughes' ear.

For more than ten minutes, the diplomat sang the praises of the American statesman. Hughes finally wearied of the honeyed phrases. Turning to his translator, he said:

"You can stop the translation until he says, 'but.' Then let me have every word."

—E. E. EDGAR





The Soviet Tekhnikum: Ominous Threat to the West

We have nothing to match these unique technological schools that turn out supertechnicians—without a college degree!

by William Benton, *former U. S. Senator from Connecticut*

The Soviet Union's plan for mass scientific education today looms as a new offensive against the West. In this multi-billion-ruble program, a major part is played by institutions called *tekhnikums,* which educate the young for scientific service to the Soviet state. We have no equivalent for them in the United States and we need to understand their threatening character, for we are about to compete with their graduates throughout the world.

Perhaps the best name for them in English would be vocational colleges. Except for perhaps 10 per cent of the curriculum devoted to Communist indoctrination, they concentrate wholly on job training in technological fields.

Khrushchev boasted not long ago, "We shall see who has more engineers, the Soviet Union or the United States." And with good reason, for to the current annual crop of 53,000 new Soviet engineers from the higher scientific institutes (in contrast to our crop of approximately 30,000), are added the graduates of the tekhnikums.

Many of these tekhnikums turn out what might be called junior engineers. Actually these juniors are supertechnicians and specialists who fill vitally important secondary jobs, leaving graduate engineers free for more highly skilled work, and creating a surplus. And this surplus is what is helping defeat us in the cold war in Asia and Africa.

Trained in propaganda as well as

science, the Soviet engineers and tekhnikum graduates are exported by the hundreds to underdeveloped nations thirsting for guidance and leadership in all fields of technology.

The U.S., lacking this "middleman" technician category, is wasting thousands of its well-trained engineers in comparatively second-rate jobs—as sales engineers, manual writers, glorified draftsmen and trouble-shooters. Not only are we graduating little more than half the engineers that the Soviet is, but we are wasting their talents for lack of a tekhnikum counterpart.

When Khrushchev and Bulganin left Burma last December they presented a technological institute "to the Burmese people as a gift from the Russian people." This is to be located in Rangoon and will probably be staffed by Russian experts. It is symbolic of what lies ahead on the new frontier of "competitive coexistence" which Khrushchev stressed in his seven-hour speech to the 20th Soviet Congress.

There are more than 1,000 tekhnikums in Russia (the number may now exceed 2,000) giving courses to 2,500,000 students. Until recently, some of the students have entered after only seven grades, for a four-year course. But, shortly, all will be required to be graduates of the standard ten-year schools and will enter for two or two-and-one-half years.

Tekhnikums produce "middle grade" specialists in many fields, including such areas as music, art, medicine and education. However, the great concentration is in the field of industry.

Industrial tekhnikums are operated by such ministries as electricity, railroads, communications and agriculture. And from them the various ministries draw their non-professional technicians who move ahead into key supervisory and operating jobs in the industry.

On a recent trip to Russia, I visited a tekhnikum in Kiev, one of 50 maintained throughout the Soviet Union by the Ministry of Coal and Coke. It was a dingy brick building, not very different in appearance from a large city high school in the United States.

As I drove up, the students were crowded around the entrance so densely that it was difficult to get out of the car. They did not wear the uniforms which are required in the lower grades, but their clothing was uniform in its drabness. They opened an aisle and stared at us in curious silence as we walked through.

The director's office was spacious and high-ceilinged, but shabby. On his wall, a set of shelves held sports trophies, cups and other emblems that this tekhnikum had won.

The director, sitting behind a very large desk, was squat and stocky, with curly gray hair. He spoke to us with authority and vigor, and all during our tour his students stood back in awed respect. Faculty and staff were attentive and anxious to please him, though they did not seem to be cowed.

The director told us that his tekhnikum, of which he was immensely proud, taught courses in four special fields of coal mining: the construction of coal mines, the construction of mine buildings, road building, and the construction and use of communications equipment.

Eleven years ago his school had only 255 students. Now the enrollment is 2,500, with a faculty of 85. Perhaps 5 per cent or 10 per cent of the students are girls, most of them probably studying in the field of communications.

The director bustled us down a hall and into a laboratory, where the shabbiness ended. The laboratory was stocked with expensive machinery and electric models of coal-mining equipment. Some of the models, the director said, were made by his students. The more elaborate ones, built to order at factories, had parts of the operating mechanism visible through openings in the sides.

A GREAT AUTHOR FACES DEATH
Joyce Cary, stricken with paralysis, has perhaps two years to live. What emotions are felt by this brilliant, sensitive man as he knowingly awaits death?
NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

The laboratory *zaveduyushchii,* or department head, was eager to demonstrate how each of his models worked. (It was obvious that the director had sent word ahead to show us everything and give us a good impression.) Enthusiastically, he led us to laboratory after laboratory, the variety and excellence of whose equipment astonished me. Few, if any, of our own technical schools can match it.

In one laboratory was a large, detailed model of the entire transportation system of a modern mine, including an electric train. Another showed a mine's complete electrical system; another a telephone system, switchboard and all. One room, more than 50 feet long, had big machines lined up along the walls—something like pictures on the walls of a museum—many equipped with elaborate dials, meters and push-buttons.

The director was especially proud of a 12′ x 5′ model of a "palace of culture" for coal miners, which had a special room of its own. These palaces of culture are everywhere in Russia. They are a kind of club intended to symbolize the progress of the Soviet people. They represent the power of the Soviet propaganda and are focal points in its distribution.

The tekhnikum's model palace of culture for coal miners had electric lights and a tiny flicker in one room to represent a movie going on. It even had a figure representing the student who had created the model, a tall, gaunt, poetic-looking boy with a receding chin.

I asked the director how such a boy could be happy in a coal mine, and if there was anything the boy could do to escape if he did not like it. The director answered that the boy was in the construction section of the tekhnikum. I asked if there was still time for him to transfer to architecture, since he showed such special aptitudes. The director implied that this was possible but that later on the boy would have even less chance to change his field.

The problem of getting students to apply "voluntarily" for a coal-mining tekhnikum interested me because I don't believe that coal mining, even at the technician level, is exactly popular as a career in the U.S.

The director intimated that this problem is solved by propaganda and promises. As he put it, the graduates of the ten-year schools are "guided" into specific tekhnikums by what he called "the process of popularization."

This is a fine Soviet propaganda phrase designed to obscure the fact that students have far less choice of fields than they may think. By incentives and scholarships, as well as "popularization" in the form of the Soviet propaganda, they are siphoned into aeronautical engineering, let us say, instead of into history (where scholarships are rare).

About 90 per cent of all students in institutions beyond the ten-year schools have been on scholarships. By contrast, in the U.S. only a quarter or a third among those who finish in the top 20 per cent of their high school classes even graduate from college; for every college student there are at least two of equal ability who aren't in college. Last January *Pravda* announced that all tuition fees for all students in higher education have now been abolished. This means there are no fees left anywhere.

The tekhnikums don't settle merely for the second layer of students, after the top has been creamed off into the arduous five-year program of the universities and higher institutes. Many 17-year-old Russian graduates of the ten-year schools who do not want to spend five more years at study before going to work apply for the two- or two-and-a-half-year courses of the tekhnikums. Entrance is by examination and the requirements are high.

By the time a Russian student is ready for a tekhnikum he has already covered an amazing amount of scientific study in the ten-year schools. Lewis L. Strauss, Chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, had this to say about these schools, which are to be compulsory for every Russian boy and girl by 1960:

". . . of the study courses which every student must take, 40 per cent are in science and mathematics. . . . By the time he completes high school he has had six years of biology, five years of physics, four years of chemistry and four years of mathematics, including trigonometry. I can learn of no public high school in our country where a student obtains so thorough a preparation in science and mathematics, even if he seeks it. . . .

"If this were not sad enough, more than half (53 per cent) of our (U.S.) high schools do not teach physics at all. In half our schools students simply have no access to this subject which is so important to an understanding of the technological world in which they will spend their lives."

Further, I was told that six years of a foreign language is a universal requirement in the U.S.S.R. In the satellites the preferred language is Russian, which is generally compulsory beginning with the fifth grade, but in Russia it is English, the language of modern science.

Tekhnikum students are not

closed off from the highest rungs of the scientific and professional ladder. The top 5 per cent of tekhnikum graduates are accepted, without examinations, by the higher institutes and universities, and with draft exemption as a matter of course (apparently all students at the higher institutions are exempt).

Further, those graduates who do not finish in the top 5 per cent can take the examinations if they want to go on. If they do not pass, they must serve for three years at any job to which they are assigned. After they have finished this service to the state, they can again apply for admission to an institute or university. To qualify, they must pass competitive entrance exams and must agree to continue in the field for which they have been trained by their tekhnikum.

For most of Russia's 60,000,000 students enrolled in courses of study or educational institutions, graduation from a ten-year school or tekhnikum marks the end of formal education. But many students continue to struggle and strive for another chance and still another. This is why one sees the teen-agers in bookstores buying books on nuclear physics. This is why in the Leningrad library I found every desk occupied in the great science reading room. The silence was absolute, the concentrated zeal of the students breath-taking.

I asked my librarian guide, "Are these university students?"

He replied, "Oh, no, the university has its own library; these are workers from the night shifts of the factories; we keep the library open at night for the day-shift workers."

To the Point

THAT NEW ATOMIC submarine can stay down so long it only comes up once every three years, so the boys can re-enlist. —HERB SHRINER

WE DIDN'T MIND so much that our local postmaster read all our mail, but when he started answering it, we thought he went too far.

—HERB SHRINER

ON TV, I saw one British movie that was so old the part of Henry III was played by Henry VII. —RED SKELTON

YEARS AGO people gambled when they started out for the West. Today they gamble when they get there. —*PETER ARNELL*

KEEPING UP with the Joneses would be easier if they didn't change directions so often. —KEN IRWIN in *Corydon*

A SMALL PORCUPINE taking a stroll in the California desert one night walked smack into a cactus bush and exclaimed, "Is that you, ma?"

—BENNETT CERF

Grin and Share It

THE STORY GOES that a doting dog lover, who had enrolled her poodle in a school for dogs, asked him on his return home after the first day's training: "And what did you learn in school today, pet, geography?"

The dog just shook his head.

"Arithmetic?"

The dog still shook his head.

Stroking his fur, she went on, "Then perhaps a foreign language?"

The poodle arched his back and answered proudly: "Meow!"

—MARCEL PAGNOL, *Revue De La Compagnie Generale Trans Atlantique*

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE asked her maid if she was going to hang any mistletoe during the Christmas holidays.

"No, ma'am," the maid declared emphatically. "I got too much pride to advertise for ordinary courtesies any lady's got the right to expect."

—HAROLD HELFER

ERNA SACK, one of the world's greatest coloraturas is also considered one of the world's wittiest artistes. The story goes that during a reception given in her honor in Paris, a very famous French general remarked: "Do you know, Madame, that French women spend twice as much a year for clothes and cosmetics as the entire budget of the French Armed Forces?"

"I don't doubt it, monsieur," replied Miss Sack, "but don't they also make twice as many conquests as the French Armed Forces?"

—HEDY CLARK, *Theatre Arts*

THE MOTHER of three teen-agers solved the problem of getting them home at a reasonable hour Saturday nights by ruling that the last one in had to prepare Sunday morning breakfast for the entire family.

—*Encyclopedia of Stories, Quotations & Anecdotes*
JACOB M. BRAUDE © 1955, Prentice Hall, Inc.

* * *

ONE BUSY MORNING, it took some time for the doctor to see all the patients in his waiting room. He apologized to an elderly man for the long delay.

"I didn't mind the wait so much, Doctor," came the reply, "but I thought that you would prefer treating my ailment in its earlier stage."

—*Modern Medicine*

ONCE when Madame Modjeska, the Polish tragedienne, was a guest at a party, admirers pressed her for a recitation from one of her plays. She at first declined on the ground that memory might not serve her without the accustomed stage settings. However, she finally acquiesced, announcing she would recite in her native tongue. Her hearers listened, spellbound. Some were even moved to tears. Asked the name of the play, she smiled and said, "I counted in Polish to one hundred."

—*The Treasury of Modern Humor*, Ed. by MARTHA LUPTON (Maxwell Droke, Pub.)

ASKED the difference between a mistake and a blunder, Mark Twain explained it this way:

"If you walk out of a restaurant with someone's silk umbrella and leave your own cotton one, that's a mistake. But if you pick up someone's cotton umbrella and leave your own silk one, that's a blunder."

—*Telephony*

* * *

DURING REHEARSALS of an arty play, a troubled actor complained to the director that he didn't know what it meant.

The director explained: "You don't know what it means. I don't know what it means. The author doesn't know what it means . . . That's what makes it art."

—JOHN HEALY

AFTER AN ACTIVE LIFE as scientist and statesman, the late Chaim Weizmann could not reconcile himself to the office of first President of Israel.

His duties were severely limited in scope and nature under Israel legislation, and Dr. Weizmann, accustomed to a busy political life, found little to occupy his time.

Once, while reviewing an Israel army parade, he dropped his handkerchief. A Brigadier-General sitting nearby returned it to him.

The President thanked the general effusively and went on in the same strain for several minutes.

The General, bewildered at this display of gratitude, said, "But all I did was to return your handkerchief, sir."

"Yes, but you don't understand how valuable it is to me," the President rejoined gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "You see, it's all that's left for me to stick my nose into these days."

—JULIAN MELTZER

UPON THE BIRTH of their first child, a young father was asked if he didn't think the new baby would bring him and his wife even closer together.

"Certainly will," he said. "Now we have a common enemy."

—MRS. HENRY W. PLATT

TWO SCOTSMEN visiting London were inspecting a large building when they noticed the cornerstore bearing the date, in Roman capitals: MCMIV.

"There you are again," said one, "a brither Scot with his name on the biggest building in London. You canna' keep a guid man doon!"

—*Scotland Laughing*, W. B. BURNETT, (Albyn Press, Edinburgh)

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

how to save on your 1956 taxes NOW!

by Mark Marcosson, C.P.A.

WOULD YOU LIKE to have some extra money for Christmas? It may take a little time and attention, but if you can spare them you may be able to save enough on your 1956 Federal income tax to cover part of your Christmas expenses.

But you must put in the time and attention now, while 1956 is still here. For the kind of saving referred to can only be done before the year is finished.

Here is a simple example. Suppose you are married, with no children. You expect to earn a total of $4,275 for the year 1956. Using the tax table (which is the same as the short-form return), your tax on this income will be $530. Suppose that during the last two weeks of December you can earn $25 in overtime or other extra income. This $25 will cost you $9 in additional tax.

But if you stop at $24 of extra income, your tax will remain at $530 and you will actually save $8 by not earning that extra dollar.

Remember that the income tax is based on taxable years. According to the calendar, January 1st is the day after December 31st; but for tax purposes they are a whole year apart. This can make a big difference in the income tax you will pay.

A common instance of this difference is found in the medical expense deduction. The amount deductible is the excess over 3 per cent of adjusted gross income. In other words, if your income is from salaries and amounts to $5,000, you can deduct any medical expense that is over $150. (Drugs and medicines are included only to the extent that they are more than 1 per cent of adjusted gross income; $50 in the example given.)

If, then, during the year 1956 your medical expense on that $5,000 income is going to amount to less than $150, even if you include amounts you expect to spend before the end of the year, you should try to put off paying any further medical or dental bills until after the year-end. In this way you will preserve the payments as possible deductions for the following year.

If, on the other hand, your expenses of this type are sure to amount to more than $150, then you should try to pay as much more as possible by December 31st, so that you can have the payments as deductions for 1956. Pay your doctor or dentist in December. Buy whatever medical supplies you will need in December, even if they will not be used until January or later. Pay hospitalization or health insurance premiums in December. All of these items may be for your wife or dependents, as well as for yourself.

Does this make much difference? Well, on that $5,000 salary, $150 of medical expense each year for two years gets no income tax deduction. But $300 in one year cuts your tax bill down by $30, even in the lowest tax bracket.

Sometimes the medical expense deduction can be tied in with the exclusion which the law allows for sick pay. If your employer continues your salary while you are out sick, this pay, after the first seven days of sickness, is not taxable (up to $100 per week). But if you have been in the hospital for at least one day, even the pay for the first seven days is not taxable.

Therefore, if you expect to have a medical expense deduction, and you need an operation or other hospital attention which can be done at a time of your own selection, you can probably arrange to have this before the end of the year. Where your employer continues your salary, not only will this increase the medical expense deduction, but the exclusion of the sick pay will reduce the amount of your taxable gross income, and thus increase the medical expense deduction further.

In the example given above, if the $5,000 gross income is reduced by $500, the medical expense deduction becomes the amount spent over $135 instead of over $150.

If you are thinking of getting married, you probably are not thinking about your income tax. But you might consider how much difference it makes taxwise to get married before the end of the year rather than after.

Let us suppose that during 1956 you will earn $4,500. Your prospective wife has no 1956 income.

If you get married by December 31st, your tax (according to the table) will be $575. If you get married on January 1, 1957, your 1956 tax will be $724. Hence you will save $149 just by being married a day or so earlier.

An item that may be checked as the year approaches its end is the dependency credit. Since, generally, the person who contributes more than one-half of a dependent's support is the one who is entitled to the $600 dependency credit, it may be possible to qualify for the year by spending a small amount of money in December.

Where no one is contributing more than half of a dependent's support, the law still allows one of those contributing to claim the credit, provided the others contributing agree. The one claiming the credit must also have contributed more than 10 per cent of the total needed. Naturally, the dependency credit is most valuable to the person with the largest taxable income.

Many of these situations which have year-end tax implications are, of course, unusual or "one-shot" situations. But there is one method of taking tax advantage of year-end transactions which is useful on a continuing basis. It is called "doubling-up" and makes use of the "standard deduction" allowed by law to taxpayers who do not wish to list deductible items such as contributions, interest paid, taxes and similar items.

This standard deduction has some interesting features; it is allowable in lieu of the other deductions even though the taxpayer has no such other deductions; it is fixed at 10 per cent of adjusted gross income (up to a maximum deduction of $1,000), and the election to use it can be changed under certain circumstances when it becomes to the taxpayer's advantage to do so.

These features make it possible under proper conditions to secure practically all of your regular income tax deductions and, in addition, to get the benefit of the standard deduction, with a consequent healthy tax saving.

To illustrate, let us take the possible case of a taxpayer earning $7,000 per year. He usually contributes $300 to his church, pays $200 in real estate taxes plus $100 in state income taxes, and also pays $300 of mortgage interest. On this basis, his income tax will be $998. In two years, his tax will total $1,996.

In order to adopt the "doubling-up" procedure, he must actually pay two years' deductible items in one taxable year. Therefore, in December he arranges to make his 1957 church and other contributions, pays his real estate and state income taxes in advance, and also pays mortgage installments ahead of time.

He thus has most of his 1957 deductions paid in 1956, reducing his 1956 tax accordingly.

Of course, he will not have these deductions in 1957, and therefore in 1957 he will claim the standard deduction. The net result is that he saves the amount of tax attributable to the standard deduction, at whatever tax bracket he is in. In the case described, the saving would be $154.

While this "doubling-up" procedure is usually adopted as a regular method, the standard deduction being claimed every other year, the same principle is used by those who have fluctuating incomes. Such taxpayers should try to take as many as possible of their deductible items into the years with the heavier incomes.

ONE ITEM which lends itself to this kind of treatment is a state income tax. A recent winner of $64,000 on a television program, for instance, paid his state income tax on his winnings in advance. Had he not done so, he would have had a large deduction in 1957, with little income to apply it against.

The procedure for doing this is simple: just figure up the tax, send the state tax authorities a check for the amount and explain in a letter that it covers your state tax and that you will file the return next year when the forms are available. Such payments are almost always accepted.

Farmers who use the cash basis report the sale of their products when they get paid, but they cannot omit sales just because they do not pick up checks which are waiting for them. A farmer who wants to sell crops before the end of the year without including the sale in 1956 income should sell *on condition* that he is not to be paid until 1957.

Farmers considering the sale of livestock close to the end of the year should also take carefully into account the fact that the law treats as long term capital gain, gain from the sale of livestock held for draft, breeding or dairy purposes which has been owned for 12 months or more. This means that only one-half of such a profit goes into taxable income.

Therefore, if you can sell an animal held for 14 months, it may pay to do so rather than sell one held for ten months, even though for reasons other than taxes you might prefer to sell the younger animal. A profit of $100 on the first animal will result in a tax of $10 in the lowest bracket; the same profit on the second will produce a tax of $20.

Farmers are also in the best position to take advantage of the tax rule that contributions made in property are deductible at the fair market value of the property. While most farmers who make contributions of property do so in the form of livestock and produce, they should consider the possibility of making donations in the form of equipment.

Suppose you have a piece of equipment which you are thinking of trading in. It originally cost $1,000 and $1,000 of depreciation has been taken on it, so that its value for tax purposes is zero. Its market value is $500, and you are thinking of trading it in on equipment priced at $2,500.

If you trade it in, you will pay $2,000 in cash, and your tax cost will be $2,000. However, if you were going to make a donation of $500 to a church or charity in cash, but instead donate the equipment, you will get the same deduction of $500, and you will also have a tax cost for the new equipment of $2,500, which can be recovered in depreciation allowances.

Some business and professional people can slow down or speed up their collections in the latter part of the year and by so doing increase or decrease the year's income. Which will be most advantageous depends upon how much has already been realized during the year, and the probable deductions. Generally speaking, it pays to pull income into a lean year, and to defer it during a good year.

It may pay to try to get income into a year when there are unusually heavy deductions, such as storm or accident damages. Such losses can only be deducted in the year sustained. It makes no difference when, if ever, repairs are made.

Most professional and service people are on the cash basis, like many farmers. This means that they take deductions when payments are made. A doctor, dentist, garage owner, or any other businessman who does not use inventories can therefore buy and pay for supplies and similar items on December 31st and take the deduction at that time.

The fact that the check may not be cashed until the following year doesn't count.

The same rule applies to medical expenses, contributions and most other deductible items. A check delivered on December 31st is considered as payment on December 31st, if there is money in the bank to cover it.

If you do not own any securities, it may pay to put a modest amount of your savings into a good common or preferred stock, and the best time to do so, taxwise, is often shortly before year-end. The reason for this is that $50 of dividend income is excluded from taxable income. If a husband and wife each receives dividends on stock, each is entitled to a $50 exclusion, so that a family can in this way receive $100 of dividend that will be income tax free.

Since the tax on $100 of interest income is at least $20, it certainly pays to invest enough to realize this saving. But before buying make sure that *you* will receive a dividend in 1956; it is possible to buy too late, so that 1956 dividends will go to the person who owned the stock before you.

If you have interest income from bank accounts, remember that interest which is credited by the bank in January for a previous period should be reported in the later year. It is the year in which the bank gives you the interest that counts, not the year for which the interest is computed.

One thing should be made clear. To misrepresent or distort or conceal facts about income or deductions is both dishonest and illegal. But where the law says that money spent for certain purposes is deductible, or that income is reportable under certain rules, there is nothing whatever morally or legally wrong in spending or receiving in such a manner and at such times as will result in the most advantage taxwise.

◆

Way Down East

ABNER TEMPLE was a noted old Connecticut horse-trader. And it was the rare man who got the better of him in a deal. In one sale, Abner passed on two horses that he certified as willing animals.

A week later, the buyer complained bitterly, "Those horses you sold me just won't work. And you kept telling me that they were willing."

"So I did, and so they are." Abner nodded sagely. "One of those horses is willing to stop and the other one's willing to let him."

—MILTON WAYNE

Checking on Christmas

CERTAIN customs have become so integrated into Yuletide festivities that we rarely question their origins. Our holiday quizmaster, Don Herber—television's "Mr. Wizard," (NBC-TV, Saturdays, 5:30-6 P.M. EST)—demonstrates his versatility and puts you to the test in the checklist below. Your reward for 15 correct choices: two hours of free parking under the mistletoe! (Answers on page 146.)

1. Decorating a Christmas tree with candles is generally credited to
   (a) Franz Gruber (b) Johann Eck (c) Martin Luther
2. A "Bringing in the Yule Log" ceremony is held in this National Park:
   (a) Yellowstone (b) Grand Canyon (c) Yosemite
3. Santa Claus is a town in (a) Alaska (b) Texas (c) Indiana
4. Christmas cards were started in the 1840s in
   (a) America (b) England (c) France
5. "Noel" means (a) gift (b) birthday (c) Christmas
6. The use of mistletoe comes from the (a) Russians (b) Celts (c) Bulgarians
7. Hanging holly in windows was originally used to
   (a) keep witches away (b) decorate homes (c) invite carolers
8. "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" was written on a Christmas morning by
   (a) Charles Wesley (b) John Wesley (c) Martin Luther
9. The Bible story of Jesus' birth is told in the book of St. Matthew and in
   (a) St. John (b) St. Luke (c) St. Mark
10. Frankincense and myrrh were obtained from
    (a) a quarry (b) sap of a tree (c) roots of plants
11. Kriss Kringle means (a) St. Michael (b) Christ Child (c) Santa Claus
12. Tradition says cattle in their stalls on Christmas Eve
    (a) face the East (b) kneel in adoration (c) symbolize "Peace"
13. The custom of placing lighted candles in windows on Christmas Eve began in (a) Boston (b) Philadelphia (c) New York
14. The use of fireworks on Christmas is common in
    (a) France (b) Spain (c) Switzerland
15. The wassail bowl is a custom in (a) Ireland (b) Scotland (c) England
16. The myth that Santa descends the chimney comes from
    (a) Italy (b) England (c) Northern Europe
17. Blazing plum pudding is symbolic of Christmas cheer of the
    (a) Danes (b) English (c) Dutch
18. The famous editorial, "Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus," first appeared in the (a) *N. Y. Sun* (b) *Chicago Tribune* (c) *Atlanta Journal*
19. The tuberculosis Christmas seal idea was conceived in 1903 by a postal clerk in (a) United States (b) France (c) Denmark
20. Angels sang the first Christmas Carol over the
    (a) plains of Bethlehem (b) hills of Galilee (c) city of Nazareth

The New Drug That Saves Premature Babies

by MADELYN WOOD

With its amazing ability to delay premature labor, Releasin may reduce infant deaths by 140,000 a year

RECENTLY IN CLEVELAND a young woman was rushed to the hospital in her 28th week of pregnancy. She had repeatedly lost prematurely born babies. And it seemed certain that when she entered labor this time the outcome would be the same. Yet, within hours, she was out of the hospital and, some two months later, she gave birth at the normal time to a perfectly healthy baby.

A marvelous new drug had saved the child and, doctors predict, may well save 140,000 infants every year in this country alone.

Called Releasin, this drug is the same as the natural hormone, relaxin, which is produced in the mother's body and plays a vital role in controlling the birth process. A deficiency of relaxin is believed to be the cause of premature labor. When this deficiency is compensated for, through the administration of Releasin, many stillbirths and other deaths resulting from prematurity can be prevented.

Hundreds of animal experiments and, more recently, observations of human patients, have revealed the role relaxin plays in the miracle of birth. In most pregnancies, relaxin, manufactured by the ovaries, pours into the mother's system in steadily increasing amounts until it reaches a peak at the 38th to 40th week. Nature thus has it ready to perform three vital functions:

First, some weeks before delivery, relaxin acts to stretch the ligaments that bind the two halves of the pelvis where it is joined in front at the pubic symphysis and in back at the spine. Next, it dilates the previously tightly drawn, purse-like mouth of the uterus in what physicians call the "ripening of the cervix." And last, it reduces the severity of uterine contractions. Uncontrolled by it, these spasms would be violent and dangerous to the baby.

When these contractions occur prematurely, the intravenous administration of Releasin, in a majority of cases, does more than slow the contractions. It actually stops them.

Furthermore, it is predicted that

Releasin will prevent seven out of ten stillbirths. In these cases, the mother's body has not yet released enough relaxin to perform the three vital functions of opening the pubic symphysis, ripening the cervix and reducing the severity of the contractions. As a result, the baby is pressed against the rigid bony structure of the pubic symphysis and the unopened cervix. There he remains, pressure on his brain and organs becoming unbearable and, finally, fatal.

For example, a mother who had lost a previous baby because of the spontaneous rupture of the membranes at 31 weeks had the same situation confront her at the end of 31 weeks of a second pregnancy. Doctors now administered Releasin, which stopped the premature, abnormal labor. Hours later, labor began again. Examination showed that the cervix was still not sufficiently "ripened," nor the pubic symphysis sufficiently opened. Again the doctors administered Releasin. Again labor stopped and did not begin again for 36 hours. This time, examination revealed that the mother's body was ready for normal delivery. Within an hour, she gave birth to a healthy baby boy.

Its power to delay labor gives Releasin still another lifesaving role. In cases where the baby has been carried full term, yet is still too small to promise postnatal survival, Releasin has effectively added weeks to the pregnancy, thus giving the baby time to gain prenatal weight. In 18 such cases observed by the late Dr. Clair E. Folsome and associates, of New York Medical College, the period of gestation was extended sufficiently so that 14 of the mothers delivered babies of normal weight. There was only one infant fatality.

THE DRAMATIC STORY of Releasin's discovery goes back to the early '20s when a young assistant professor at Kansas State College, Dr. Frederick Hisaw, was intrigued by the fact that the tiny pocket gopher could give normal birth despite the fact that its pelvis—designed to facilitate the animal's passage through narrow underground tunnels—was extremely narrow and constricted.

Investigating the problem, Dr. Hisaw found to his surprise that the gopher's pubic bones and the ligaments around them completely dissolved as birth approached. This process, Dr. Hisaw was convinced, must have been triggered by some unknown female hormone.

From this observation his mind jumped to a far more sweeping conclusion. If there were a mysterious hormone present in the pocket gopher, might not this same hormone account for a less spectacular part of the birth process in all mammals—the spreading apart of the mother's pubic bones before giving birth?

Dr. Hisaw's postulation of such a hormone was met with disbelief. Other scientists proceeded to demonstrate convincingly that the action of known hormones could account for this pelvic separation. But Dr. Hisaw was sure that an elusive hormone was there—and he was going to find it.

Nineteen years after Dr. Hisaw made his first observations, he succeeded in removing all estrogen and progesterone from the ovarian extract. When the remaining substance was given to guinea pigs, the pubic bones relaxed within six hours. The known hormones positively were not responsible—therefore an unknown hormone had to be. Dr. Hisaw, now a professor at Harvard, was at last vindicated, and science acclaimed him as the discoverer of the new hormone, which was named relaxin.

Following the discovery, a former student of Dr. Hisaw's, a young endocrinologist named Robert L. Kroc of the pharmaceutical firm of Warner-Chilcott Laboratories, dedicated himself to finding a way to produce relaxin for commercial distribution. His tests of scores of pregnant animals showed that the amount of it appearing in the ovaries was incredibly small.

In the end, his quest narrowed down to the ovaries of sows in advanced pregnancy. Even in these large animals, Dr. Kroc found the yield dismayingly slight. It takes the ovaries of 500 sows to provide only one gram of the precious white powder. This is enough, however, to provide treatment for six to eight cases.

So far, the clinicians who have used Releasin report no signs of drug sensitivity or of toxic effect. This is particularly important because in obstetrics more than in any other field of medicine the first consideration in the application of a new drug is safety for the mother and the unborn child.

Only its scarcity—and the resultant high cost—stands in the way of Releasin's universal use. Presently, available supplies will be sufficient for treatment of only about 18,000 patients next year. A course of treatments requires seven ampules, and these cost from $150 to $175. To increase the supply and reduce the cost, scientists are working to find a more plentiful natural source or to discover a way of producing the hormone bio-synthetically.

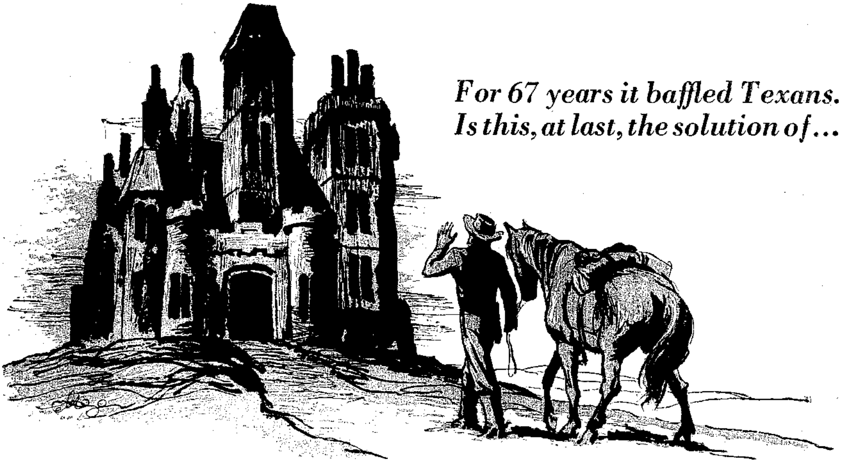
Certainly no researchers have ever had a more powerful incentive —the knowledge that their success will bring the precious gift of life to the untold thousands of babies this new miracle of medicine will save every year.

These Wonderful Words

A CHINESE STUDENT defined an American university as follows: "An American university is a vast athletic association where, however, some studies are maintained for the benefit of the feeble-bodied." —*Indiana Telephone News*

A MIDWESTERN COLLEGE recently instituted a special English course to familiarize its foreign students with American slang.

What prompted it? Continued mishandling of idioms, which reached a climax when one foreign student respectfully addressed a dean with, "I'm very pleased to meet you, sir. I've heard you are a wise guy." —*United Mine Workers Journal*



For 67 years it baffled Texans.
Is this, at last, the solution of...

The Strange Mystery of Paint Rock

by OREN ARNOLD

DEMPS TUCKER reined in his tired horse before the castle-like stone house on the lonely hilltop. Its massive chimneys and casements of quarried gray stone suggested England rather than the west Texas wilderness of 1889.

Tucker called a "halloo" from the saddle. It was shortly after noon, the cowboy was hungry and, according to the law of rangeland hospitality, he was entitled to a meal. He felt uneasy about stopping here but no other house was closer than ten miles.

"Halloo!" he called again.

Still there was no answer. A strange silence brooded over the great stone house. None of the Ostranders was in sight, no ranch hands, nor any livestock. Even if Old Man Ostrander was away, his wife or their two pretty daughters ought to be somewhere about.

Demps tied his horse and went to the door. It was unlocked. He walked inside.

Everything was in order. In the dining room the table was set for noon dinner with silver, fine china, and food untouched. Demps waited a bit, then sat down, ate, wrote a note of thanks and rode away toward the Concho River.

Ten days later, Demps stopped again. As before, nobody was in sight. Slowly he dismounted, knocked, then went inside. The table was as he had left it. His note had not been touched. Demps galloped away to spread the alarm.

By next morning a score of ranch folk had gathered. Nobody knew what to think. No known trouble or danger had threatened W. B. Ostrander or his family, though they were a haughty, aloof clan. Search of the house showed everything in good order, even to clothing hanging neatly in closets.

Miles away on the range, Mr. Ostrander's Mexican *vaqueros* were found at work with his cattle. They were mystified by the news. They seldom came to the big house because they weren't welcome there, they said.

Possemen rode in a widening circle, searching. They found no trail or trace.

A week later, on a Sunday morning, a crowd of neighbor folk gathered at the house. A deputy sheriff went through what papers could be found. But they revealed no known relatives, no motive, nothing. Unaccountably, the Ostranders had apparently vanished from the face of the earth.

As they were standing around the yard talking, a woman burst from the house, a look of horror on her face. "Up in the attic—" she cried. "Blood! Under a rope hanging from a rafter. They must have been murdered!"

That set everyone looking for bodies or graves until John Loomis, a rancher, rode up and explained, "Ostrander always hung beef in his attic. Had a fresh kill not long ago. That's just steer blood."

But the exciting words "blood . . . rope . . . attic . . . murder" had spread and interest in the mystery grew.

An imaginative cowboy, new to the region, soon gave it another startling twist. While hunting stray cattle in a thicket along the nearby Concho, he found a "record of the killing." On a cliff 30 feet above the stream bed was a painting of a white woman being scalped.

Had a roaming band of Comanches wreaked one last bit of vengeance? To many it seemed logical. But the rock painting turned out to be merely a routine Indian pictograph many years old.

Nevertheless, the legend of the vanished Ostranders now acquired a name—The Paint Rock Mystery—and became a main topic of conjecture around campfires and corral fences, in saloons and at church meetings. Songs of mournful lamentation and speculation were composed about them.

"They were rich dudes from Syracuse, New York," a neighboring rancher testified, and correctly. "Some English investors had put a lot of money in Texas land, and they hired Ostrander to come out and set up a ranch on it. He knowed nothing about cattle, or about our people. Him and his family acted like they was above everybody; lived mostly to theirselves.

"Everybody knowed Ostrander was afraid of something, but never knowed what. He made more enemies out here than friends."

Had some enemy lured the missing family away from their stone house and killed them? The superstitious decided so, and endowed the deserted mansion with chain-clanking ghosts.

For years nobody would even venture in to steal the silver or the clothing. Then souvenir hunters began to make raids. Eventually, the law took over and the ranch acquired new owners. Still there was no trace of the Ostranders. But "clues" kept popping up to reactivate the legend.

T. K. Bearden hired cowhands to bury a fine horse accidentally killed near the stone house. Two feet down they unearthed a human skull. "It's Ostrander's," they agreed, and spread the news.

Somebody stole the skull from Mr. Bearden's camp. It turned up in Mexico, teamed with three others, and was exhibited as the remains of the four Ostranders.

Finally a doctor examined the first one and said it was most likely a woman's. That became "proof" of Mrs. Ostrander's murder. The skull is probably still kicking around the border country.

Around 1905, a former buffalo hunter and Indian fighter camped for a few nights in the deserted house. The flickering light of his lantern was seen and seven brave young Mexicans rode over at dawn to investigate.

The old man saw them coming and was afraid, but he had an old frontier trick up his sleeve. With a gimlet, he bored a hole angling through a .50 calibre bullet that fitted his buffalo gun. When the horsemen were about 200 yards away, he fired.

"Sree-e-e-eEEE-e-e-e-e!"

The bullet screamed like a wounded mountain lion—or an angry ghost! It was a trick used by pioneers to frighten Indians. It sent the horsemen galloping away to spread the word that the old house was ghost-ridden indeed.

The more superstitious had long ago decided that "Satan just came up out of the earth, grabbed the haughty Ostranders and took them down below." This of course was ridiculous—or was it?

ONE EVENING in 1949, Hosea Morgan stretched a trotline across Kickapoo Creek near the Ostrander house, hoping to catch a few catfish. The creek had been 50 yards wide and four to six feet deep there for longer than men could remember. But at daybreak, Hosea returned to find his trotline swinging in the air, and not a drop of water in the Kickapoo!

Even more astounding—for a stretch of 300 yards an upthrust of the stone creek bed was now visible. It looked as if some gigantic mole had crawled under the solid rock of the bed, lifting millions of tons of it, cracking and tossing huge flat boulders aside, and letting the water disappear. Yet there was no other sign of earthquake, no evidence of explosion, nothing else disturbed anywhere about.

The phenomenon has confounded scientists, who still come to study it. But not those Texans who hold to the Satan theory. "It was the spirits of the Ostranders trying to escape," they said.

Everybody has a theory as to what happened to the Ostranders and many are even more fantastic. Actually, there are probably only two people in Texas today who really know. One is a very elderly woman who visited the Ostrander home as a little girl; the other a distinguished ex-judge whose whole life had been linked with the region. From their knowledge we can re-enact that lost day back in 1889.

It must have been 11 A.M. when dinner was placed on the table. Ranch folk often ate early. Ostrander was probably waiting the call to table when the man on horseback came galloping up in a swirl of dust.

"Mr. Ostrander, like you said to, I come in a hurry," he cried. "They're gonna do it—the State Legislature's about to pass that Alien Land Law. Rangers'll be a-coming. They're bound to. Likely this very day!"

Passage of the Alien Land Law meant that no "foreigner" could own Texas land. Because of alleged exploitation practices, the English investors were already in bad repute. There had been repeated threats of violence against them and their hirelings. Now they would be legally stripped of power, and Ostrander, as an exceedingly unpopular one of their managers, would lose prestige and possibly face actual danger.

Moreover, Ostrander had too hurriedly left Syracuse, New York, in the first place; allegedly he was wanted by police back there for some difficulties with the law. And so now if the Texas Rangers were coming—

Ostrander panicked. Fearfully, he ran to the barns, hitched up a surrey, let out the livestock, quickly gathered his family and fled.

Several years later he came back for a few days, the old people say. He came very quietly, to see if anything could be salvaged. But it was too late. Texas law had long since run its course.

A lonely, broken man, his family scattered, Ostrander asked that no mention be made of his return. So few ever knew that he had been back at all.

They say he took one last look at the old stone mansion on the hilltop, then quietly disappeared again.

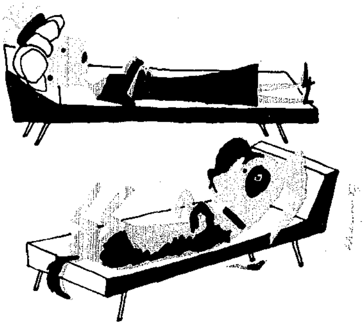
A Matter of Courtesy

BELGIAN AUTHOR Maurice Maeterlinck would fly into a rage if anyone interrupted him while he was working on a manuscript.

One evening, after his wife had left to attend a party, he went into his study to write. When Mrs. Maeterlinck returned late that night, he was still busy at his desk.

She tiptoed up to her room to retire. A moment later she came shrieking down the stairs. Bursting into her husband's study, she cried, "Maurice! Maurice! I've been robbed! My jewels are gone! Someone was in the house while I was away!"

Maeterlinck, startled out of his reverie, said angrily, "My dear woman, if there was a burglar in the house he didn't disturb me. Surely you can extend me the same courtesy!" —E. E. EDGAR



Normal Dogs with Problem Masters

as told to DARLENE GEIS

AS A VETERINARIAN I can take care of a sick dog. But frequently the trouble with a sick dog is its owner, and my license does not permit me to treat owners, unfortunately.

A lady came into my animal hospital one day, for example, with a fine cocker spaniel. Nothing should have been wrong with that dog, yet its heartbeat was peculiar. I said as much, and Teeko's mistress, who was standing anxiously by the examining table, explained: "Teeko has a bad heart. I have to give him digitalis."

It seems that Teeko's mistress had a heart condition for which digitalis had been prescribed. And she was so emotionally involved with her pet that she projected her own ailment onto the poor animal.

Consequently, every time Teeko coughed or panted—and dogs do both with no cause for alarm—the lady, who thought of her pet as an extension of herself, would run for her digitalis bottle and pop a pill into the animal's mouth.

To save the dog's life, I filled a jar with harmless pink pills, explaining that these were "dog digitalis," to be given in preference to human digitalis, whenever he seemed badly in need of it. Poor Teeko! A perfectly healthy dog doomed to being watched and coddled like a human invalid.

I have been noticing more and more this regrettable tendency for masters to treat their pets as humans. As an unhappy result, veterinarians' offices are full of distraught owners, and mentally mixed-up beasts with very uncanine complaints.

A recent newspaper story from Johannesburg, South Africa, titled

"One for the Dog Coucher," deals with the tremendous increase in "dogs with anxiety neurosis, guilt complex and other neurotic complaints." It's the same in America. And the explanation is simple—dogs pattern their behavior largely on that of their owners. You could almost say: "By their dogs ye shall know them."

All of which leads up to what I consider the Golden Rule of dog care. If you want to raise a healthy, happy pet, *treat your dog like a dog!* To begin with:

Feed Your Dog Like an Animal. Dogs are carnivorous, which means that their diet should consist chiefly of meat. And since they are animals, the meat should be raw or only slightly cooked (except for pork) and unseasoned. It also means that cheap hamburger, organs like the spleen, the tongue, cheeks and tripe ground up are better for them than fancy cuts of meat.

Aside from meat, they should have canned dog food or dog meal. No vegetables, no baby food, no potato chips and canapes. (You would be surprised how many dogs are permitted to nibble great quantities of these latter foods at cocktail time.) In my opinion, and that of other vets, this is the ideal and healthful diet for all breeds of dogs. It differs only in quantity from breed to breed. What could be simpler? Yet about 50 per cent of the preventable dogs' illnesses I see are due to faulty feeding. Man's best friend pays a high price for that doubtful distinction.

Help Fight TB

Christmas
Greetings
1956
1956
NTA
NTA

Buy Christmas Seals

A man who recently underwent surgery phoned to inform me that his dog Queenie had not moved her bowels that day. Did I think some stewed prunes would be good for the animal? I explained that dogs can and do go several days without that function, and it was quite natural for them to do so.

But I knew I'd be seeing that healthy dog as a patient soon, with her master's post-operative ailments having somehow clouded her health. Sure enough, in a few days the lady of the house phoned.

"Doctor," she said, "Queenie's stomach is bothering her. I thought I'd cook up some nice chicken broth for her and I just wanted to know—can I add an onion?"

"Add an onion," I said wearily. "And a carrot—*and then give it to your husband!*"

One other point in this matter of feeding—your dog should not be permitted to beg scraps from the table. You will regret the habit if once you let your pet form it. You can take a few scraps of meat from the table and let the dog see you mix it with his dog food, so he will know he is getting his share. But he should be taught to eat from his own bowl, once a day, and at the same time every day. That way you will never have a dog who is a feeding problem.

Don't Overprotect Your Dog. A great many of the emotional problems that we veterinarians see in dogs are caused by their owners' overprotectiveness. They want their pets to behave like little ladies or gentlemen. Such standards are hardly compatible with the dog's own nature, and to thwart its natural doggy impulses will harm its personality to the same extent that frustration and inhibition harm a person's.

Dogs like to sniff around trees, posts and other dogs. Yet how often do we see the person at the other end of the leash jerk the animal away from a very natural and necessary expression of canine behavior? Result: a frustrated, inhibited animal who will become either disagreeable or listless—in short, a problem pet.

Puppies are naturally the friendliest creatures on earth. So when we see a full-grown dog who is unfriendly and hostile, we know that in puppyhood its natural warmth was pretty well stifled.

I saw this happen in the case of a man who had bought an Airedale pup because he had heard that they were "one-man dogs." He was so jealous of the dog's affection that he didn't want it to make friendly overtures to anyone else. On the street, he would sharply pull it away from anyone the dog started to go to.

It didn't take the pup long to get conditioned to this tugging. Soon the tail stopped wagging at the approach of a person. And now the Airedale greets everyone with a surly snarl. Its master is content to be the only person in the world the dog will come to, but he asked me the other day, "How come Butch isn't very affectionate, even with me?"

Don't Imprison Your Dog. In a desire to overprotect their pets, many people keep them too closely confined. Dogs shouldn't be kept chained or penned up in too small an area. They need a sense of freedom—even as you and I.

Nor can you just put them out in the yard and ignore them all day long. Dogs need attention, or they will try to attract it by getting into mischief. I've seen dogs who have eaten grass, small pieces of wood, gravel and other foreign objects—usually of no interest to a normal dog—just out of pique at being left locked up alone in the yard all day.

People in city apartments should choose dogs that don't require wide open spaces and a great deal of exercise. Terriers, small spaniels, poodles and dachshunds are good city dogs. But no dog should be expected to be left alone all day in an apartment, and stay happy. A dog's great gift is companionship and friendship. But in order to give it, he must get it.

Your Dog Wants to Be Obedient. One characteristic that endears dogs to people is the dog's innate desire to please. In making the most of this trait, both for the dog's benefit and your own, it must be understood that the dog can only please and be obedient within its limitations. In other words, don't expect the dog to please you by loving only you to the exclusion of every other person (and dog) in the world. And don't expect your pet to behave like a human being.

On the other hand, you *can* expect him to come when he's called, to heel, to sit, and frequently to retrieve on command. Dogs love to perform something constructive, such as fetching the rolled-up evening newspaper.

I have had owners bring their dogs in to me and complain that they cannot make them obey. The animal turns out usually to be an unhappy, disoriented creature—and so, it is soon apparent, is the owner. I try to tell these people that firmness can be communicated to the dog by tone of voice. Dogs are like children—they will always try to find out what they can get away with. And, like children, they are happiest when they know what their limits are and can count on a firm hand to guide them.

Don't Over-Medicate Your Dog. I can safely say that 85 per cent of dogs' illnesses are preventable if the previous simple rules are followed—plus this last very important one.

Some people just can't treat a dog like a dog when it comes to the animal's health. These are generally the people whose own medicine chests are bursting. Let the dog have a slight stomach upset and out comes the bicarbonate of soda. Listlessness? Liver pills. A suspicion of worms? The owner frequently undertakes to worm the dog himself. And the upshot is that the veterinarian is then called upon to patch up a needlessly sick dog.

Don't ever medicate your dog without a doctor's say-so. Above all, *never* worm a dog yourself. Worming has been overdone. Actually, it should only be done if a microscopic examination proves it necessary. Your vet can decide when and if worming is necessary.

In a puppy's first year there are, at present, only two necessary preventive measures to be taken to insure the dog's health: distemper and hepatitis shots. Beyond that, proper diet, proper care, affection and discipline are all it takes to raise a healthy, happy pet.

BARGAINS
SALE
SELL OUT

Sales Psychology

EVERY DAY is bargain day at Prather's surplus store in Bethany, Missouri. Ladies clamber over boxes and cans of merchandise, dig through piles of it, and seem even to enjoy pushing and jostling if they are able to come up with a real find.

A faithful customer once asked the owner why he didn't rearrange the merchandise in an orderly manner.

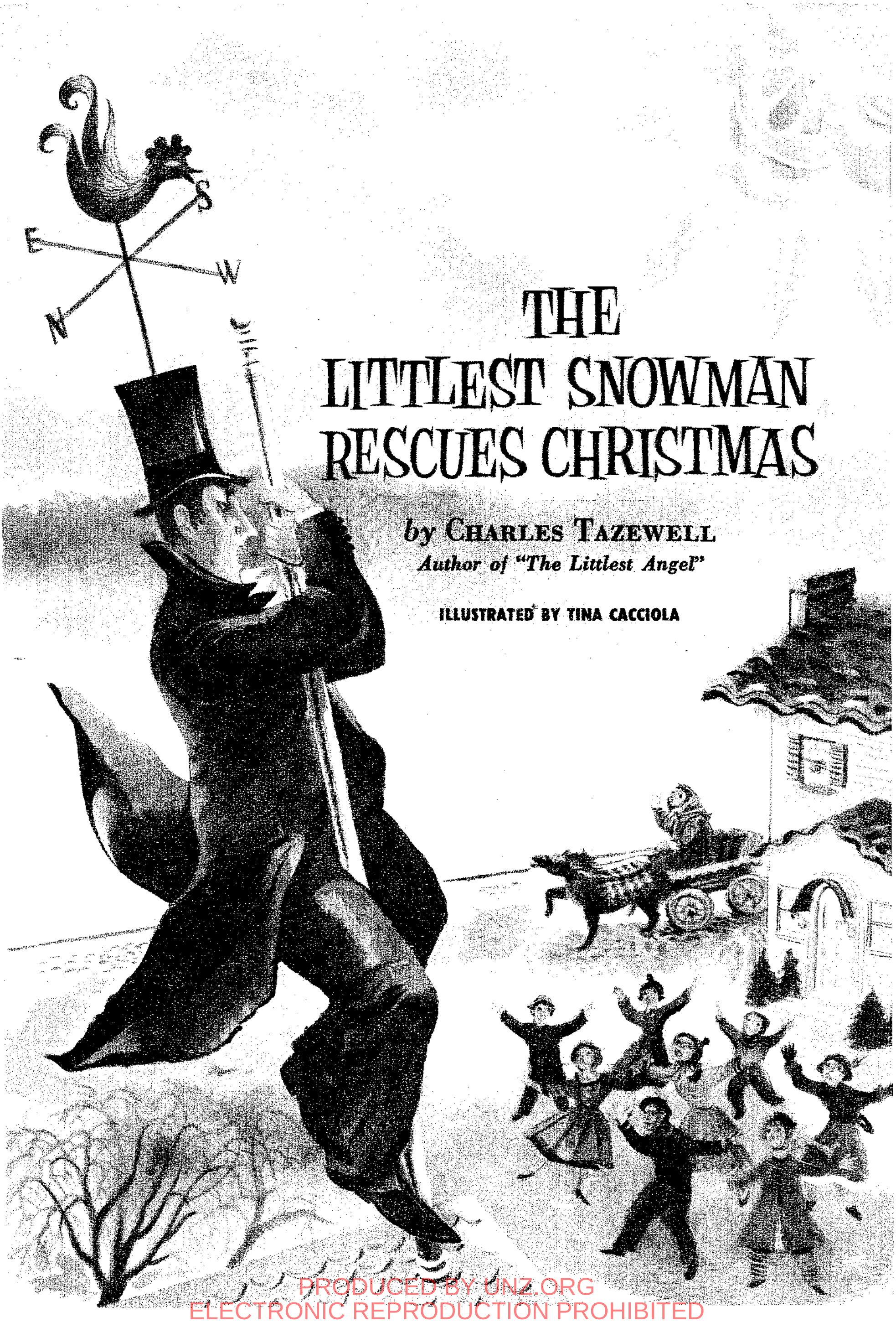
The owner candidly replied, "Do you think I'm crazy? If I arranged this store so these women didn't have to dig to get what they wanted, I wouldn't sell a thing." —ROBERT LEE TAYLOR

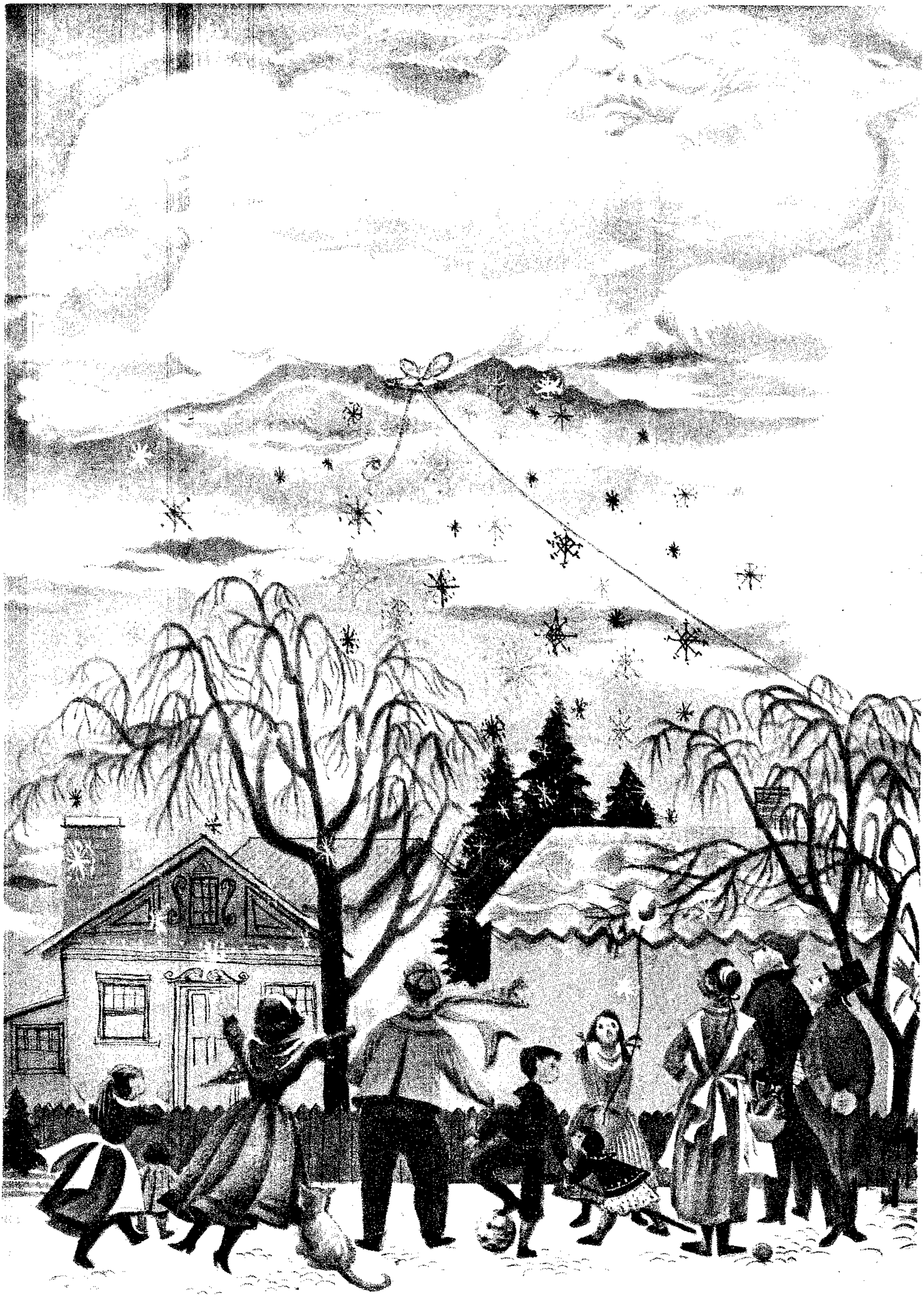
THE LITTLEST SNOWMAN RESCUES CHRISTMAS

by **CHARLES TAZEWELL**

Author of "The Littlest Angel"

ILLUSTRATED BY TINA CACCIOLA





EVERYONE IN TOWN was mad right down to his and her red flannel underwear or snuggies! Here it was—the first day in December—and not a flake of snow had fallen! *AND—if it didn't snow—how was there going to be a Littlest Snowman?*

Some people blamed the lack of snowflakes on Mr. Weatherman because, while eating his Thanksgiving dinner, he had dropped his handsome pocket barometer in the giblet gravy. Now, even though he had shook, knocked, kicked and even bitten it, the hand was stuck at exactly one and five tenths inches past Fair o'Weather! Some of the Littlest Snowman's friends were so downright mad they sat Mr. Weatherman atop the flagpole of the City Hall—and they told him, by blizzard, that since he couldn't *forecast* some snow, he could stay up there where he could *look* for it in all directions!

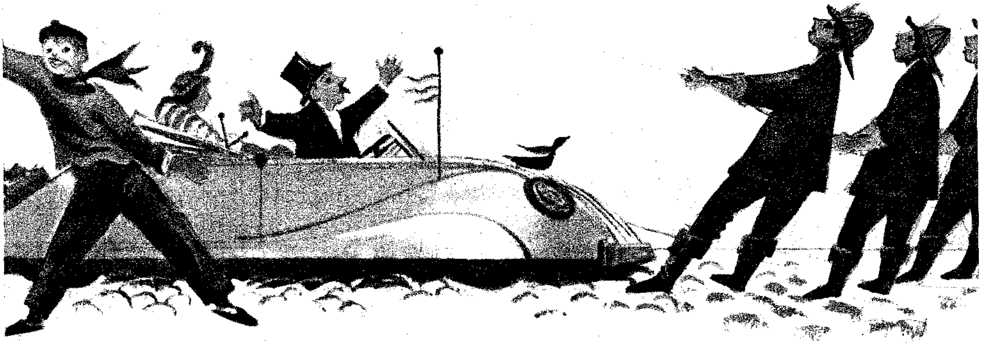
Other people were sure the absence of snow was entirely the fault of the Mayor and his fairweather friends. They gathered outside his door and shook a thousand petitions, which read:

> "WE, THE OUTRAGED CITIZENS OF THIS TOWN, STANDING ON OUR RIGHTS AS SALES, PROPERTY, POLL, EXCISE, LUXURY, DOG, GASOLINE, MOTOR VEHICLE AND INCOME TAXPAYERS, DEMAND ENOUGH SNOW TO MAKE THE LITTLEST SNOWMAN!"

The Mayor was so shaken that he shook from all this shaking. Picking up his gold telephone with the diamond studded dial, he called the Governor.

"Listen, Governor!" he shouted. "Listen and drop whatever you're doing!" The Governor obeyed instantly—and dropped his false teeth. "You've got to get on the fall, Governor!" yelled the Mayor. "On the *snowfall!* You've got to deliver enough to make the Littlest Snowman!"

The Governor hurried to put on his winter-weight thinking cap—and when the fuzzy tassel on the top changed from a pale



pink to a cherry red, which had always meant that he had a bright idea, he called for his car. Then, with Mrs. Governor and her knitting in the back, he sped off to Look-See Mountain.

This had always been the favorite roosting spot of every snowcloud. They came waddling across the sky to perch on its peak like great white ducks; fluffing out their crystals in the winter sunshine and, now and then, plucking out a few scraggly ones which went sailing off on the wind as a flurry of snow.

"There!" whispered the Governor, pointing to the biggest and fattest and whitest snowcloud. "That's the one we need to make the Littlest Snowman!"

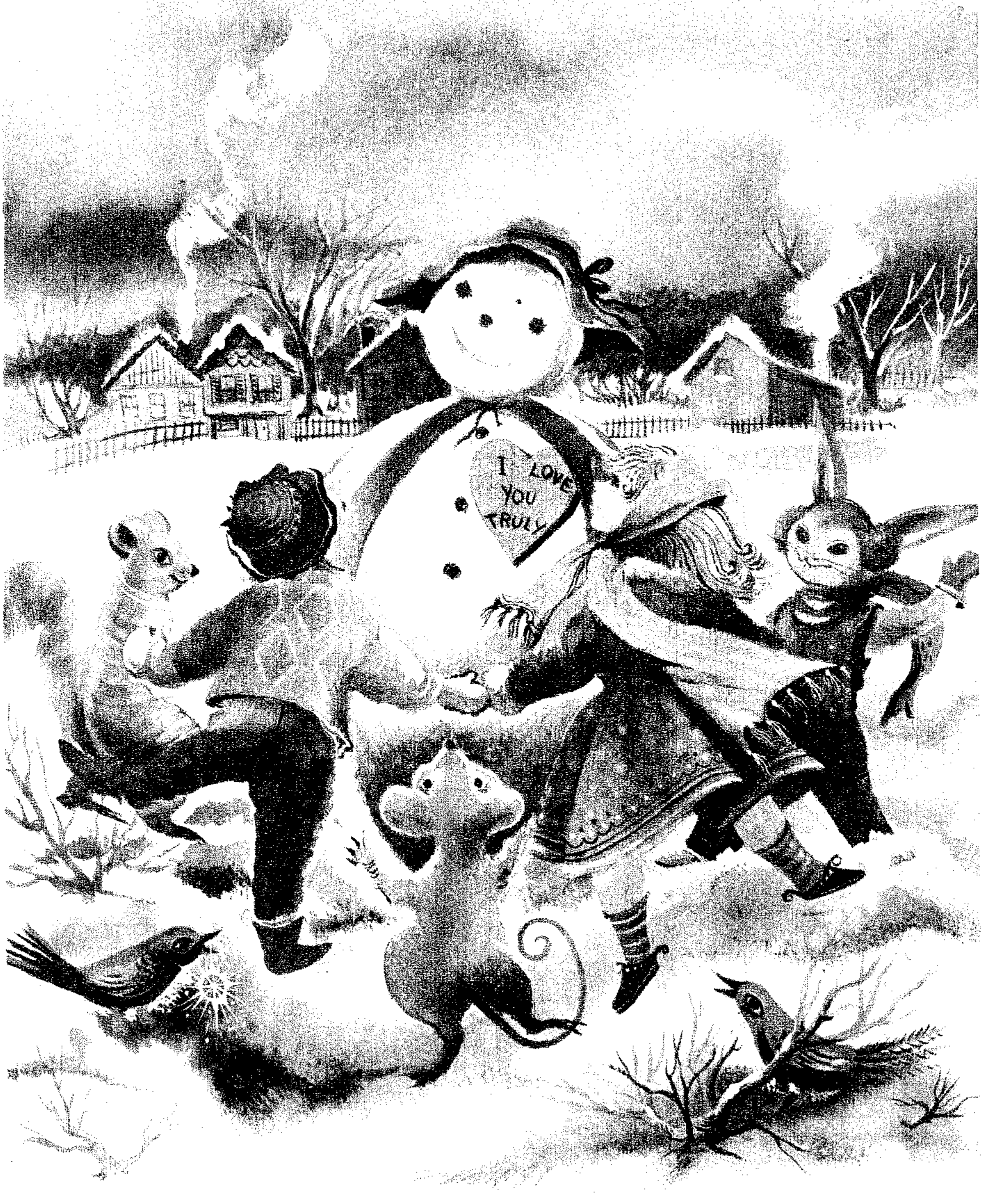
Taking a ball of red yarn and safety-pin from his wife's knitting bag, the Governor sneaked up on the plump drowsy snowcloud. He pinned one end of the yarn to its round stuck-out behind—and he tied the other end to his car's bumper. Then, before the cloud even suspected it was being cloud-napped, the Governor drove off—towing it like a captive balloon.

Arriving at the crowded Town Square, the Governor called for the fire department's champion tug-of-war team. At his signal, the team seized the strand of yarn and gave it a tremendous yank. There was a sound like the breaking of a million icicles as the safety-pin on the yarn's other end was torn out—leaving a great hole in the snowcloud. For a moment nothing happened, and then, the fat snowcloud—spread out over the town like a great feather pillow with a leak in it—began to trickle; then to spill; then to pour down snowflakes!

In ten minutes, the Town Square was full of snow and empty of people. Everyone, from elf to elder, had run helter-skelter and galosh-by-gosh to a house on Winter Avenue. This was the home of the small boy who was the only one in the whole town who knew how to put the Littlest Snowman together.

He and his busy helpers were in the front yard and were already hard at work when the townspeople arrived. Grandfather Squirrel, without even one breakfast nut in his stomach was helping the little boy to roll the snow into a ball. Reuben Rabbit, wearing electric ear-warmers, which he had won for cross-country hopping, was tamping down a flat place with his powerful jumpers for the Littlest Snowman to stand on.

Overhead, Mr. and Mrs. English Sparrow zoomed and wheeled and dived as they picked out especially beautiful flakes to go into the Littlest Snowman. And, standing next to the small golden-haired girl from next-door, who held the Littlest


I LOVE YOU TRULY

Snowman's old brown hat, his black-coal eyes, his blue marble nose and the red handle of the broken kitchen spoon which was the Littlest Snowman's mouth—was Marmaduke Mouse.

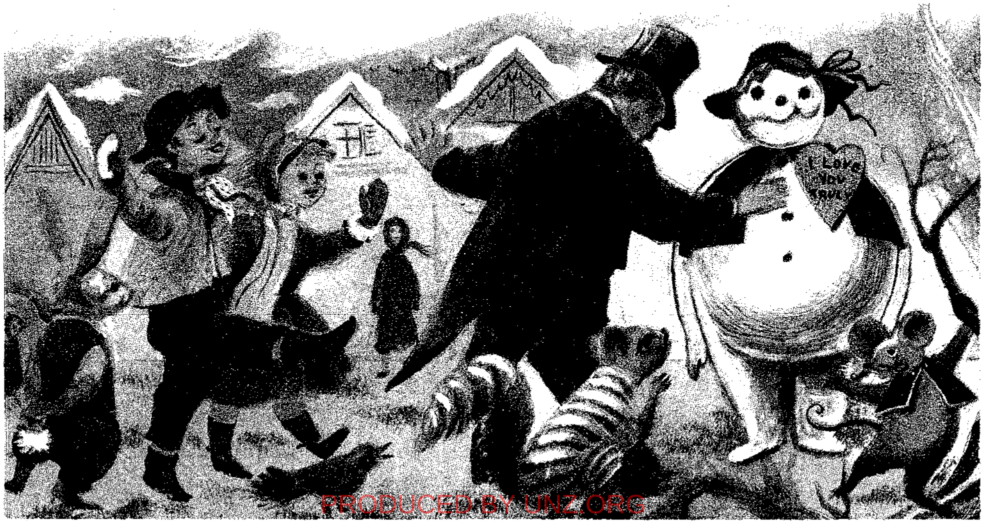
His moustache was waxed with the best butter. His eyes, watching the crowd, were as quick and as sharp as cheese knives. In his paws he held a mousetrap—its spring pulled back and ready to snap off the finger of any sneakthief—and on the mousetrap was the Littlest Snowman's candy heart which said "I Love You Truly!"

This heart was the most important part of the Littlest Snowman because, among all the snowmen in all the world, he was the only one who had a heart. Set beneath the second bottle-top button of his vest, it would beat faster than any thermometer could measure—and apportion to every man, woman and child in the whole universe a full bushel and a peck of love.

THERE WAS NOT a sound when the Littlest Snowman's black-coal eyes started to twinkle. There was not a whisper when his blue marble nose began to twitch and his red spoonhandle mouth stretched in a merry grin—but when his candy heart started to beat "I-Love, I-Love, I-Love" the crowd exploded in a cheer that blew Mr. Weatherman right off the flagpole of the City Hall.

"Welcome home, Littlest Snowman!" shouted the townspeople. "Merry Christmas!"

"And a Merry Christmas to all of you!" laughed the Littlest Snowman—and then his black-coal eyes grew big and his red



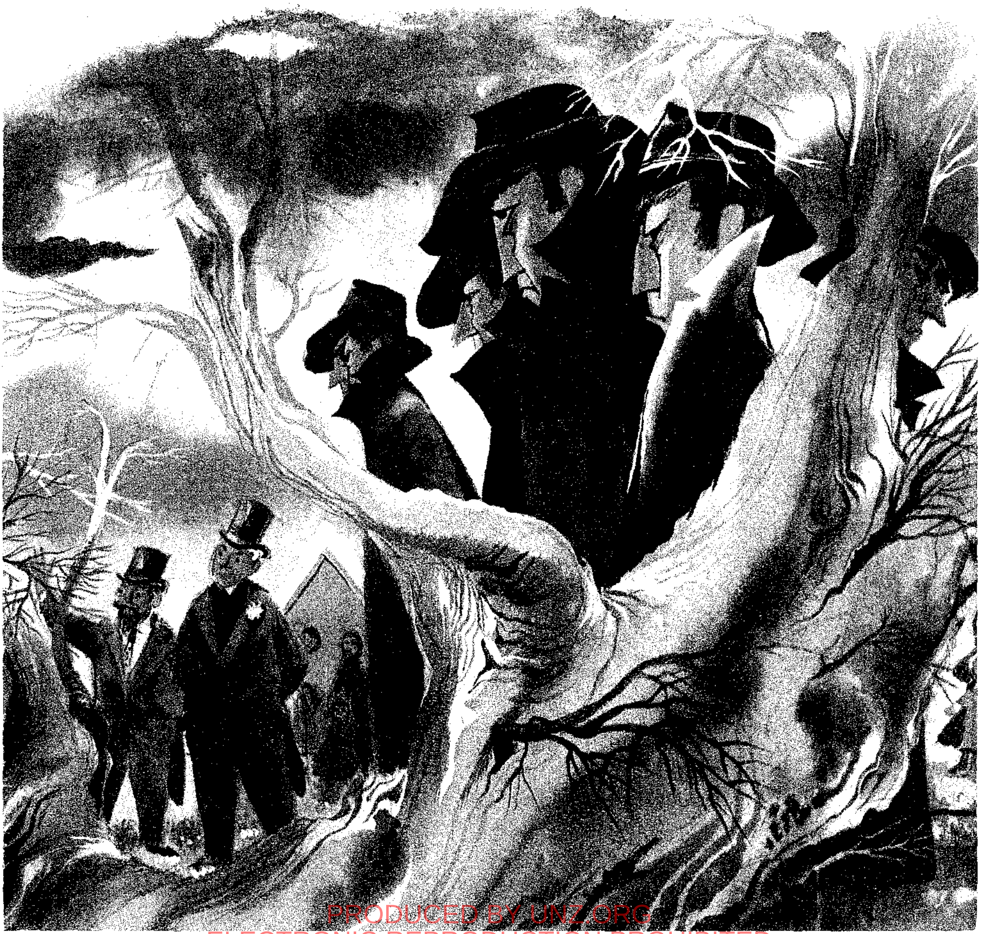
spoonhandle mouth dropped open. "Oh, dear!" he cried. "Whatever is the matter? It doesn't look like *Christmas!*"

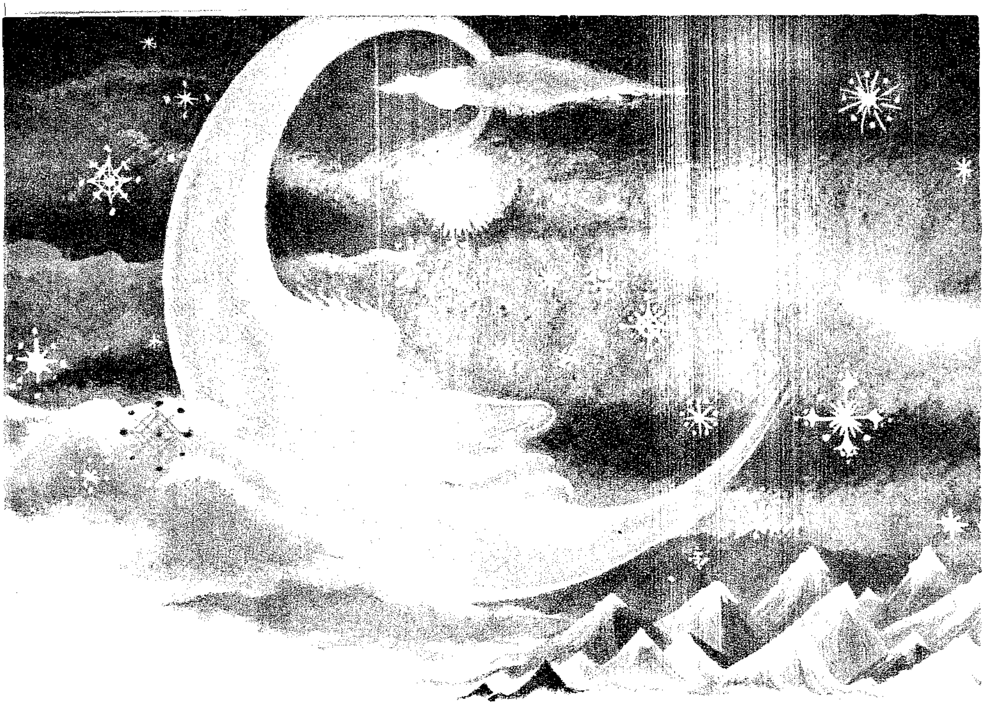
"It doesn't?" asked the Governor in dismay. And then he and everyone else looked around and saw that the Littlest Snowman was absolutely right—it didn't look like Christmas!

All the fir trees were shedding their needles and every branch hung limp and low. The leaves of the holly wreaths were a pale sickly green—and the berries of the holly were tiny and yellow! And as for the mistletoe! No girl—or old maid, either—would dare to be kissed under something that looked as though it might be as dangerous as a sprig of poison ivy!

"This is frightening!" cried the Governor over the wailing and the moaning of the crowd. "*Where is Christmas?*"

At that moment there was a great roaring of government





machinery, and down Winter Street came four black cars! In the first, with a horn that said *"Hush-Hush"* were the secret service men in one-pint slouch hats. In the second, with a horn that whispered *"Pssst-Pssst"* were the secret-secret service men in one-quart slouch hats. In the third, with a horn that only breathed *"Shhhh-Shhhh"* were the secret-secret-secret service men in one-gallon slouch hats. And in the *fourth,* with a horn that loudly shouted *"E Pluribus Unum"* was the *President of the States!*

He leaped from the car and grasped the Littlest Snowman's fat little hand.

"Mr. Littlest Snowman!" he said. "Have you seen how it is?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. President!" cried the Littlest Snowman. "And I think it's just too terribly *dreadful!"*

"It's this way all over the world!" sighed the President. *"There's not a sign of the Christmas Spirit!"*

"But why isn't there?" asked the Littlest Snowman.

"Well, it's very simple to explain," said the President, as he knelt down and put his arm around the Littlest Snowman. "You see, every year, around the 15th of January, the Christ-

mas Spirit packs up all her merriment and goes north to rest and sleep until the next December. She has a cave in a great mountain that is directly under the Pole Star. To be sure that she sleeps safely and undisturbed, the glacier on top of the mountain melts just enough to move down and to cover the entrance to her cave with a solid wall of clear ice."

"Then how does the Christmas Spirit ever get out again?" frowned the Littlest Snowman.

"Oh, that's very simple!" answered the President. "Every year, just after Thanksgiving, people start thinking about Christmas—and all their hearts grow just a little warmer. Well, that little bit of warmth, multiplied by million on millions of people, sends a heat wave speeding north which melts that ice wall in no time at all!"

"But why didn't that happen this year?" asked the Littlest Snowman.

"Somehow, there just wasn't enough warmth," sighed the President. "Perhaps people were too worried or too busy about other things to think much about Christmas. But I can tell you this! Unless someone breaks through that wall of ice and rescues the Christmas Spirit, there won't be any Christmas."

"Oh, that would be just awful!" cried the Littlest Snowman and his black-coal eyes dripped sooty tears.

"Here!" said the President, pressing a large silver coin into his cold little fist. "I hereby appoint you a full-time dollar-a-year snowman. Your job—to save the Christmas Spirit."

"Yes, *sir*, Mr. President!" The Littlest Snowman snapped to attention and saluted as the President jumped into his big black car and sped away.

THE LITTLE BOY, the girl next door, Grandfather Squirrel, Reuben Rabbit, Marmaduke Mouse and the Queen's Own Sparrows were soon hard at work building the Littlest Snowman an airplane. By nightfall, it was finished. The sleek fuselage was an old box-kite; the landing gear was a red sled; the propeller was four palm-leaf fans in a yo-yo—and it was whirled at unbelievable speed by a full-powered egg-beater!

There was an anxious sigh from the crowd as the Littlest Snowman stepped aboard his handsome skycraft. But when the plane shot upward and vanished into the blackness of the night, the crowd burst into a tremendous cheer.

"Oh, shiver and shake!" thought the Littlest Snowman, scudding through the darkness as fast as a blizzard-driven snowflake. "I've been flying for hours and hours and I can't see a thing in front of my blue marble nose! How will I ever find that wall of ice that imprisons the Christmas Spirit?"

So on and on he flew, turning the handle of the egg-beater so fast that the dark clouds were beaten into chocolate pudding.

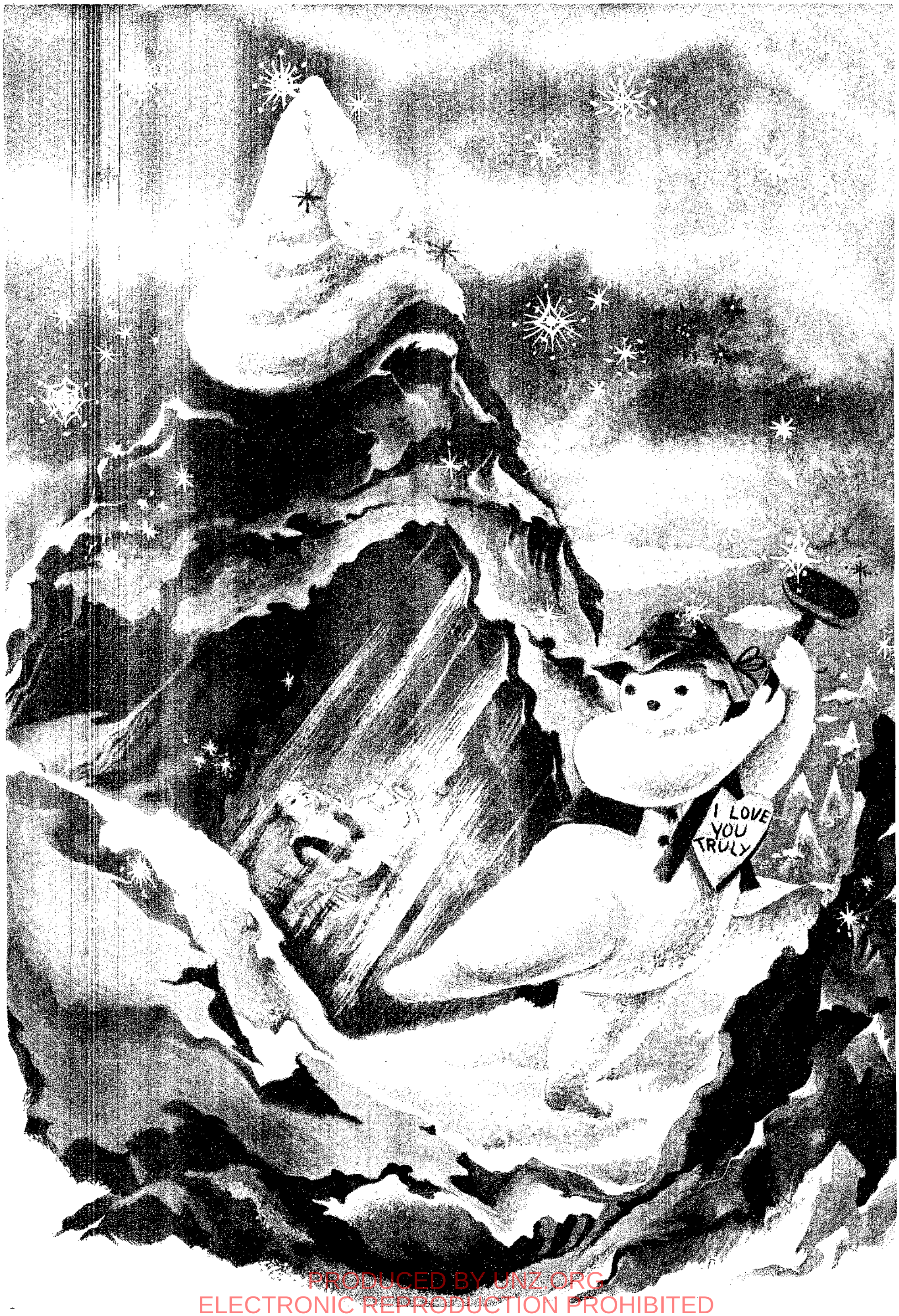
He flew for forty million turns. And on the forty millionth and third he suddenly awakened the sleeping moon. The moon opened a round, yellow, startled eye—and the Littlest Snowman saw now that he was over a daisy field of stars.

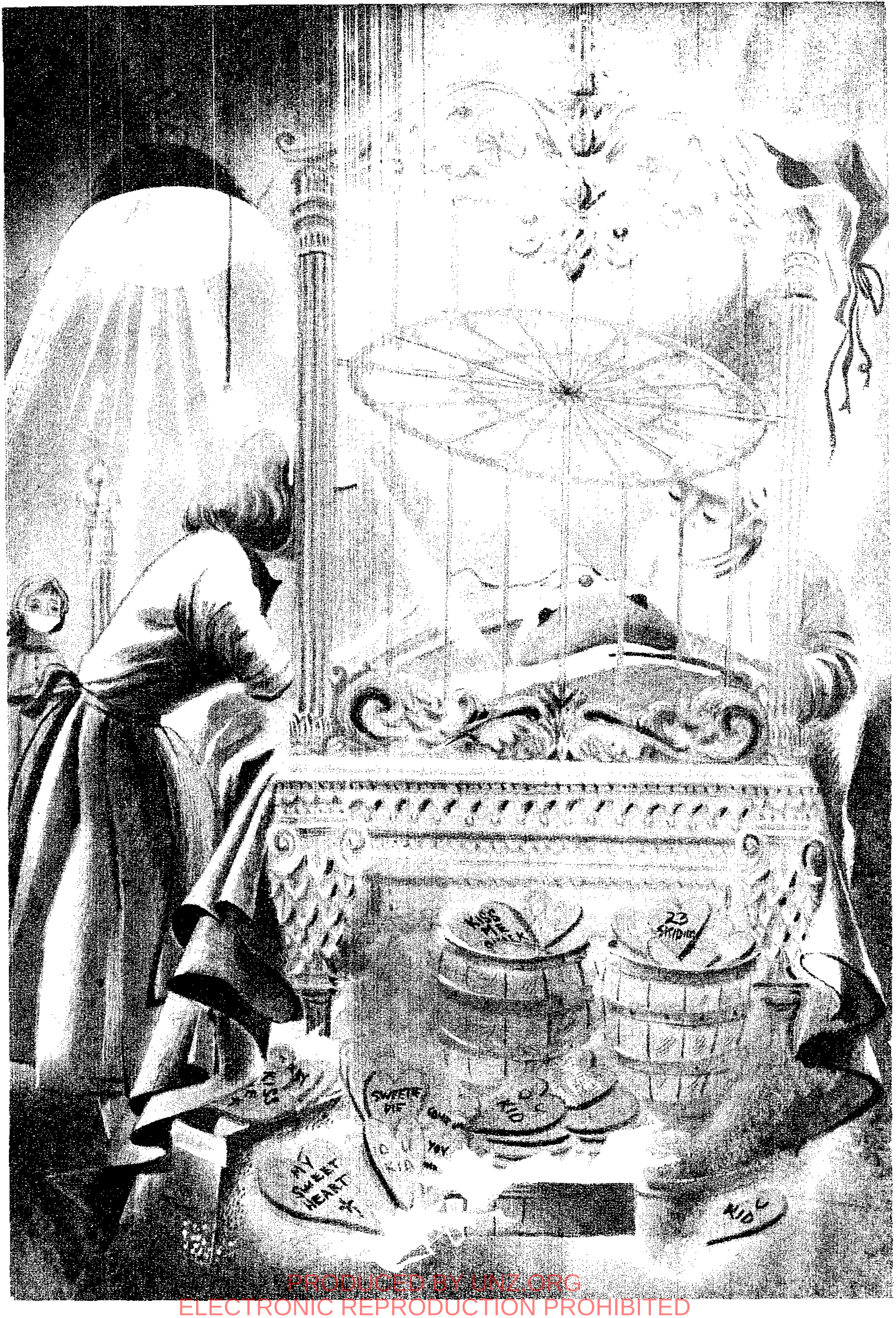
In the very center of the field, resembling a May-pole with its garlands and streamers of many-colored northern lights, was the great Pole Star. Under it was a giant mountain wearing a glacier for a nightcap—and at its base, covered by a wall of ice as clear as glass, was the cave of the Christmas Spirit!

The Littlest Snowman landed and tiptoed over to peer through the wall.

"Oh, my!" he said in a frozen whisper. *"Isn't she beautiful!"*

The Christmas Spirit—her hair the gold of candle-flame, her lips as red as Christmas ribbons—was more lovely than


I LOVE YOU TRULY


KISS ME QUICK
23 SKIDOO
KISS ME
SWEETIE PIE
KID
YOU
MY SWEET HEART
KID

any sleeping princess in any fairy tale as she slept and dreamed of Yuletide joys upon the great, gift-wrapped box of presents which she gave to the world every 25th of December.

"I must get right to work and rescue her!" cried the Littlest Snowman—and he seized his ice-pick, which could easily stab through a king-size popsicle.

"Oh, Thaw!" he said a very few minutes later when he found that his pick had become as blunt as a button and the ice wall showed not the slightest chip or crack. Then he quickly picked up his hammer and whaled away with his every flake.

"Oh, Drip!" he panted when the hammer broke in his snowy hands. "This wall must have been frozen from the very hardest water. But it won't stop me, by Slush! I'll use my sledge!"

The sledge hammer was so heavy that it made the muscles of his arms stand out like hailstones—but the Littlest Snowman swung it around his head three times and struck the ice wall a mighty blow!

"Oh, dear me!" cried the Littlest Snowman, looking at his now useless sledge hammer—the handle split and the head mashed as flat as a pancake turner. Then he examined the ice wall and found that it was as firm and as solid as ever. "Oh-Oh-Ohhhhh!" he sobbed. "I've broken all my tools and I still haven't rescued the Christmas Spirit! I wish—*oh, I just wish I'd never been made!"*

Tears rolled out of the Littlest Snowman's black-coal eyes. "Nobody nowhere will have a merry December just because I'm such an old slush-fingers!" he cried, as though his candy heart would break. "There'll be no laughing or singing—or planning or tingling—and not one heartwarming greeting!"

The Littlest Snowman sat up as straight as a half-pint of frozen cream. *"Heartwarming!"* he said to himself. "Mr. President said this ice wall has always been melted by the warmth of human hearts! I wonder if *my* heart will do it?"

As fast as he could go, he sluff-sluffed over to the wall. Then, reaching beneath the second bottletop button on his vest, he took out his candy heart, which said "I Love You Truly!"

The very instant it left his breast, a bitter stiffening cold began to creep upward—and his round little legs became hard and unbending. He had a scant half-moment to lean over and to place his candy heart against the ice wall—and then the Littlest Snowman, from fat little feet to old brown hat, became as hard, rigid, frozen and lifeless as any ordinary snowman!

His candy heart, no bigger than a fingernail, lay ruby-red against the great ice wall. Suddenly—a feather of steam hissed upward and became a great white plume against the sky! The sleeping mountain trembled as fearful black cracks screamed and shrieked across the gleaming surface of the ice wall. Then, with a thunderous crash, the wall burst and fell in a thousand crystal splinters—awakening the Littlest Snowman's sleeping princess—and giving once more to the world the lovely and wondrous Christmas Spirit!

So on that December, as on past Decembers, there was laughing and singing, planning and tingling—and millions on millions of heartwarming greetings—but only because of the Littlest Snowman! They brought him, a hard little ball of snow, back to the town and they laid him on the Mayor's own gold bed in the portico of the Town Hall.

Then Mr. President proclaimed a national Candy Heart Fund Day—and barrels and boxcars of hearts were sent to the Littlest Snowman's bedside! On the hearts were such words as O U Kid, My Sweetheart, and Kiss Me Quick—but when they were placed in the Littlest Snowman's breast, not one of them worked and he remained as cold and as stiff as ever!

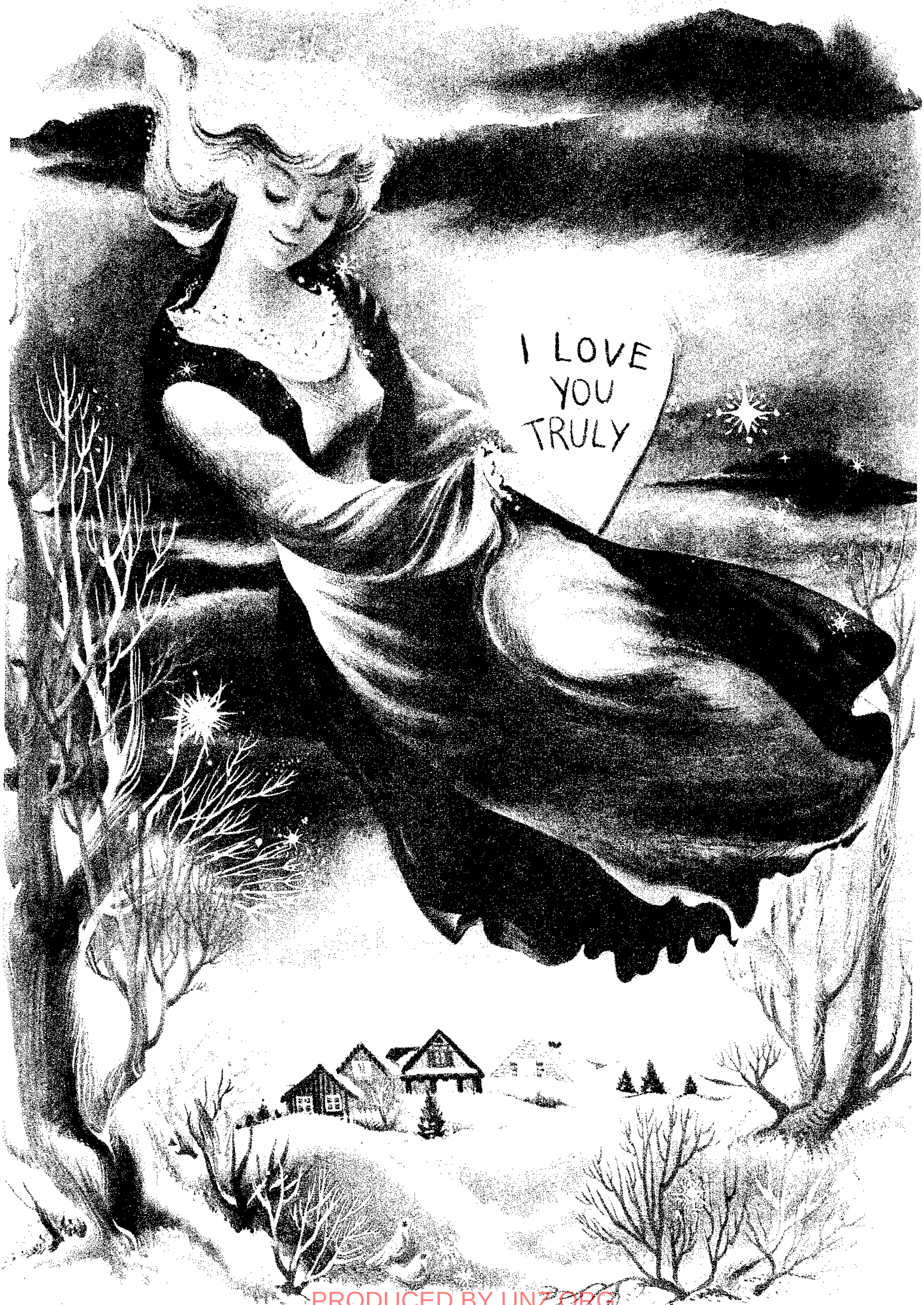
On Christmas Eve, the townspeople sadly gathered in the Town Hall to open their presents. The Governor only sniffled when he received a handsome ermine golf bag. Mrs. Governor just sobbed when she got a chinchilla shopping bag—and absently blew her nose on it.

But, at exactly 12 o'clock, a beautiful stranger appeared! Her hair was the gold of candle-flame! Her lips were the red of Christmas ribbons! Wearing a robe of fir-tree green, she was far more lovely than any sleeping princess in any fairy tale!

Walking directly to the Littlest Snowman's bed, she drew from her robe his own candy heart with the magic, wondrous words, "I Love You Truly!" As it lay in her hand, it beat "I-Love—I-Love" so loudly that people heard it in the next street and the next town and the next country and the next continent—and they all turned to one another and said, "*Listen!* Do you *hear?* Oh, it really *is* Christmas!"

She placed the heart in the Littlest Snowman's breast—and then bent and kissed him right on his red spoonhandle mouth. "Merry Christmas!" she whispered in his snowy ear. "Merry Christmas, my Prince Charming!"

The Littlest Snowman opened his black-coal eyes. "Oh my, Christmas Spirit!" he said. "Wouldn't it be just too wonderful if everybody in the whole world got kissed for Christmas!"


I LOVE YOU TRULY

Throughout the country

authorized Coronet Color Film Centers stand ready to serve your Coronet color motion picture needs quickly and efficiently. On the following pages you will read about the achievements of Coronet Films in producing color subjects. Every film listed is available from the following film libraries in full, natural color, at low rental rates. Plan today to take advantage of this simple, convenient way of booking any of the most popular Coronet color films. For full information concerning rental rates, bookings and service regulations, simply write to your nearest Coronet Color Film Center.

NORTHEAST

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston University Film Library
322 Bay State Road
Boston 15

NEW YORK
Educational Film Library
Collendale near Lancaster
Syracuse University
Syracuse

PENNSYLVANIA
Indiana Film Service
Indiana

SOUTHEAST

FLORIDA
Photosound of Orlando
1020 N. Mills St.
Orlando

CENTRAL

INDIANA
Audio-Visual Center
Indiana University
Bloomington
(All Coronet films available in color)

KENTUCKY
Dept. of Extension
University of Kentucky
Lexington

MICHIGAN
Audio-Visual Education Center
University of Michigan
4028 Administration Building
Ann Arbor

MIDWEST

ILLINOIS
Audio-Visual Aids Service
Southern Illinois University
Carbondale
Visual Aids Service
University of Illinois
Champaign

WISCONSIN
Roa's Films
1696 N. Astor St.
Milwaukee 2

SOUTHWEST

ARIZONA
Visual Aids Bureau
University of Arizona
Tucson

NEW MEXICO
Film Library
Eastern New Mexico University
Portales

INTERMOUNTAIN

COLORADO
Extension Division
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UTAH
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CALIFORNIA
Craig Movie Supply Corporation
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Los Angeles 16
(All Coronet Films available in color)
Craig Movie Supply Corporation
149 New Montgomery St.
San Francisco 5
(All Coronet Films available in color)

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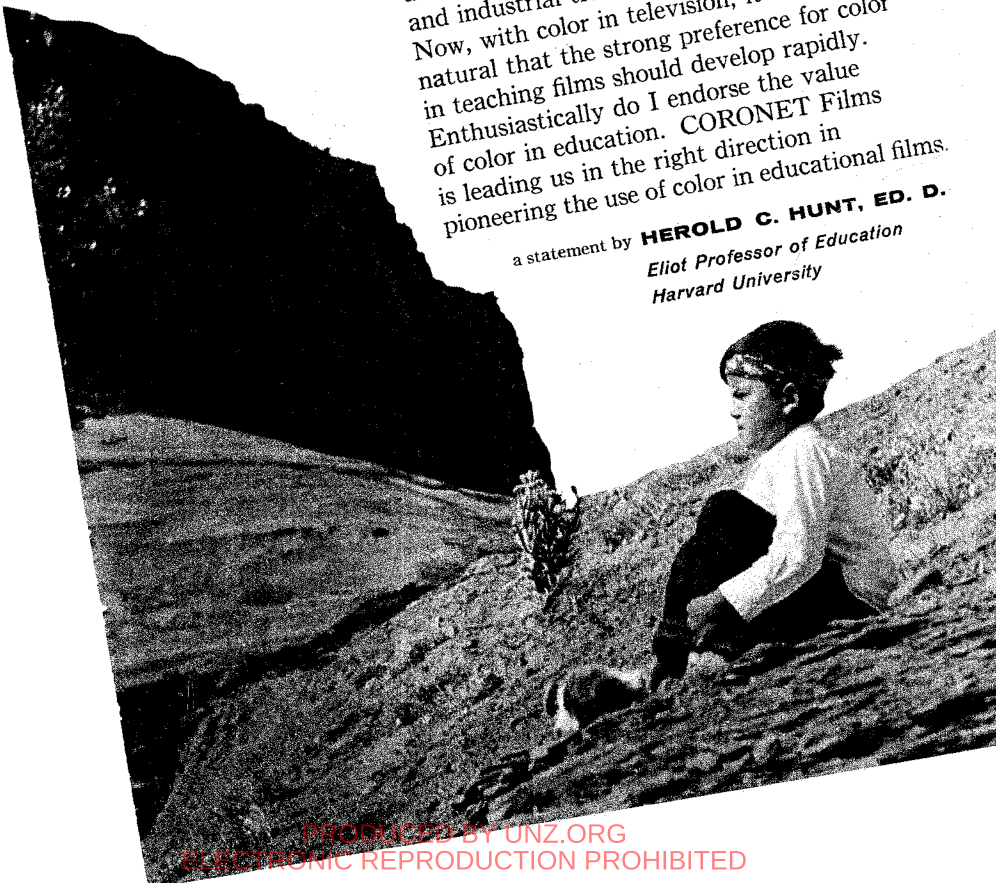
Advertisement

# of Color in Coronet Films

16MM MOTION PICTURES

Color is nature . . . and children live in their colorful world of reality. So the most effective teaching materials use color to capture the imaginations of pupils at all grade levels. There is a growing use of color in text and reference books, magazines, maps, globes, photographs, slides, filmstrips, and motion pictures for instruction, religious and industrial training, and entertainment. Now, with color in television, it is only natural that the strong preference for color in teaching films should develop rapidly. Enthusiastically do I endorse the value of color in education. CORONET Films is leading us in the right direction in pioneering the use of color in educational films.

a statement by **HEROLD C. HUNT, ED. D.**
Eliot Professor of Education
Harvard University



Coronet Color Films recreates

Through no other visual medium can the teacher present a more vivid reconstruction of life. Nothing can provide a closer approach to reality—for added emphasis . . . to make unmistakably clear . . . subject alive dramatically in the classroom!

Coronet color films stimulate greater interest in the subject!

The fact that color is pleasing aesthetically and emotionally is well established. Since *liking* a film and *learning* from that film are closely related, the greater appeal of color motion pictures has the desired effect of achieving more learning through increased interest.

Coronet color films induce longer retention of useful knowledge!

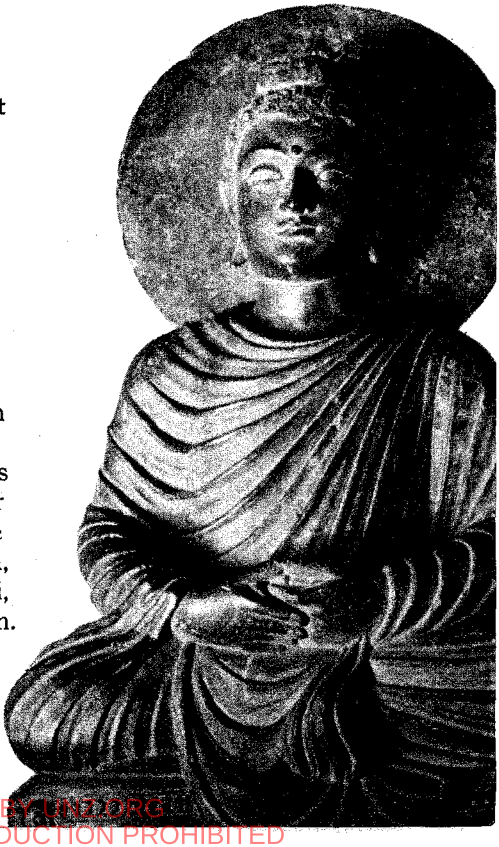
Once interest is aroused and a desire to learn is created, color motion pictures provide additional impact on the viewer by their unique ability to create lasting and vivid impressions. Distinctions are made clearer . . . emphasis is properly placed . . . false impressions are avoided . . . and important facts are retained longer!

Films in Color create lasting impressions

CORONET Films is *the* pioneer in the development of educational motion pictures in color. For more than 17 years, Coronet has produced most of its films in color. As a result, more than 650 color films in every important subject area are currently available from Coronet. The strong preference for color prints among those who use films regularly proves conclusively that color is indispensable in educational motion pictures.

Immortal works of art are flawlessly captured in Coronet color films

Indispensable color films permit pupils to see the art of every age at its very best, without stepping from the classroom—in brilliant natural color. Only color films can do justice to heroic Egyptian sculpture, to delicate medieval tapestries, and to massive cathedrals. Only in color can the student fully appreciate the subtle beauties of Renaissance palaces in Florence and Rome. Coronet color films convey the ageless appeal of the paintings of the great masters: Titian, El Greco, Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Giotto, and Gainsborough. The unique value of films in color to the student in pursuit of artistic understanding is immeasurable.



The most popular

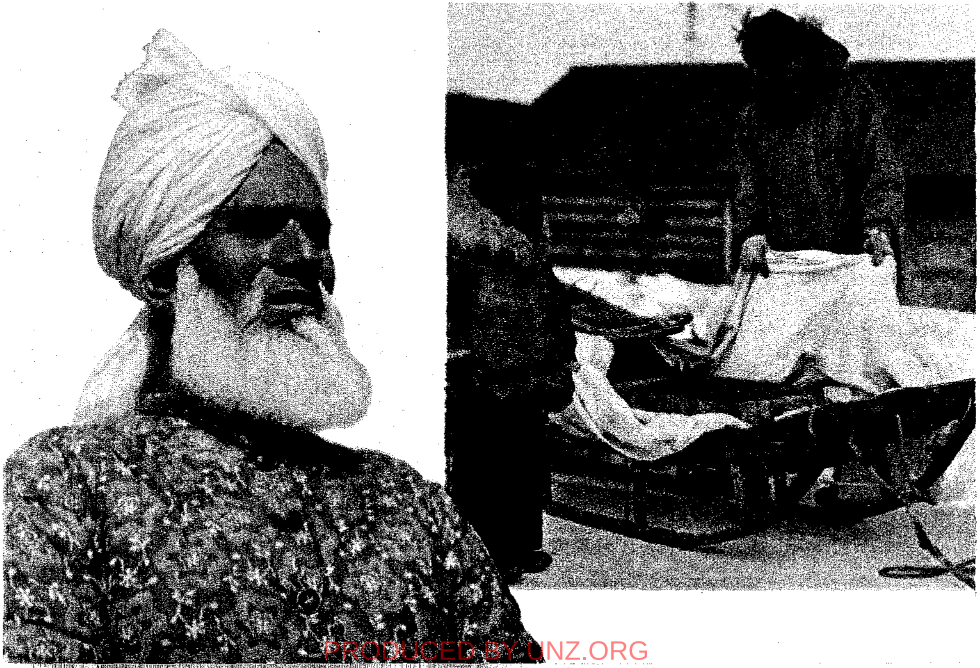
Coronet *Color* Films

All Coronet films are more *effective* in color. The list below includes those films which experience has proved to be the most *popular* in color.

(All films are 1 reel unless specified otherwise)

FILMS FOR THE PRIMARY GRADES

Animals and Their Foods
Animals and Their Homes
Autumn Is an Adventure
Birds of Our Storybooks
Boy of India: Rama and His Elephant
Boy of Mexico: Juan and His Donkey
Boy of the Circus (1-¼)
Boy of the Navajos
Boy of the Seminoles
Brown Bears Go Fishing
Carnival Comes to Town
Dairy Farm (1-½)
Farmyard Babies
Fisherman's Boy
Flipper, the Seal
Fluffy, the Ostrich
Frisky, the Calf
Goldilocks and the Three Bears
Hopi Indian Village Life
Hoppy, the Bunny
How Animals Help Us
How Plants Help Us
Jimmy Visits the City
Little Red Hen
Mary Had a Little Lamb
Mittens, the Kitten
Mother Hen's Family
One Day on the Farm
Our Animal Neighbors
Peddler and the Monkeys
Peppy, the Puppy
Polly, the Parrot
Seasons of the Year
Seeds Grow Into Plants
Sparky, the Colt
Spotty, Story of A Fawn
Spring Is An Adventure
Three Little Pigs
Ugly Duckling
Water, Water, Everywhere
We Explore the Beach
What the Frost Does
Winkie, the Merry-Go-Round Horse
Zoo Animals of Our Storybooks
Zoo Babies

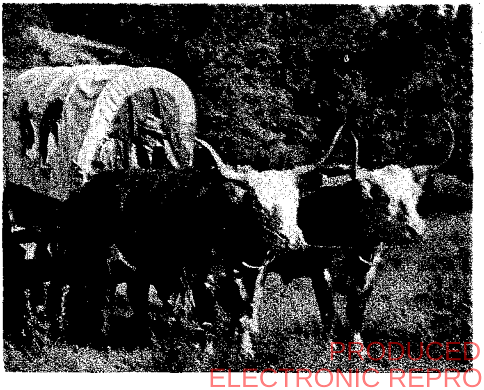


FILMS FOR THE INTERMEDIATE GRADES

Belgium and the Netherlands: Lands and Peoples
Birds in Winter
Birds of the Countryside
Birds of the Dooryard
Bobolink and Blue Jay
Butterfly (Life Cycle of an Insect) (½)
Camouflage in Nature through Form and Color Matching
Camouflage in Nature through Pattern Matching (¾)
Central America: Geography of the Americas
China: The Land and the People (1-¼)
Colorado River
Dental Health: How and Why
Five Colorful Birds
Food that Builds Good Health
Garden Plants and How They Grow
Geography of New England
Geography of the Middle Atlantic States
Geography of the North Central States
Geography of the Pacific States
Geography of the Rocky Mountain States
Geography of the Southern States
Geography of the Southwestern States
Global Concept in Maps
Grasshopper (A Typical Insect) (½)
Honeybee (A Social Insect) (½)
How Weather Is Forecast
India and Pakistan: Lands and Peoples (1-¼)
Italian Peninsula
Japan: The Land and the People
~~Johnny Appleseed: A Legend of Frontier Life (1-¼)~~
Let's Draw with Crayons
Let's Paint with Water Colors
Life in a Fishing Village (Sweden)
Life in Hot, Dry Lands (California)
Life in Hot, Wet Lands (Congo Basin)
Life in Lowlands (The Netherlands)
Life in Mediterranean Lands (California)
Life in Mountains (Switzerland)
Life in Northern Lands (Norway)
Life in the Nile Valley
Life of Nomad People (Desert Dwellers)
Life on a Cattle Ranch
Life on a French Farm
Life on a Sheep Ranch
Meaning of Conservation
Mexico: Geography of the Americas
Middle East: Crossroads of Three Continents (1-¼)
Mighty Columbia River
Modern France: The Land and the People
Modern Hawaii
Our Big, Round World
Our Country's Emblem
Our Country's Flag
Our Country's Song
Panama: Crossroads of the Western World
Pioneer Home
Puritan Family of Early New England
Ruby-Throated Hummingbird (¾)
Scandinavian Lands: Norway, Sweden, Denmark
Seasonal Changes in Trees
Snakes
Spain: The Land and the People
Stories of Holland
Understanding Our Earth: Glaciers
Understanding Our Earth: Soil
Western Europe: An Introduction
Western Germany: The Land and the People

FILMS FOR JUNIOR AND SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

American Revolution: The Background Period
American Revolution: The Postwar Period
American Revolution: The War Years
Ancient Egypt
Ancient Greece
Ancient Mesopotamia
Ancient Rome
Ancient World Inheritance
Art and Life in Italy
Aztecs
Beethoven and His Music (1-¼)
Carbon and Its Compounds
Cell: Structural Unit of Life
Clothes and You: Line and Proportion
Development of the Chick Embryo (½)



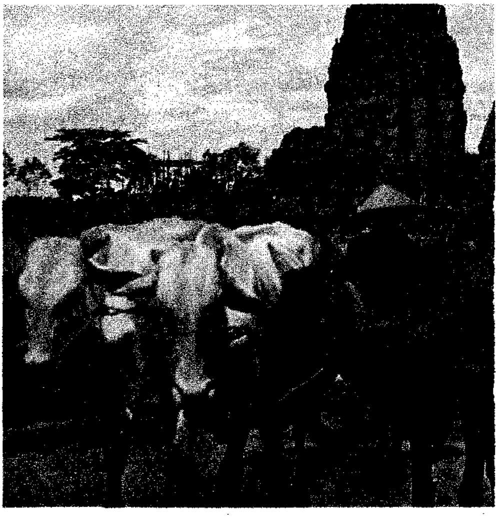
England: Background of Literature
English Influences in the United States
English Language: Story of Its Development
Field Trip to a Fish Hatchery
France: Background for Literature
French Influences in North America
Heredity and Environment
Holy Land: Background for History and Religion
Lady of the Lake: Background for Literature
Lee, Robert E.: A Background Study (1-½)
Life in a Pond
Lincoln, Abraham: A Background Study (1-½)
Literature Appreciation: How to Read Essays (1-¼)
Literature Appreciation: How to Read Poetry
Marine Animals and Their Foods (¾)
Medieval World
Mohammedan World: Beginnings and Growth
Mozart and His Music (1-¼)
Nature of Light
New England: Background of Literature
Our Living Declaration of Independence (1-½)
Prehistoric Times: The World Before Man
Renaissance
Schubert and His Music (1-¼)
Scotland: Background of Literature
Shakespeare, William: Background for His Works (1-¼)
Spanish Conquest of the New World
Spanish Influence in the United States
Story of Prehistoric Man
Washington, D. C.: Story of Our Capital
Who Are the People of America?

Color is nature

Superb color films bring every corner of the earth to the classroom

Around the world, Coronet camera crews convey on film all the natural beauties, brilliant costumes, sacred rites, and characteristic customs which give each people a flavor distinctly its own. Consider, for example, the variety of physical settings in which people of the world live. One cannot realize, even in imagination, what living by a Scandinavian lake means in contrast to life on the fringes of the Egyptian desert. Scenes from Coronet films of green irrigation projects, stretching through brown, arid lands; of tropical Hawaii, abounding with colorful flowers; of the beauties of the changing seasons in Norway, are striking examples of the difference color makes in our understanding of other lands and peoples.

The very names of the more than fifty birds described in Coronet color films indicate the importance of color in nature study—the indigo bunting, the yellow warbler, the redstart, the purple martin, the bronzed grackle, and many others. There are Coronet color films on a variety of other nature subjects: flowers, trees, animals, and insects. Comparison of these color films with the same subjects in black and white proves conclusively that vibrant, natural color is essential for identifying wildlife and for maximum enjoyment of its beauties. Children discover again and again that the added dimension of color lends reality to the study of life, and enhances the pleasure of learning.



With single-minded dedication, he is working to make the world a better place for people to live in

Lew Ayres:

Hollywood's Ambassador of Faith

by HERBERT DALMAS

ONE NOVEMBER AFTERNOON in 1942, an over-aged jalopy pulled up in front of the training headquarters of the 36th Evacuation Hospital at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio, Texas. The private who slid his wiry, five feet ten out from behind the wheel seemed tired, but there was a touch of defiance in the way he walked—as if he expected anybody he met to take a poke at him.

He had good reason for this. He was a conscientious objector who had volunteered for medical work and, after two months in a C. O. camp in Oregon, got his assignment. In those days, a conscientious objector was presumed yellow until proved otherwise.

"You look sort of familiar," Major Berlove, his immediate commanding officer, said as the private reported to him. "Have we ever met before?"

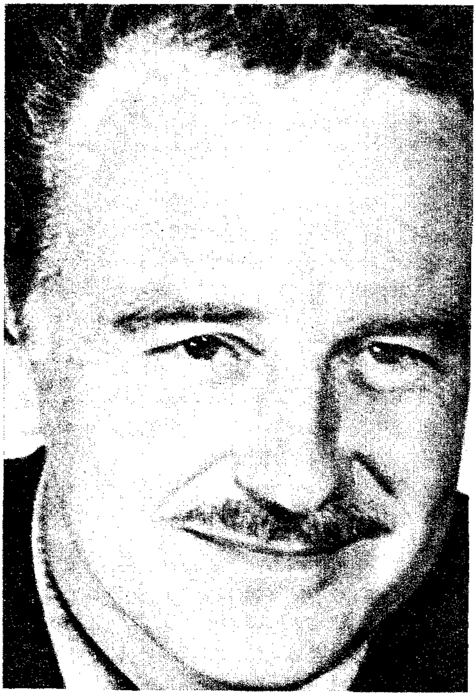
The private said he doubted it.

Major Berlove reached for the man's file which read: Lewis Frederick Ayres. Civil occupation, actor. Employer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Salary, $3,500 a week.

"You couldn't be *Lew* Ayres—Dr. Kildare?" he asked.

The private hesitated. "Well," he conceded finally, "I could be."

"It's a funny thing," Major—now Doctor—Berlove said in his



New York consulting room recently, "but all the time he was at Fort Sam, he never once came right out and admitted that he was Lew Ayres the actor."

In 1942, being Lew Ayres, the actor, wasn't a particularly happy business. Because he had announced himself a conscientious objector, theaters all over the country were refusing to show his latest picture, *Dr. Kildare's Victory*, and MGM was starting to refilm one he had almost finished in order to eliminate his part.

On Leyte Island during war, Ayres helped dress wounds; later became chaplain's aid.

This was the Lew Ayres who, 11 years before, had won a New York *Daily News* popularity poll, leading such famous movie names as Gary Cooper and Robert Montgomery.

Many believed that Ayres' convictions about religion and universal peace began with the picture that made him a star in 1930—*All Quiet on the Western Front*—that Ayres really felt he *was* Paul Baumer, the soldier-hero of *All Quiet* and the symbol of war's tragic futility. But it only gave him a chance to say things to a wide audience that he had already believed for a long time.

"I can't remember a time when I wasn't intensely interested in religion," he explains. "My family were Congregationalists—I went to the Lake Harriet Congregationalist Church and Sunday School in Minneapolis as soon as I was eligible. But the atmosphere wasn't more religious than in any other home."

A family story centers about the birth of his sister, when Lew was six. There was no one to leave him with when his mother was rushed to the hospital in an ambulance, so he went along. It soon became plain that the baby was going to be born in transit, and young Lewis Frederick asked what he could do.

"You can keep out of the way," the future Dr. Kildare was told.

"All right," he agreed. "I'll just pray."

The fact that everything turned out all right may be why he can say now, "I think I was blessed at birth with the priceless attribute of faith."

By the time Lew Ayres became a movie star, he had collected a large library on religious and philosophical subjects and was known in Hollywood as a man who preferred reading to the social life of the town.

A friend recently described him this way: "Lew wants more than anything else to do something to make the world a better place to live in. He's dedicated his life to that. But he's an actor too—and he likes having an effect on an audience as any actor does."

These sides to his nature are not necessarily antagonistic, but they contribute to a character that is sometimes a little hard to understand. Ayres will be 48 years old in December, 1956, and although his frame is still lean and athletic, he walks with a slight stoop, like a man who is carrying a burden but is used to it.

His manner and expression are rather melancholy, and he gives the impression of being taciturn. Actually, he likes to talk. But when the subject is Lew Ayres, he retreats to bare essentials like: "I was born in Minneapolis. We moved to San Diego when I was about 13. I played in dance bands while I was in high school. My first picture was in 1929—with Greta Garbo."

This is partly a desire to forget, as far as possible, the unhappy things in his past. If it looks as if a conversation were tending toward the romances in his life, he says, "I had two very early marriages—" and changes the subject.

He was 22 when he married actress Lola Lane just after his first big success in *All Quiet*. They were both young, both new to the movie business and success, both a little temperamental. It was a turbulent marriage that ended in turbulence.

In 1934, he and Ginger Rogers were married, and the union was given what has come to be known in Hollywood circles as the kiss of death: it was called the perfect marriage. Though it broke up in 1936, friends say they still feel a very real affection for each other.

Ayres simply refuses to talk about the war at all. This irritates his friends, who feel vehemently that certain things ought to be told, such as, for example, that all his pay while he was in the Army went directly to the Red Cross or that he refused to try for a commission which would have put him safely behind a desk for the duration. Instead, he asked his draft board to put him in the medical service. The board told him he would serve where they told him to and like it, and it was then that he refused to carry a gun and was sent to a conscientious objectors' camp.

After two months, he was transferred to the 36th Evacuation Hospital.

How he acquitted himself and how the GIs felt about him are, fortunately, a matter of record. He appears briefly in a War Department film of the 24th Infantry which made itself immortal at Goodenough Island and Hollandia in New Guinea and at Leyte and Bataan and Corregidor in the Philippines.

There is a shot, taken during the worst of the Leyte shambles, of Ayres giving a transfusion to a wounded infantryman. The narrator says in a tone of unmistakable affection, "With us was Medical Aid Man, Lew Ayres."

Before the Leyte operation, Ayres formally requested transfer from duty with the Evacuation Hospital to an assignment as Aid Man. An Aid Man's duties were simple: he went in with the assault troops and gave first aid to the wounded. He was constantly crawling across open ground, exposed to the guns that had felled the man he was trying to reach. Since he wore no Red Cross arm band he was not even theoretically immune to the enemy fire around him.

He insisted on giving first aid to Japanese wounded. The Japanese had been taught that capture by the Americans meant unspeakable torture; they also believed it to be the highest privilege to die for their emperor. These two convictions could easily make a wounded Japanese a living booby trap—if you went to help him, he was likely as not to pull the pin on a hand grenade as you reached his side and blow you both to bits.

Some observers felt there was something miraculous in the way Ayres repeatedly escaped such a fate. Ayres himself had a more prosaic explanation.

"Those poor guys would look up and see an American bending over them to give them aid, and they'd be too stunned to move. By the time they recovered, everything was all right."

Back in Hollywood after the war, Ayres was no longer an outcast—every studio in town wanted him. He had decided to quit pictures for good and enter the ministry or medicine, but he finally told the producers he would do a picture that was entertaining but that also provided some kind of uplift to people in their problems. He finally got one that met those specifications in *Johnny Belinda*.

"But even so," he says, "I was just an actor, and it wasn't enough. In the Army, I'd kept thinking about a documentary picture in the interests of a world state, permanent peace, international tolerance—but I couldn't seem to get started."

Then one day a title flashed into his mind: "The Religions of the World by Lew Ayres." It was so simple he could only wonder how he had been so long seeing it.

Ayres decided to produce the picture out of his savings. These were considerable—but so are the costs of making a movie. However, by becoming his own writer, director, cameraman, film editor and narrator, and traveling some 40,000 miles in the Orient with only one friend as helper, Ayres came up with about six hours of exhibitable film.

By turning it into a series of nine pictures under the title *Altars of the East*, the film took three evenings to show and proved a rather astonishing success in Los Angeles, where it filled one of the largest theaters in town for two solid weeks, in San Francisco, Miami, Atlanta, Washington and New York.

If you ask Ayres what he would like to do most in the future, he will tell you go away by himself and paint. An art critic once told him he could make a name for himself at this, and his house in Hollywood is already crammed with his paintings.

But first he is touring the country with *Altars of the East*. As soon after that as he can, he wants to start another series on Christianity.

He has been working for some time, too, on plans for what he calls a Permanent World Congress of Religions—a center, probably in this country, to which representatives of religions from all over the world can come to exchange ideas.

He receives a steady stream of letters from people who want him to use his influence to implement their ideas for the advancement of world peace and international tolerance. Some of these, he says, are pretty good; and he wants to organize an agency to do something about them.

One of the television networks is trying to interest him in a show in which he would interview world religious leaders brought here for that purpose. The project has an attraction for him because TV reaches so many people.

Since his interests are scientific, religious and artistic, his friends are doctors, ministers, artists. One of Ayres' best friends, the proprietor of a school for salesmen with whom he went through the Leyte operation, said recently, "All Lew wants to do is some little thing to help the world see that human beings are nice people. He really believes that some day it'll happen and then there won't be any more wars. It's a little crazy of course—but you can't help wondering sometimes if maybe it wouldn't be so bad if more of us were crazy like that."

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Can Science Conquer Death?

by John Pfeiffer, *author of the recent book, "The Changing Universe"*

Man's most ambitious dream—the conquest of death—has always been considered sheer fantasy. But now, thanks to an amazing chain of scientific fact-finding, it has been brought within the realms of scientific conception.

To understand how it can be even contemplated, you have to go back nearly 40 years to the day a scientist trimmed a sliver of tissue from the beating heart of a chicken embryo and placed it in a nourishing blood-plasma fluid. The scientist was Dr. Alexis Carrel, Nobel Prize investigator of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York.

The heart tissue grew. Each of its cells became larger and then split, giving rise to two young cells which in turn also split to form four new offspring. The process continued on and on in the great chain reaction of life.

If the "seed" tissue had not been trimmed down regularly and the cells had kept multiplying at their natural rate, the tissue would have grown to weigh almost four pounds after a month and more than 65,000,000,000 pounds after three months.

The chick-embryo fragment survived two world wars and outlived Dr. Carrel himself before it was finally discarded in 1946. It had, by this time, served its scientific purpose—to show that the stuff we human beings are made of is potentially immortal.

Immortality is built into protoplasm, the basic substance of all life. Death for the individual does not exist among cells thriving in special laboratory fluids, and the same thing goes for the simplest organisms. A single-celled amoeba, for example, need not perish. Of course, it may be devoured by enemies or killed accidentally. But in the normal course of events it divides during its old age into a pair of vigorous infants. The life force is equally strong in individual human cells.

Actually, a human being is an enormous group of 100,000,000,000,000 living cells, each one of which would never die if it existed on its own under proper conditions. Scientifically, the mystery of death, as we know it, is why these vital units should lose their inherent immortality when they join together in the great communities which are organisms. In an important sense, there is no such thing as "natural" death. Death can be regarded as a disease, or complex of diseases, which is yet to be understood—and may one day be cured.

One of the truly great achievements of medical science has been the dramatic rise in human longevity. Some 4,500 years ago the average person lived only 18 years, never reaching what we consider voting age. Today the odds are that a baby born in the United States will live 70 years or more.

An impressive record of progress —but compare it with what *could* be done. According to Dr. Edward L. Bortz, former president of the American Medical Association, if what we know today were made available to every one of us from cradle to grave we could bring longevity averages up to the century mark.

Furthermore, considerable evidence suggests that we are designed to live even longer lives. In many other animals, the normal life span is about six times greater than the period required to arrive at maturity. Thus, a rat may be fully mature at three to four months and usually lives two or three years.

We become full-fledged citizens at 21, so that on that basis we should live to a ripe age of more than 125 years. This key figure can be taken as the potential we have not yet realized, our heritage from nature. "From there in," a leading scientific investigator says, "there is no foreseeable limit to what we might accomplish."

Some of the basic research has already been done. A biologist at Washington University in St. Louis has observed rotifers, tiny circular pond-dwelling animals which reproduce sexually and live only about 24 days. Fifty-four generations of rotifers were bred and studied, the equivalent of about 1,800 years of human history.

The studies revealed the surprising fact that rotifers born of older, mature mothers had abnormally short life spans. Not only that but, if the daughters of these mothers were not allowed to breed until they were also older, their offspring had still shorter lives. The tendency to die early became stronger and stronger with each succeeding generation, until the entire line of older-mother offspring had become extinct.

This was a pure line. The effect was not hereditary and had nothing to do with bad genes. There was only one logical explanation: early death seemed to be the result of unidentified substances, poisons which accumulate generation after generation and finally wipe out the animals. Apparently, the poisons build up in the bodies of mature mothers, mothers that have stopped growing.

If that were the case, the sons and daughters of young growing mothers

There is no such thing as "natural" death. Death may be regarded as a disease—or complex of diseases

should enjoy long lives. That's exactly what happened. Generations of rotifers bred from adolescent mothers set new and remarkable longevity records. Instead of living the usual rotifer life span, the experimental animals become a race of Methuselahs. They matured slowly. The process of growing up was retarded, and "poisons" of death accumulated less rapidly. The vigorous veterans lived about four times longer than their "normal" brethren.

Similar findings almost certainly apply to species higher on the evolutionary ladder, including man. For protoplasm is essentially the same material in a rotifer, a tiger and a human being. The same basic chemical reactions that provide vital energy to single-celled creatures also keep you alive. Slowing those reactions, slowing growth, is the secret weapon in science's mounting attack on the problem of death.

The nature of that weapon may be indicated in research conducted by Dr. Clive M. McCay of Cornell University. It's simply a low-calorie diet, the sort used for losing weight.

In one series of tests, Dr. McCay fed young rats ample meals including cheese and other standard foods. They grew into normal adults and, as expected, most of them were dead by the time 730 days had passed. But amazing differences were noted among rats reared on special "thin" diets low in calories and high in vitamins, minerals and amino acids (the building blocks of proteins). Four out of five of these rodents lived past the 900-day mark and one hardy oldster survived 1,465 days, or double the usual rat life span.

What does this imply in human terms? For one thing, the long-lived rats were kept hungry during their childhood, as well as throughout later life. So they matured very slowly and, on the average, lived twice as long as rats that ate enough to enable them to grow at regular rates. If the same principle applies to man, it follows that little Johnny shouldn't have the big meals, or bread and jam between meals, that speed up his early growth.

Dr. McCay's research and the work of many other biologists adds up to one fact: if people were brought up on low-calorie diets, or if medical investigators discovered methods of producing the same effects by drugs, the natural span of life could probably be doubled. That doesn't mean our present-day life span as computed from insurance statistics, but our potential life span based on the maturing rates of other animals. In other words, diets controlled strictly—from birth on—might produce human beings who lived as much as 250 years!

Imagine that two and a half centuries had been the normal life span ever since Revolutionary times. The average man might easily be as wise as the elder statesmen and sages of today. Also, there's an excellent chance that he wouldn't look his age.

The outward signs of old age may be eliminated in what the British Nobel Prize scientist, Sir George Thomson, has called "permanent youth" (as contrasted to eternal youth). In the Cornell rat tests, the oldest animals to survive despite conventional diets were feeble and scrawny. Rats reared on low-calorie meals, however, maintained the appearance of youth until they died.

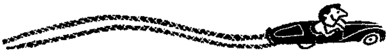
Permanent youth is far more than a medical daydream for the remote future. Some investigators, judging by the accelerating rate of discovery in biology, predict that it may come in a hundred years or so. Beyond that, the most imaginative scientists envision even more spectacular development.

Dr. Johan Bjorksten, a biochemist formerly at the University of Minnesota and now working under a grant from the U.S. Air Force, is checking a theory which may lead to an exciting break-through in our understanding of death.

The molecules of proteins, the substances most characteristic of living matter, come in long chains or spiral forms. They are fastened to each other by chemical bonds, cross-linkages. To make bound-together proteins available for living cells, the body breaks the linkages with the aid of special materials known as enzymes—an ability which begins to fail in later life. The linkages become "handcuffs," bonds that cannot be broken. The body is poisoned by proteins that can't be used for proper nourishment. Bones, arteries and other tissues lose their elasticity and tend to become brittle.

According to Dr. Bjorksten, "Death is a slow coagulation, a clotting. It may be possible to find a Substance X which will defeat death . . . which can dissolve the cross-linkages that our bodies can't dissolve." If that substance is discovered, he believes, science will add a thousand years or more to our longevity, and perhaps even stop or reverse the aging process.

Then the end of life for human beings, as for single-celled creatures, will be an unnatural and unnecessary event. It will come only as the result of accidents, war and other catastrophes. And man will have achieved his most ambitious dream—the conquest of death.



Why Is It?

THE MODERN YOUNG MAN doesn't leave footprints on the sands of time—just tire tracks. —*Indianapolis Times*

AT COLLEGE REUNIONS you find that your classmates have gotten so stout and bald they hardly recognize you. —*General Features Corporation*

The Controversy Over Swedish Morals

by LESTER DAVID

FOR THE past year and a half, astonishing accounts of a strange moral laxity pervading Sweden have come to the world outside. One, published in this country, bore the startling title: "Sweden, Land of Sexual Liberty." A British account told about "amazing new free love morals which sent illegitimacy rates soaring." A third stated that teachers as well as parents condone promiscuity among the nation's young people.

What, exactly, is happening there? Have sexual conventions as we know them been tossed out the window, or is there another side to the picture?

A thorough investigation of conditions as they actually exist verifies this conclusion reached by Dr. Albert Ellis, author of "The American Sexual Tragedy" and a leading authority on sex and marriage: "It is undeniably true that Sweden has developed a considerably more frank and open attitude toward sex and all problems pertaining to sex than any other major country in the world."

Stemming from this new freedom have emerged a number of commonly accepted practices and national policies which would astonish, even shock, many Americans. Sweden has shattered all precedents with its view on such problems as unwed motherhood, legalized abortions and sex before marriage. An Office for Sexual Advice gives information about contraceptives to any adult who asks. Sex education starts in public school in the first grade; by the time a child reaches 16, he or she has been carefully taught about pregnancy, birth,

contraception and even sexual aberrations.

Typical of U.S. reaction toward what is happening in Sweden was this recent comment of Dr. Billy Graham, the evangelist, who visited the country last year during a four-and-a-half-month European preaching tour: "Morals in Scandinavia are very low. I wouldn't say they are alarmingly low—but they are low—particularly sexual morality."

How do Swedish churchmen feel about this? Several years ago, the nation's Lutheran bishops published a pastoral letter on sin and sex, which reminded the people that their church—Lutheranism is the state religion—frowns on birth control, abortion and promiscuity.

The letter, mild in tone, prompted an instant, indignant reaction. Newspaper editorials accused the bishops of trying to dictate moral standards and citizen groups told the religious leaders, in effect, to mind their own business.

There has been no comment from the Swedish Lutheran bishops since, but plenty from churchmen in America. A Catholic publication, for example, not long ago attacked the liberal abortion laws blisteringly, describing them as an "experiment in death."

What, *specifically*, is going on?

Some of the impressions Americans have been getting recently are lurid and wicked—but false. Girls do *not* stalk the streets flaunting their availability to one and all. They do *not* walk up to men who strike their fancies at parties and suggest an assignation. They do *not* advertise boldly in newspapers for male companions with whom to go on vacation trips. And nude bathing parties are *not* the rule on public beaches or in country lakes.

But there *is* a new freedom in Sweden. The current liberal views on sex are taken note of in a report on the country's social structure written recently by Anna-Lisa Kälvesten for the International Graduate School for English-Speaking Students at the University of Stockholm and intended to "serve as a basis for classroom teaching."

In a discussion of sex habits, Miss Kälvesten asserts: "Sex relations among unmarried persons are and always have been fairly common, and as a consequence the rate of births out of wedlock is high compared to other countries." She states bluntly that pre-marital sex relations are "accepted" and that in Sweden "the social stigma on intercourse between young unmarried couples is less severe among a considerable part of the population than in some other cultures."

The Kälvesten study makes the important point, however, that there is no evidence to indicate "that married people allow themselves—and each other—more 'freedom' than any other civilized people. On the contrary, conjugal infidelity has always been looked upon as a serious sin. . . ."

A few years ago, the official Swedish Youth Committee conducted a Kinsey-type survey of the sexual behavior of young people. Among males, the incidence of sex relations before marriage was discovered to be on a slightly lower level than Kinsey had reported about Americans. The surprise, however, was in the female totals.

When the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates disclosed in the U.S. study that almost 50 per cent of American women were not virgins at marriage, the high figure aroused a storm of bewilderment, shock and amazement. And yet the Swedish study revealed that fully 80 per cent of the Nordic wives admitted they had had sex relations before marriage! Those who reported having had intercourse before their 21st birthday characterized their partners in the following way: With husbands, 3 per cent; fiance 27 per cent; steady boyfriend, 64 per cent; casual acquaintance, 6 per cent.

IS THERE a historical reason for this unusual—to Americans—sex pattern? Miss Kälvesten provides the following explanation, which is based on old-time folkways in Sweden:

"The rules of courtship allowed for common visits by the young men of the village to the sleeping quarters of the girls, but did not include general promiscuity. If and when a couple segregated themselves from the general company, it was regarded as quite normal that they should enter upon intimate relations. The marriage was in due time arranged when the heir was on the way."

On the question of pre-marital relations, today's Swedish youth have definite opinions. "We think it a sensible idea," a young commercial pilot says. "Practically all the persons I know who plan to be married are having sex experiences with their intendeds. We feel that the more you know about one another in advance, the greater chance you have of going into a marriage that will hold."

A 26-year-old accountant states: "Suppose you are unsuited to each other? Isn't it better that you find out before marriage rather than after? After all, marriage is enough of a gamble as it is, without taking an extra chance on something that need not be problematical."

How about morality among teenagers?

At this point, it is important to understand the distinction many Swedes make between pre-marital sex and promiscuity. To many young persons, the former does not spell immorality but the latter does. Relations with a betrothed, or between two persons in love, is considered acceptable and sensible behavior. Promiscuity, however, is something else. The young Swedish girl who is sleeping with her fiance would be the first to condemn a friend who has sex relations with any casual acquaintance who just happens to attract her.

As more than one Swede says in explaining the distinction: "We feel we are honest about these things. We don't believe love ought to be repressed and do not consider it immoral when it is not. But we feel that indiscriminate love-making stamps one as bad."

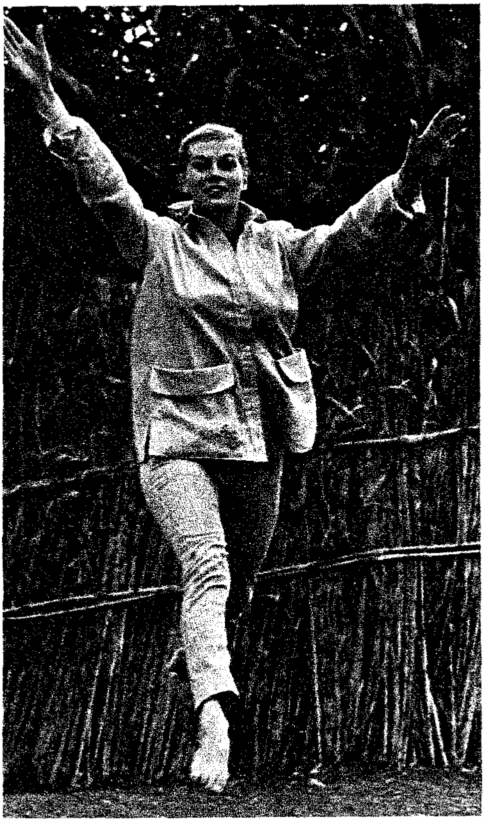
Thus, although there is plenty of pre-marital sex in Sweden, more so than in the U.S., there is neither more nor less promiscuity. As one Swedish journalist remarked: "In New York City, you have your cellar clubs where members of boy gangs take their girls for wild drinking and sex parties. We read in the papers about teen-age sex clubs in your towns. In other words, you have your troubles with young people and we have ours."

How about the charge that parents sanction love affairs culminating in sex for 15-year-olds? The vast majority would be as shocked and horrified as American parents. One Swedish father, a resident in a Stockholm suburb, states: "I know of parents who permit this, but they are in the tiny minority. They are bad parents, neglectful parents and bad people. I would as soon allow my 16-year-old daughter to take a lover as I would give my three-year-old son a loaded revolver to amuse himself with."

A young woman who spent some time in the U.S. puts it this way: "I was a teen-ager in Sweden and I went on plenty of camping trips with boys and other girls, but I was much more shocked at what went on at American picnics than I ever was back home!"

Actually, youthful Swedes are not on a wholesale sex binge any more than their opposite numbers in England, France, Italy or America. "America has no monopoly on girls in tight dungarees," a Swedish commercial attaché in New York admitted recently. "We have them too. We agree they look terrible, or very sexy, whichever you prefer, but tight pants don't add up to immorality in either country."

Any idea Americans may have



Swedish youth, as typified by actress Anita Ekberg (*above*), are enthusiastic about body-building sports activities.

gotten that girls can be picked up in any street, hotel lobby or restaurant in Sweden needs considerable overhauling. It just is not so. Swedish streets are no more sinful than your own home town's, and perhaps a good deal less.

Sweden's attitude toward legal abortions is far more liberal than almost anywhere in the world. A study of the country's Abortion Act, which became effective in 1939, and its application, leads to this conclusion:

Mothers-to-be, whether married or single, can obtain State-approved abortions much easier than they can in the U.S., but they are by no means available just for the asking. One report stated recently that all a woman need do is convince a social worker that a birth would be "unsuitable" and she receives permission to have an operation performed. But, actually, she must do much harder convincing.

Here are the facts, obtained directly from the Swedish Social Welfare Board which administers the law:

Abortions are permitted on four specific grounds. They are (1) *Medical*—when the birth would endanger the mother's life because of illness, malformation or general weakness; (2) *Socio-medical*—when, in view of the woman's living conditions and other circumstances, it may be anticipated that her physical or mental strength would be seriously impaired by the birth and care of the child; (3) *Humanitarian*—when the pregnancy has resulted from rape or other unlawful coercion, or certain other sex crimes such as incest, and (4) *Eugenic*—when doctors agree that the child by inheritance will be insane, imbecile or seriously handicapped by sickness or deformity.

All unmarried mothers-to-be under 15 can receive abortions without stating any further reasons. If a woman contracts German measles, or can prove she has been exposed to the disease, the Medical Board allows an abortion because the infant may be born with a gross physical defect.

The number of legal abortions has been stabilized at about 5,000 a year. In 1950, 5,900 permits were granted; last year the total was 4,792. Wilfrid Fleisher, in "Sweden: The Welfare State," estimates the number of illegal abortions at between 10,000 and 20,000 annually.

Sweden's relaxed abortion laws and the free distribution of contraception information through its Office for Sexual Advice has been widely criticized by religious bodies. The Catholic publication *Commonwealth* asserted recently however that "the normal use of contraceptives is incredibly low—and this after years of propaganda."

SWEDEN has taken some bold new steps in the matter of illegitimate births which average between 11,000 and 12,000 annually—over ten per cent of all children born. The law calls for a thorough search to establish paternity. When the father is found, he is compelled to contribute to the child's support, the amount determined by the Child Welfare Board.

The mother doesn't have to do her own hunting—that's taken over by a special guardian appointed by the Child Welfare Board for each child born out of wedlock. The guardian's job is to make sure the child's rights are safeguarded and that his parentage is established. The guardian method is highly efficient so that paternity is established in more than 90 per cent of the cases they handle.

How is the problem of sex education handled in Swedish schools?

It is startlingly thorough and begins as early as a child's first year in a classroom. Instruction is compulsory. The Board of Education, by government order, publishes handbooks on sex education for teachers. They are compiled by medical specialists.

"The best thing would of course be that young people get suitable sex instruction in their own homes by their own parents," Prof. C. W. Herlitz, Chief Doctor to Sweden's schools, explains. "Often, however, the parents' knowledge is not sufficient, their interests in this side of their children's education inadequate and their repressions often pronounced.

When the homes cannot give young people the necessary guidance, we in Sweden think the task belongs to the schools. . . ."

In addition, Sweden feels children should be protected "from receiving such knowledge of sex from adults or school friends as may give them a feeling of dread and a sense of guilt."

Instruction is given by the pupils' own teachers, who themselves take "continuation courses" in sex education arranged by the State. Children seven to eight years of age are taught the differences between the sexes, the fertilization and growth of the fetus up to birth, and about birth itself. However, at this age, the handbook bars use of pictorial illustrations and stipulates that "the anatomy of the sex organs is only touched upon."

Subjects taught the 11 to 13 age group are: (a) menstruation, (b) the age of puberty, (c) anatomy and function of the sex organs, (d) masturbation, (e) fertilization, (f) progress of birth, (g) delivery, and (h) the child's dependence on the mother before and after delivery, and so on.

This frank, open attitude is also revealed in the Swedish view toward feminine nudity. Censors do not hesitate to pass movie sequences showing a woman's exposed breasts.

One Swedish journalist explains: "We consider this frank, natural and artistic, not suggestive in the least. If artistic integrity is maintained, we don't feel there is anything objectionable. On the other hand, you will not find a strip tease act anywhere in Sweden. We consider that lewd."

This, then, is the truth about Sweden today. It is not wallowing in sin, sex and sensuality. There are, nevertheless, new freedoms and policies in the national picture which would bug the eyes of many a modern American.

You Against Nature

Answer to test on page 38

1. False—Just a superstition.
2. True, as a rule.
3. True—Hidden under the feathers; birds hear very well.
4. False—Just a reserve supply of fat; the reserve liquid is stored in numerous side pockets in their paunches.
5. False—Alligators are active throughout the summer.
6. True—They have been known to leave the running water and wriggle over land to isolated lakes and stagnant pools.
7. True.
7. True.
9. False—Its skin secretes an oil of brown color which looks reddish in sunlight; this oil protects the hippo against sun and water.
10. True—They migrate across the plains devouring crops, passing over all obstacles. Often they reach the sea and are drowned.
11. True.
12. True—The young are born in an immature condition, and are placed by the mother in her pouch until they can venture out.
13. False—The adult birds can hiss and utter a few hoarse syllables, although they depend principally on their bills' clattering.
14. True.
15. True—Offspring are called tiglons or ligers.
16. False—The cheetah has been timed at 70 mph as against the whippet's 40 mph.

Hepatitis is one of the fastest-growing diseases in the U.S. Tricky, mysterious, sometimes fatal, it's . . .

The Virus That's Running Wild

by NORMAN M. LOBSENZ

ON FRIDAY NIGHT I felt fine. On Saturday morning I had 104 degrees of fever, a splitting headache, achy joints and a feeling of utter fatigue. Sunday night I was in the hospital, another surprised victim of hepatitis—the mysterious virus illness that has suddenly become one of the fastest-growing diseases in America.

Hepatitis—which means infectious inflammation of the liver—mainly strikes children and persons under 30, but no one is safe from it. And known cases have tripled in the last three years, according to the National Office of Vital Statistics.

The most disturbing thing about this wildfire spread is that no one has found a reason for it. In 1955—latest year for which figures are available—there were 31,961 cases reported in the U.S., making hepatitis the sixth most common communicable disease of those that are reported. Experts assume that there are ten times as many unreported cases, because many victims don't develop the yellowed skin and eyes which are the ailment's most obvious symptoms.

Fortunately, hepatitis causes only about 800 deaths a year in the U.S., mostly of infants and persons over 50. It takes its main toll via a painfully slow convalescence. Most adults require two months to recover from a moderate attack.

The virus that causes hepatitis has thus far managed to keep itself completely invulnerable. It is invisible even under the strongest electron microscope and resists all efforts to isolate it for study. It can't be given to laboratory animals (they have their own variety of hepatitis), so researchers have no chance to observe the progress of the disease, or make vaccines that might immunize against it.

Although hepatitis is highly infectious, doctors are not absolutely sure about all the ways in which it is transmitted. And, finally, the virus —like all viruses—simply shrugs off attempts to lick it with sulfa drugs, antibiotics, or any other medicine.

Although hepatitis has been known to doctors since the days of early Greece (its name stems from the Greek root for "liver"), not much attention was paid to it until World War II. During much of this time it was known variously as "catarrhal jaundice," "yellow jaundice," or by names descriptive of the yellow skin color that results when the liver is stricken. Not even all doctors were aware of its dangers.

When "catarrhal jaundice" started to lay low virtually entire divisions during World War II—between 100,000 and 300,000 servicemen were afflicted—hepatitis was recognized for the dangerous disease it is, and a large-scale attack on it began.

At the University of Pennsylvania, 100 conscientious objectors ate, or allowed themselves to be injected with, various materials from hepatitis victims. Most of them became seriously ill. But their courage resulted in the first real proof that hepatitis was a virus-caused disease, and that it could be transmitted by the blood or excreta of an infected person.

In the early 1940s, thousands of newly inducted troops began going on sick call with hepatitis. They were from widely separated units, so there seemed little likelihood of person-to-person contact, or of an epidemic.

But doctors from the Surgeon-General's office did find one striking thing that all these men had in common: they had all received—as part of their routine series of "shots"—an injection against yellow fever; and every case of hepatitis had appeared about three months after the inoculation.

Some of the original yellow-fever vaccine was injected into volunteers under controlled conditions. Three months later, they too developed hepatitis. Analysis of the vaccine showed that there was hepatitis virus in the human blood serum that made up part of the vaccine.

Soon afterwards, other chains of infection were traced to the same source. One case was that of a doctor who took a shot of anti-mumps serum to prevent him from catching the disease from his son. The doctor developed hepatitis.

Back-tracking, researchers found that this particular batch of mumps serum had been donated by 14 soldiers. For over two years, one scientist traced these men. Finally he discovered that one of the soldiers had been inoculated against yellow fever just a few weeks before he had given blood to the anti-mumps pool. A few months later this same soldier had been hospitalized with hepatitis.

Here—in a winding trail left by the virus itself—was proof that the virus for serum hepatitis lived in the body for many months before any symptoms of illness became evident. And during that long incubation period a person could unwittingly infect others by personal contact, by contaminating food or water, or by donating his infected blood.

Further investigation established that there were not one, but two kinds of hepatitis. They are labeled Virus A and Virus B, and doctors are quite certain they are two different viruses.

Virus A, which causes infectious hepatitis, can be transmitted via blood, personal contact, or infected food or water. It incubates for from ten to 50 days, and its symptoms appear rather abruptly.

Virus B causes serum hepatitis, so called because it is transmitted only via blood, either in transfusions or by contaminated syringes and needles used in giving injections. It incubates for from two to five months, and develops more insidiously than Virus A.

Perhaps because it so often attacks persons who are usually already ill enough to require a transfusion or an injection, Virus B can do more harm. The much-publicized Japanese fisherman who died after being exposed to radioactive fallout from a U.S. hydrogen bomb test in the Pacific is a case in point. It was revealed not long ago that the man died not from radiation, but from serum hepatitis, ironically contracted when he was given a blood transfusion to build up his strength.

Although an attack of either virus immunizes a person against further attacks, a victim of Virus A is not immune to an attack by Virus B, and vice versa. This makes it possible for a person who has been ill with Virus A and is getting, say, injections of liver extract to strengthen him, to be infected with Virus B via a contaminated syringe.

You should strongly suspect hepatitis—and consult your doctor immediately—if you have a low fever, aches and chills that produce a malaise similar to grippe, and you're tired all the time. If you are a confirmed smoker, you notice that suddenly you get no pleasure out of a cigarette or cigar. Your appetite vanishes; sometimes the sight of food is actively nauseating. A vague ache pervades the upper right side of your abdomen.

These are the classical symptoms of the days or weeks before the yellow pigmentation appears in the skin and eyes. Not all hepatitis victims turn yellow, however.

Strangely enough, the appearance of the jaundice (which, on the average, lasts about ten days) puts an end to the other symptoms within a few days: nausea stops; fever disappears; the liver and spleen, which probably have become enlarged and tender, start to shrink to normal size.

High-calorie diet is the primary treatment for hepatitis. Along with bed rest, a huge amount of food—to provide the raw materials with which the liver can build new cells—is the only therapy that works.

In general, the main danger in hepatitis is that the infection may damage so many liver cells at once that the organ will be seriously weakened and left prone to relapses, or to other liver ailments. However, nine out of ten cases recover completely.

Although the liver has remarkable powers of regenerating itself, it can't work miracles. Severe damage—caused by lack of treatment or by the patient not obeying doctors' orders—can lead to cirrhosis of the liver and other diseases.

It is most important to take it easy

for several months after getting over hepatitis. And there is one cardinal rule: no alcohol until the doctor permits it. Alcohol is a poison to the liver.

Flank attacks have so far been medicine's only successful tactic in battling the hepatitis viruses, since it is almost impossible to kill them. They survive temperatures as great as 140 degrees for as long as 60 minutes. They live for from one to five years at four degrees below zero. Ultraviolet radiation has no effect on them. Ordinary antiseptics are useless.

This is why anyone who has ever had hepatitis should always so inform any doctor who is giving him an injection or an inoculation. Thus warned, the doctor can destroy the needle and syringe to make sure he does not accidentally contaminate another patient.

The only real weapon medical science has today against infectious hepatitis is gamma globulin. If you get a shot immediately after exposure to the disease, you can be fairly certain of protection. The value of gamma globulin was proved during a hepatitis epidemic in a Philadelphia summer camp for youngsters. However, it is not effective against serum hepatitis.

Drs. Joseph Stokes, Jr., and John R. Neefe, pioneer investigators of the hepatitis virus, found that in one group of children who received gamma globulin, only 20.8 per cent got the disease, and then in a mild form. Of the non-inoculated group, 67 per cent got hepatitis.

Gamma globulin is now used routinely to prevent the spread of hepatitis epidemics, and to protect the immediate families of patients. And, until medical science can isolate the twin viruses, and develop a vaccine that will give immunity, it's the only defense you have against this tricky and mysterious disease.

With the Small Fry

LITTLE ANNIE'S FATHER fell asleep in his easy chair and began to snore. The little girl ran to her mother calling frantically, "Hurry, Mommie! Daddy is boiling over."

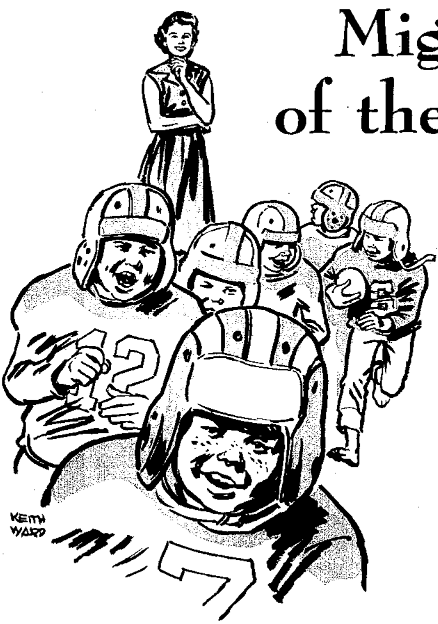
—DONALD SPICHUK

BAFFLED FATHER: "I tried to explain to him about the bees and the flowers—but he kept switching the conversation back to girls." —*English Digest*

MY SISTER asked her kindergarten class how many stars they could see at night. After receiving answers ranging from "more than a hundred" to "too many to count," she called on Georgie. His answer was, "Three."

"But, Georgie, how is it you saw so few stars, when the other children found so many?"

"Well," said the youthful George, apologetically, "our back yard is very small!" —A. A. SCHILLING (*Quote*)



Mighty Mites of the Milk Bowl

by OREN ARNOLD

A Texas housewife has whipped small-fry football into big-time fare

EARLY IN DECEMBER two ferociously eager football teams will meet at San Antonio, Texas, in one of the most colorful of the season's Bowl games. Because the play-by-play will be on an estimated 550 radio and 110 television stations across the continent, you might assume that both teams will be loaded with All-American stars. Actually, no player will be famous, or indeed weigh more than 100 pounds.

In just seven years, this astonishing new sports spectacle, the National Milk Bowl, has achieved prestige in small-fry football comparable to that acquired by the Rose Bowl in collegiate ball in 40 years. Much of this has been due to a pretty young housewife and her dreams for her own five children.

Back in 1949, Elizabeth Weafer and her schoolteacher husband Eugene were "stuck" in Gause, Texas, a town of 491 people, way off the beaten track. Eugene's pupils were country children who had few assets except energy. Because there were no recreational outlets for their own five, Elizabeth urged her big husband to introduce football at the school.

Eugene had never played, never coached, but he'd at least seen a game or two; and he got a football book and studied it. Between cooking, washing and housekeeping, Elizabeth helped Eugene and several local boys measure off a gridiron in a cow pasture and erect goal posts. The kids took to it with enthusiasm.

"By October we had a team of scared little boys in poor clothes," Elizabeth recalls. "Nobody would play us. We wrote every school within range and were brushed off. Finally Bryan, a city of 18,000, reluctantly agreed to take our fellows on as a 'breather' to fill in their schedule.

"At game time, the Bryan lads showed up in resplendent new uniforms. Embarrassed, our Gause boys, in their faded jeans, sweat shirts and no shoes at all, refused to play. I had to take *both* coaches by the arm and make them talk kindly to our team to get it on the field. Finally our lads stood out there glaring, then took the kickoff and began playing like cowboys bulldogging steers."

GIVE TO CARE
CARE
FOOD CRUSADE

One 12-year-old "mighty midget" ran almost for a touchdown—the wrong way. "I thought either goal post would do, ma'am," he said to Elizabeth during the time out, and burst into tears. She hugged him close a moment, explained the rules, and made Coach Weafer send him right back in. So he took the ball on the next play and ran for a touchdown in the *other* direction, scattering Bryan tacklers en route.

In the end, the barefoot Gauslings, who had never seen a football game before, had scored 24 points, the stunned Bryan boys, zero.

Word got around and other schools tried the ragtag Gauslings. They had no luck, either; the country boys polished off each one with a grim and deadly determination. They made other progress, too: they acquired shoes.

Meanwhile, Elizabeth Weafer, a baby on her hip, organized the rest of the Gause youngsters into what could pass for a cheering section.

"If she says holler, then you holler!" one pappy commanded his six school kids. "I don't understand football, but I do understand hollerin'. It tones a body up and makes him work harder at whatever he's doin' if friends holler for him." A trained psychologist could not have expressed it better.

At night, while Eugene graded arithmetic papers, Elizabeth charted hidden-ball plays for him to teach the peewee gridders at practice next day. "Sometimes not even the referee could find the ball until our boy had it behind the goal posts," Eugene says proudly.

The town got to think so much of 25-year-old Elizabeth Weafer that it wanted to elect her governor of Texas, which down there is a higher honor than being President of the United States. Especially after she wrote a Dallas radio station suggesting that a "Bowl game for small fry" be started as a charity benefit, and challenging any team of comparable age anywhere to meet the Gauslings. She proposed that any money received for tickets should go to help crippled children.

The radio station took up the idea. Other radiocasters joined in. So did the newspapers and the general public.

Thus on December 10, 1949, the first Milk Bowl game was played at Cameron, Texas. The Gauslings, resplendently clad and confident now, roared onto the field like a Panhandle tornado—and lost the game to San Saba, Texas, 20 to 7!

But the National Milk Bowl had captured the fancy of Texans; and even "foreigners" were intrigued. Herbert Hoover wrote a note of good wishes. So did another Hoover—J. Edgar; and an immortal halfback named Red Grange.

The next year's game launched it as an annual event. Wealthy and influential Texans agreed to be included among the supporters of this unique charity. And the National Milk Bowl's Board of Directors today is headed by one of the richest men in the world, Hugh Roy Cullen, and such personages as Dr. W. R. White, president of Baylor University; and—Elizabeth Weafer.

"Liz still spends about half her time on the Bowl," her husband testifies.

As her fee for all this, Elizabeth Weafer asks and gets exactly what Bryan school got in that first game against the Gauslings—zero! Eugene, nominally the Bowl's Executive Director now, is similarly paid. The Milk Bowl is a labor of love. No member of the Board or anyone else has ever been asked for money, though the Weafers themselves have spent considerable of their own.

This year's game will be sponsored by a Lions Club at San Antonio. As always, the teams will play under standard football rules. No player will be over 14 years of age or weigh more than 100 pounds. Pageantry between halves will match the best seen at college games. And a pre-teen queen will be crowned.

The Bowl's rise has caused hundreds of small-fry teams to be organized across the nation. The "best" team in Texas is chosen by elimination from a region selected by the Bowl Committee, and the rivalry exceeds that in the tough collegiate Southwest Conference. The champ Texas team challenges one equally strong from out of state. And every state courts the challenge.

"We are even getting feelers from Canada, Mexico, Alaska, South America, and Europe," says Liz. "The whole enterprise keeps getting bigger. I keep trying to shift all the weight onto Eugene—he's twice as big as I am, and football is a man's game. But he just grins and sidesteps like most husbands. I'm not trained for this sort of thing. As a good Methodist, all I know to do is pray for guidance, then continue working as best I can."

But it was a good Catholic who, with a beneficent smile, spoke the feeling in all Texas toward Elizabeth Weafer. Father James Keller, famed head of The Christophers, said to her, "You are a terrific example of what one person can do."

Thought Provoking

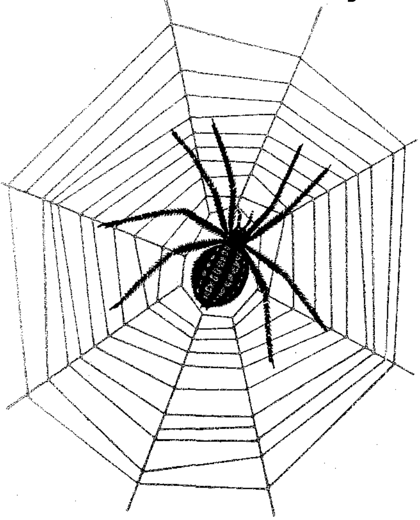
IN AMERICA we can say what we think, and even if we can't think, we can say it anyhow.

—CHARLES F. KETTERING

Nature's Wonderful Weavers

by PETER FARB

The amazing spider builds airplanes, canoes and submarines of silk—and even mates in a silken wedding bed!



THE LIFE of a spider literally hangs by a thread—a thread sometimes only a millionth of an inch thick and usually quite invisible to the naked eye. From the moment of birth she starts spinning and, thereafter, for the rest of her life never ceases.

A spider, as it walks, climbs or jumps, lays behind it a silken lifeline which guards against falls. Silk serves as the telegraph-line to announce when prey has arrived at the trap, and the victim is promptly handcuffed and strait-jacketed with it.

This silk is undoubtedly the most versatile substance in nature. It is also the strongest. Some elastic silks can stretch a third of their length before snapping. South Sea Islanders use silk from a large spider to make fishing nets.

With their ingenious traps, spiders have snared—and held—rattlesnakes, birds and even small trout. One observer saw a mouse trapped in a web woven by a tiny house spider. The victim was more than 250 times the spider's weight. Yet, within 12 hours, the mouse had actually been hoisted a couple of feet off the floor by the soundest engineering principles of block-and-tackle lifting.

Spider-silk factories are much more complex than was once believed. The average spider has six minute spinnerets on its belly, each shaped much like the nozzle of a watering can, and which can be manipulated as easily as we move our fingers.

Each nozzle is made up of roughly 100 tubes, and each *tube* is connected to its own silk-making gland.

But that's not all. The glands manufacture a variety of silks—usually about three or four, in some species five. The spider can use as many of the tubes as she likes, combining them in an infinity of assortments to cope with every possible need.

An average female spider easily produces 100 feet of gossamer at a single sitting—the record length is 1,000 feet. Yet, so stingy are some spiders about this vital material that they gather any unused silk into a ball—and promptly eat it.

Each variety of spiders has its own unique style of weaving—and even the tiny spiderling, working on its first web, spins the characteristic pattern of its kind. Throughout the spider's life the pattern never changes. It only increases in size.

These webs are truly marvelous engineering works, each circle and spoke laid on with an accuracy within a fraction of a degree. And the whole job, consisting of thousands of separate parts, takes the spider less than an hour to complete.

How are spiders able to tread on their own snares without becoming hopelessly enmeshed? Very simply. They carefully avoid treading on the stickiest part of their webs. Investigations have shown that spiders constantly coat their legs with a protective oil.

Not all spiders weave webs as a method of getting their daily rations. The energetic little bola spider climbs to the end of a twig, spins a line and weights it at one end with a ball of goo. When an insect wings past, it hurls the line in much the same way a South American Gaucho tosses his bola.

The California trapdoor spider erects a deep underground fortress, topped by a perfectly hinged drawbridge—the whole affair made of copious amounts of silk and grains of earth.

Once built, this spider never completely leaves its burrow until it dies. Patiently, it sits at the exit holding the lid slightly ajar, waiting. When an insect blunders within striking distance, the spider leaps from its burrow to grasp it. But one leg is always stretched out behind to prop open the door, so that the drawbridge won't close on its keeper.

In the variety of uses to which spiders can put their gossamer, the most extraordinary is for constructing balloons or kites. Soon after the eggs hatch, the spiderlings climb to the top of blades of grass, fenceposts and shrubs, and send out long strings of silk from their spinnerets which are caught by the air. When the tug from the silky balloons becomes strong enough, they cast off. The spiderlings may float for hundreds of miles; but more often they land only a few yards from where they started, in which case they spin another kite and try again. "Some spiderlings climb on their threads like little acrobats, and in this way control the ship they are flying," says Dr. Willis Gertsch, Curator of Spiders at the American Museum of Natural History.

One spider binds together dead leaves with its silk so it can sail down streams on its own canoe. When prey is spotted, it leaps from the craft, strides on the surface of the water (easily done, since its feet are constructed like snowshoes) and returns with the victim to its floating dining-room.

There is also a European water spider that uses its silk to construct an undersea house—in fact, two houses, a deep-water one for winter and a summer bungalow nearer the surface. The female spreads a silken sheet between underwater plants and then makes repeated trips to the surface to collect air bubbles which enable her to survive.

At mating time, the male builds a smaller house alongside the female's and joins the two with a silken tunnel. The young hatch in their submarine home and, later, each carrying a bubble of air—its only dowry—leaves the chamber to hunt for itself.

Spiders have achieved all this without a glimmer of intelligence. They are creatures of blind instinct, locked into patterns of behavior that go back a hundred million years. And, through all the countless generations since, they have methodically continued to weave their individual webs, with nary a variation.

Scientists now use this instinctive spinning in research on the human brain and nervous system. In Switzerland, Dr. Peter Witt of the University of Berne is testing new drugs by means of spiders. When the drugs were tried out on humans, the experiments were often unsuccessful because of man's complicated intelligence.

But Witt found that when he drugged a spider's nervous system, it *pictorially* showed him the effect of the drug by its now-distorted web. A spider that had been given caffeine, for example, wove a ragged web, the threads nervously laid out in all directions. Marijuana, on the other hand, made the spider lose interest in its work and, as a result, omit the first part of the web.

From the lowly spider, spinning its trails of gossamer, scientists are now hoping to probe deeper into the intricate workings of man's mind and nervous system.

Frantic Father

IN THE HOSPITAL my husband was waiting with other expectant fathers for me to present him with our first baby. A nurse came in from time to time to tell a new father that he had had a fine baby. Oddly enough, almost all the babies born that day were boys. When my husband's turn came, the nurse said: "You *too have a fine boy.*"

At that moment, a dejected looking little man—who had been sitting quietly in a corner through all of this—jumped up and exclaimed, "Damn it, I'll bet he got the last one, too!"

—MRS. W. E. SIMPSON

The Amazing Lady Who Ran Away With a Company

by NORMAN CARLISLE

ONE DAY some time ago a retired Colorado rancher sent a proposal of marriage to a woman he had never seen. "You are my ideal of womanhood," his letter said, "warmhearted, feminine, hard working, capable, charming—and, I'm sure, a wonderful cook. I know all this from having heard you on the radio, and from looking at your picture, which I have before me."

A short time later he got back a courteous refusal. The lady he wanted to marry would have to remain the woman of his dreams, just as she already was in one way or another for millions of other Americans. For his letter had been sent to a person who is at once a woman and a legend, who is real and not real. Her name: Betty Crocker.

Who is Betty Crocker? There is no one simple answer. For this paragon of incredible achievements is the embodiment of an idea. Her name and picture have appeared billions of times in newspapers, magazines and on food product packages. She is a radio and TV personality whose influence has changed the eating habits of the nation. She is a teacher whose cooking school has been attended by millions. Warmly human, Betty Crocker has been an inspiration to the American housewife.

"She ran away with this company from the very beginning," an official of General Mills says.

The beginning was unplanned, like everything else about the amazing phenomenon that is Betty Crocker. It all started in 1921 when the company offered a premium for the correct solution of a jigsaw puzzle in one of its magazine advertisements.

When clerks opened the answers they found that many entrants were also asking questions about cookery. These letters ended up on the desk of young Sam Gale who was managing the project.

As he looked at the growing stack, he made a fateful decision: "We've got to answer them."

Company officials were doubtful, but Gale was stubborn. "Those people need help, or they wouldn't be writing."

James Quint, Gale's immediate superior, agreed, and young Gale worked night and day answering the tide. Gale signed them all personally until Quint had a disquieting thought. Wasn't it a bit incongruous for a man to be giving advice about cooking?

"We ought to sign these with a woman's name," he said.

Into his mind came the word "Crocker" which happened to be the name of a company official. It had a natural ring to it. Not too fancy. A simple name to go with it? "Betty."

The next step was a natural one. A

home economist had to be found to make that service to homemakers real and authoritative. This was done, and since that time there has always been a woman at the head of General Mills' Home Service with a staff to carry on the work and write the letters signed Betty Crocker.

Betty Crocker recipe books were issued and letters began to pour in. There seemed to be some magic in the name that made women want to confide their cooking troubles to her—and their joys, too. The idea of an actual woman, working in an actual kitchen, thinking about their problems, was clearly an intriguing one to women all over the country.

"That's when Betty Crocker began to run *us*," says Harry Bullis, General Mills Chairman of the Board. "She became the personification of the idea that we ought to help women with their cooking troubles. Not just with problems connected with our own products, but with whatever kind of help they needed. The picture of their needs was reaching us through Betty Crocker."

IT WAS only natural that Betty Crocker would take to that fabulous new gadget, radio. She went on the air for the first time on October 2, 1924, to preside over the Betty Crocker cooking school. Exactly 24 years later, she signed off the radio cooking school in which 1,130,009 graduates had officially earned diplomas.

Nobody even hazards a guess as to how many million more women had listened to Betty Crocker broadcasts, or how many have subsequently watched Betty Crocker telecasts. But a staggering total of 10,000,000 letters has been received.

A common question used to be: "What does Betty Crocker look like?" After 1936, her followers didn't have to wonder, because that year General Mills commissioned Neysa McMein to paint the portrait that has become one of the most widely reproduced paintings in history.

"You look just as I imagined you would," hundreds of letters commented.

Recently, six leading artists were asked to put on canvas the Betty Crocker of today. The portrait picked was by Hilda Taylor, a noted magazine illustrator. Women describe it as being of a person even more "approachable and helpful" than the more reserved Betty Crocker of the McMein painting.

The company gives Betty Crocker credit for the swift introduction of two sweeping developments which have changed American cooking. One was Bisquick. It was not the first packaged mix; but it *was* by far the most versatile one. Within a year, the Betty Crocker picture on the box, Betty Crocker's talks on the radio, and the scores of recipes that bore her name, had caused sales figures to top five-year expectations. Later came cake mixes, which now account for more than half the cakes baked in the U.S.

Betty Crocker had reached the hearts and minds of America's women, there could be no question about that. But what about the young women who would be tomorrow's homemakers? How well were they

(*Continued on page 146*)

Has your child ever gone hungry?

Francesca's mother watches helplessly as her frail little baby grows weaker every day.

Francesca's father is a shoemaker. He works hard but cannot earn enough to feed his large family. They all live in a one-room hut without heat, without light, without plumbing. There is never enough to eat.

Francesca needs more food. Her mother is desperate. She wants her baby to grow up straight and strong. Her heart cries out for your help, *now.*

HOW *YOU* CAN HELP FRANCESCA

YOU can help Francesca or another needy baby through the Baby Sponsorship plan of **Save The Children Federation.** For $60 a year, just $5 a month, SCF will send "your" baby food, clothing, warm bedding, and many other essential items—in your name, in Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Korea. Full information about "your" baby and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with the family to add understanding and warm friendship to your generous gift. The cost of an SCF Baby Sponsorship is so small—the good is so great.

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(a partial list)

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Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower
James A. Farley
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Mrs. Spencer Tracy

FOUNDED 1932

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to sponsor a needy baby like Francesca in ....(Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Korea). I will pay $60 for one year. Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, $15 for the first quarter ☐, $5 for the 1st month ☐. Please send me "my" baby's name, story and picture.

I cannot sponsor a baby, but I would like to help by enclosing my gift of $..................

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..................... STATE.......... CO10

Contributions are deductible for Income Tax purposes.

prepared to meet the needs of marriage and motherhood?

A quest for the answer led to the biggest of all the Betty Crocker enterprises—the Betty Crocker Search for the American Homemaker of Tomorrow.

Last year 256,000 high school seniors from every state in the nation entered this contest in an effort to win the grand prize of a four-year college scholarship. They all took an examination covering subjects ranging from how to meet the boss's wife to preparing a full-dress meal. Their entries revealed that tomorrow's generation of homemakers is hep on many phases of homemaking but still has plenty to learn. To help them, Betty Crocker gave each participating girl a "Guide to Homemaking," her booklet about the greatest career in the world.

One Betty Crocker search that has always gone on is the endless hunt for new recipes. One such—a chocolate-covered, cherry taste marvel that is one of the most prized of all Betty Crocker recipes—came from Whitehall, a lonely and lovely spot high in the Montana Rockies.

In her partly finished log home there, Billye Wallace liked to please her four children and her husband, Jay, with unusual culinary delicacies. While tinkering around she came up with an invention of her own—a cherry cookie. A few days later she wrote:

"Dear Betty Crocker,

"I have been a faithful Betty Crocker fan. I have Queen Bess silverware, use Gold Medal Flour, and love all the Betty Crocker mixes. I have a picture cookbook and listen to all your radio programs . . . I am sending you a sample of some cookies I have made, with the recipe. It is so different from any cookie recipe I have seen, it's amazing. Yet these cookies are easy to make.

"My husband is a wonderful guy who has worked hard all his life. Now I would love to give him a well-deserved financial boost . . . I realize it is probably not the policy of General Mills to buy recipes when you have a staff for that purpose. However, I have such great faith in my Cherry Nuggets I'm hoping you will make an exception for such 'exceptional' cookies."

Not long afterward, Betty Crocker turned up at the Wallace home with a substantial check—enough to enable Billye Wallace to give her husband that financial boost she had dreamed of.

"Don't tell me there isn't a Santa Claus," says Mrs. Wallace. "She's a woman named Betty Crocker."

Checking on Christmas

(Answers to quiz on page 81)

1. (c) Martin Luther; 2. (c) Yosemite; 3. (c) Indiana; 4. (b) England; 5. (c) Christmas; 6. (b) Celts; 7. (a) keep witches away; 8. (a) Charles Wesley; 9. (b) St. Luke; 10. (b) sap of a tree; 11. (c) Santa Claus; 12. (b) kneel in adoration; 13. (a) Boston; 14. (a) France; 15. (c) England; 16. (c) Northern Europe; 17. (b) English; 18. (a) *N. Y. Sun*; 19. (c) Denmark; 20. (a) plains of Bethlehem.

Human Comedy

A GENIAL PROFESSOR with grown children living near us was raking his front yard, when a group of neighborhood children happened by and offered to help. From time to time the professor made ingenious suggestions and sustained their interest to such an extent that when the job was done each child said gravely, "Thank you for letting me help."

Next morning, early, the professor's doorbell rang. His wife opened the door to a five-year-old girl, one of the helpers of the previous day. The little girl smiled and said shyly, "Can he come out to play?"

—HELEN L. KREIGH

A GROUP OF VISITORS in Ireland were touring local historical sites. The guide commented, "Here it is, the Blarney Castle, just as it stood ages ago; not a stone changed. We have left the castle just as it always was."

"He," said one lady, "reminds me of my landlord back in New York."

—BETTY RINGWOOD

AFTER SEEING Disney's "The Vanishing Prairie," a six-year-old in our neighborhood entertained his family with a colorful account of the birth of the baby buffalo. His mother, thinking this an ideal time to get in a little sex education, remarked: "You know, Jimmy, that's the way all little babies are born." She was congratulating herself on how neatly she'd handled the matter when he said with all the seriousness of six: "What I'd like to know now is, how did I ever get into that buffalo in the first place?"

—MRS. ARCHIE BARNEY

IT WAS an exceptionally pretty spring day when our army transport tied up in Seward, Alaska. A young recruit ahead of me ran down the gangplank, dropped his gear, threw back his chest, took a deep breath and exclaimed: "Boy, ain't this high altitude wonderful!"

—MARQUIS MCDONALD

AS HE PASSED a filling station, a motorist noticed a man lugging a gasoline can and walking in his same direction. There was no stalled car in sight, so he offered the man a lift.

After driving several miles, the motorist commented, "You had quite a distance to go back for gas." To which the rider replied, "Oh I don't have a car, this can is really a suitcase. I never walk far before someone stops and gives me a ride."

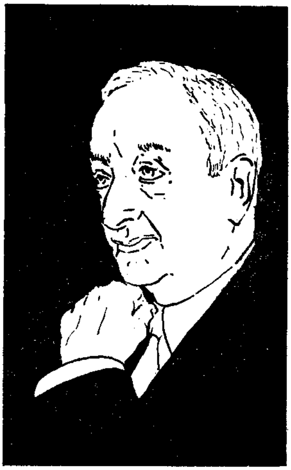
—HOWIE DAVIS

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

The Last of the Tycoons

by TRIS COFFIN

Cyrus Eaton rules an industrial empire and also sponsors a "Thinkers Society"



A CHEER went up from the dense crowd of mill hands standing there in the raw January cold. A school band played "Happy Days Are Here Again!" Some women and older men wept.

Two little girls moved shyly from the crowd and presented flowers to an erect, impeccably dressed, white-haired gentleman standing under a sign reading "WELCOME." His usually frosty blue eyes tender, he bent, deeply moved, and kissed their hands. "Thank you, thank you," he murmured.

The man was Cyrus Eaton, one of the most colorful yet mysterious figures in the world of high finance.

Eaton had just saved the small West Virginia community of Follansbee (pop. about 4,435) from being turned into a ghost town. At the pleas of local workmen and officials he had stepped in and prevented the Follansbee Steel Company from being torn down and its machinery removed by a huge steel corporation.

At the thanksgiving supper in the big silent mill that night, he told the grateful citizens: "It's small cities like Follansbee that are the heart and strength of America. When you build plants in small communities and give jobs to people in their home towns, you strengthen the capitalist system."

This isn't just talk with Eaton. Twice before, he had stepped in to save local industries in small towns. He calls this "creative capitalism."

Cyrus Stephen Eaton is an extraordinary person. Almost 73, he looks, acts and thinks like a man 20 years younger.

In many ways, he is a study in contrasts. Though he is reputedly one of the 20 richest men in the U.S., John L. Lewis is a close friend.

In Cleveland, from his Terminal Tower office overlooking Lake Erie, he directs an industrial empire that stretches from the Arctic to the tropics, and includes railroads, utilities, coal, iron, gold, steel and paints. Yet, he is an honored member of the American Philosophical Association and American Council of Learned Societies.

He is a witty essayist, and a prize-winning farmer (his specialty is Scotch Shorthorn cattle). He skis every Christmas with his grandchildren.

"Do what you want to do," he says, "and work will be fun." (He works from 12 to 14 hours a day.) "Learn to understand the wonders of nature and the glories of literature. Get eight hours' sleep a night." (He neither drinks, smokes, nor uses coffee, but drinks hot water with every meal.)

During the Washington probes of subversives, he announced scornfully, "The way to combat communism isn't by witch-hunting and wire-tapping. Common stocks owned by all the people, and common sense by business and political leaders is the best guarantee of a dynamic capitalism."

When the going is tough and lesser men would back out, he smiles gently, discusses early Greek culture like a scholar, and hangs on.

Cyrus Eaton is a product of Pugwash, a small lumbering and fishing village in Nova Scotia, where his father was a farmer and small shopkeeper. His deeply religious mother, Mary McPherson Eaton, wanted him to devote his life to helping others, and at one time he considered the ministry as a career.

His practical side developed while working in his father's store. The elder Eaton once said of him: "When he was six years old, I could leave him alone in the store for hours."

After college, young Eaton was a cowpuncher in northwest Canada, a store clerk and a lay minister. But once he went into business he wasted no time. His big opportunity, and one that would have frightened off a lesser man, came in 1907 when he was sent by a utility syndicate to get franchises for local gas and electric plants.

A panic developed in the U.S. that year and left the syndicate without money to continue the project. Eaton was only 23, but he walked confidently into a bank, argued that electricity was coming, and secured funds to build a plant himself. Two years later, he sold the utility for a good profit.

With this as a stake, he went into the utility business through the Midwest and Canada. Always willing to take a risk, he moved on into steel (he created Republic Steel), into paint and rubber and paper. He was a multi-millionaire by the time he was 30.

A typical Eaton operation was the way he broke into steel in 1925. First he studied the industry with all the thoroughness of a laboratory scientist, searching for a weakness he could exploit. He found it in the foundering Trumbull Steel Company and, with the masterful timing that marked many of his operations, went into action.

Cyrus Eaton, an unknown in steel,

appeared boldly before the three-man committee running Trumbull and told them, "I know you're in trouble, and it will take $18,000,000 to get you on your feet. Here's a check."

The sum was exactly what the committee had privately estimated. But the chairman coldly stated that he did not know Mr. Eaton or his credit rating.

The relatively young man (he was 41) replied pleasantly, "If you doubt my ability to underwrite this sum, please telephone the Cleveland Trust Company and ask them whether this check for $20,000,000 will be honored."

The check was good and he gained control of Trumbull.

IN THE Stock Market crash Eaton's empire fell and he lost $100,000,000. Other men were jumping out of windows but, as an associate recalls, "He came in to settle up and signed one of the biggest checks ever written. He made only one comment, 'Tomorrow is another day.'"

Cyrus Eaton is the only one of the big tycoons of the '20s who lost everything and came back. He launched an attack on Wall Street's control of industry financing which revolutionized American business. Previously, when a railroad needed funds to build a new line, it called up its favorite Wall Street banking house (two were known as the railroad financiers) which set its own price for the bonds offered.

Eaton coolly took $30,000,000 of Chesapeake & Ohio financing away from Wall Street by paying $1,500,000 more for the bonds. This bold and daring raid stunned Wall Street and won Eaton the friendship of many other independents, including Robert R. Young who was then trying to take over the Van Sweringen railroad empire.

An observer remarked, "It was a beautiful maneuver. Wall Street was caught napping. Eaton figured his margin down to the last penny. If he had bid less than his opponents, he would have looked like a fool. If he had bid too much, he would have lost his shirt."

This operation re-established Cyrus Eaton as one of the top financial geniuses of the post-Depression era.

Another bold venture, originally known as "Eaton's Folly," put him in control of the West's greatest iron resources. When Japan's bombs drew the U.S. into World War II, Eaton, with rare clarity, foresaw the day when Government agents would be frantically searching junk yards and basements for scrap. So he went looking for iron ore.

He raised $40,000,000 to probe a highly speculative ore field in Canada, north of our own famous Mesabi range. The ore lay at the bottom of a wilderness lake 60 to 400 feet in depth. The nearest town was the tiny Indian village of Atikokan, where temperatures sometimes dropped to 50 below zero.

Some of the engineers Eaton brought along to look over the situation shook their heads and told him, "It can't be done."

Eaton, dressed like a prospector in boots and mackinaw, said quietly, "I think it can."

He had a tunnel bored through

2,000 feet of solid rock to drain the lake. Pessimists warned that the tunnel would clog with rocks.

Eaton stood by as the time fuses were set off for the final dynamiting that was to open the tunnel. He waited, outwardly calm, but he later confessed it was "one of the most tense moments in my life."

There was a deep underground roar, then a huge plume of smoke groped upward into the air. Great boulders shot out, followed by a wild cascade of water, and the lake began to drain.

Today, Steep Rock is estimated to contain the largest reserves of high quality iron ore in North America, some 125,000,000 long tons. Also, far to the northeast, in the Ungava Bay area, Eaton's deposits are described by Canada's top geologist as "nothing in the world to compare with them."

Eaton, characteristically, surveyed the vast area himself on foot, by canoe, jeep and airplane. He lived in a tent.

In the book-lined library of his Ohio farmhouse, where many of his great drives have been born and shaped, Cyrus Eaton tackles the problems of tomorrow with the same shrewdness and energy that he possessed when he went after monopoly two decades ago.

He has turned over his Pugwash estate as a retreat where men of good minds can, in his words, "relax together, exchange views, sharpen their own thinking, and design formulas for us to live by in this brand-new atomic world."

When a Russian farm delegation visited him last year he gave it a prize Shorthorn, remarking with a smile, "It's better to trade bulls than bullets."

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), showing the ownership, management, and circulation of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1956. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Arthur Stein; Editor, Lewis W. Gillenson; Managing Editor, Bernard Glaser; Business Manager, A. L. Blinder, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. 2. The owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock are: The Smart Family Foundation, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart Trust, c/o City National Bank & Trust Company, 208 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart. 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York; Edgar Richards, 2754 Monte Mar Terrace, Los Angeles, California; Florence Richards, 2754 Monte Mar Terrace, Los Angeles, California; Vera Elden, c/o Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago, 231 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Northern Trust Company, John Smart and Edgar Richards as successor trustees (Sue Smart Trust, Joan Elden Trust, and Richard Elden Trust), 50 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; A. L. Blinder, 5 Horseguard Lane, Scarsdale, New York; Arnold Gingrich, 273 West 12 Street, New York, New York. Stock to the extent of more than 1 per cent is registered in the names of the following company, but the company is a nominee for a number of stockholders, no one of whom is known to own more than 1 per cent: Wood Walker & Company, 63 Wall Street, New York 5, New York. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. A. L. Blinder, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-first day of September, 1956. (SEAL) Dorothy R. Rogich. (My commission expires March 30, 1958.)

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Leo Aarons; 8 Mike Todd; 10 top 20th Century-Fox, bottom MGM; 31-3 Harold Reimer; 39, 41, 47 Hersch, Bushman from FPG; 40 Tenney from Black Star; 42 Groebli from GAMMA; 43 Gillette from Lensgroup; 44 Owen Touster; 45 Carmine Macedonia from Davis-Cosier; 46 Lettau from Photo-Representatives; 48, 51 Arkansas Information Bureau; 56-7 Klein and Jackinow from New York Daily News; 58-62 Leo Friedman from Friedman-Abeles; 63 Gigli from Rapho-Guillumette; 117-18 INP; 127 Times Film Co.; 130 Costa from PIX.

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small talk

AFTER A CLASS toured the White House, the teacher asked each student to write impressions of the visit. One boy wrote: "I was especially glad to have this opportunity to visit my future home." —*Sunshine*

TWO fifth-grade boys wrestled with the meaning of "Doctor" as applied to a woman Ph.D. who had been introduced to the class.

Whispered one, "Is *she* a *doctor?*"

"Yes," came the answer, "but not the kind that does anybody any good." —ALBERTA MUNKRES

WHILE MARKETING in a large grocery store, a mother became separated from her small son. When they were re-united again, the mother's hand was tightly grasped as her wayward charge counseled: "Now, Mother, don't you get lost again!" —KATHERINE VOLK

A MOTHER took her six-year-old to the ballet. The youngster watched the performance with rapt attention. At the end, an usher walked down the aisle with a large basket of flowers which he handed up to the prima ballerina.

Turning to her mother, the little girl ventured, "Mommy, I think *she* won." —*Tick Tock*

AT THE MOVIES, a married couple was distracted by a small boy noisily eating popcorn behind them. This annoyed the husband so much that he kept half-turning around, hoping to show his disapproval without resorting to words. Finally the little fellow held up his box and asked innocently, "Want some?"

—IRENE ROBICHAN

MY son, four, and little Helen next door, three, are great friends. But one day my son approached Helen's mother with one of those looks that said he felt there was something she should know, but he didn't know how to say it.

Then, evidently feeling "duty before courtesy," he blurted, "Helen doesn't talk right. She says 'Wook' instead of 'Yook.' " —MRS. E. B. NEISULER

AS THEY GAZED at the golden statue of the Oregon Pioneer, which stands atop the dome of Oregon's State Capitol Building, a three-year-old boy queried his father: "Who's that yellow man up there? Is he fixing the TV?" —MRS. R. M. LINHART

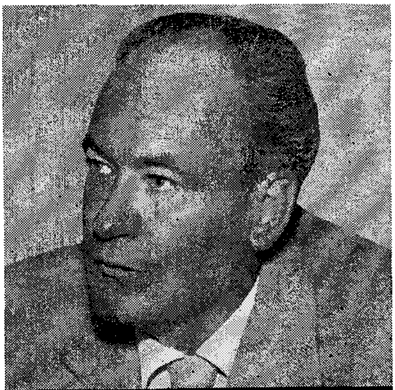
WHEN LITTLE JIMMY returned from camp, his parents asked if he had been homesick.

"Not me," replied the youngster. "Some of the kids were, though—the ones that had dogs." —*Capper's Weekly*

PHOTO-QUIZ

Why are these four men so well known on the Pacific Coast?

Frank Hemingway



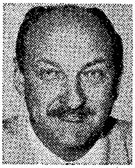
Sam Hayes

Mel Venter

Cliff Engle

. . . over ☞

PHOTO-QUIZ



Frank Hemingway, nationally-known radio newscaster, in broadcasting since 1934, especially well-known to the 17¾ million people on the Pacific Coast, thanks to the intense coverage and wide-spread public acceptance of the 45-station Don Lee Network, largest in the West.

Sam Hayes, known for years throughout the United States for his clear, concise reporting, but best-known in the Pacific Coast States dominated by Don Lee Radio, is one of the many superlative Don Lee newscasters western listeners rely on through the length and breadth of the Pacific Coast.

Mel Venter, known to millions as quiz-master of "Tello-Test," welcome in homes all over the Pacific Coast. Through his warm personality and Don Lee's unparalleled coverage, he has the West's largest, most loyal and most responsive women's audience.

Cliff Engle, newscasting for Don Lee, heard in living-rooms, bedrooms, kitchens and automobiles in Washington, Oregon, Western Idaho and Nevada, as well as in North, Central and Southern California on Don Lee Radio, the Nation's Greatest Regional Network.

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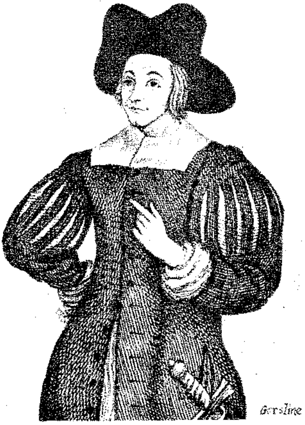

Moll the Roaring Girl

by TREVOR HOLLOWAY

Bandit, pickpocket, brawler and bully, this pipe-smoking she-devil terrorized 17th century London

THE NOISY CROWD milling around Paul's Cross grew denser every minute as news spread through streets and alleyways that Moll Cutpurse was on her knees doing penance for her sins!

Moll the Roaring Girl, wickedest, most powerful and most feared woman in all London, was there all right that spring morning in 1612. And the longer she could drag out her stage-managed "penance" the richer would be the harvest of her team of pickpockets at work among the crowd. It was the best lark she had enjoyed in many a day—and highly satisfactory from a business angle.

This farce at Paul's Cross was one of the many high points in the lurid career of Mary Frith (Moll's real name). If ever there was a she-devil, it was Moll. An anonymous biographer calls her: "A very tomrig or rumscuttle, not minding or companying with girls." To which must be added bully, pickpurse, fortuneteller, receiver of stolen goods and forger.

The law was powerless against this Queen of the London Underworld. Half the city's judges and jailers were in her pay, the other half under her thumb. Those foolish enough to oppose her were corpses in the Thames in a matter of hours, unless Moll showed mercy and only burned down their houses.

Shoemaker Frith and his wife, an honest and law-abiding pair, were driven to distraction by the child born to them in 1584. It was as though some freak of heredity had presented them with a girl whose morals were those of prehistoric man.

Moll teamed up with a gang of hooligans and led them in battle against rival gangs. Sometimes she came home at night, more often she didn't. Her greatest friends were the greatest rogues in the city—and right good company they found her.

In desperation, shoemaker Frith put his daughter out to service—and that was the last he saw of her. Cap and apron she never wore, nor one single domestic chore did she do. She forthwith and forever shed female attire and garbed herself as a man.

At an age when other girls were sewing samplers, this "lusty and sturdy wench" underwent a finishing course in crime. Clad in jerkin and galligaskins, with a club in her hand and a pipe in her mouth (she claimed to be the first Englishwoman to smoke), she frequented every night haunt in town where a dishonest penny could be turned.

Moll Cutpurse they called her, for it was as a cutpurse she excelled. With a sharp-bladed knife she could sever a purse from its leather waist thongs with a lightness of touch the victim never felt. But unfortunately for Moll she entered upon the profession just at a time when prudence prompted the populace to dispense with a slung purse in favor of pockets.

Moll's fingers were thick and clumsy. To succeed as a pickpocket, or "cly-filer," one needed long and sensitive fingers. Furthermore, it was no longer a one-man job. It called for a "bulk" whose role was to distract the intended victim's attention; also a fleet-of-foot "rub," or receiver, to get clear with the spoils.

Moll tried to master the new technique, but after twice narrowly escaping Tyburn gallows through muffing a job she retired from pocket picking at 21. Moll was no fool. She knew her limitations and had a hunch it was high time she cashed in on her other assets—a genius for organizing and a very thorough knowledge of the underworld.

From a trinket shop adjoining the Globe Tavern, she directed a highly organized gang of toughs and thieves, known as her "Boyes," who carried out any nefarious assignment Queen Moll might give them. The loot they brought back she sold at the trinket shop on a commission basis.

MOLL's was the master brain behind half the crime in London. She had tabs on every stagecoach entering or leaving the city, and planned precisely where and when her gunmen should waylay it.

Her agents were along the wharves, in the warehouses, and even among ships' crews so that her riverside thieves were briefed with up-to-the-minute news on every cargo raid they undertook. Lurking in the dockside shadows were her protection squads, ready to go into action if the raiding party met trouble. Many a loaded barge was cut adrift and towed downstream for ransacking in some secluded creek.

The notorious Jack Cottington, who once robbed Cromwell as he walked down the Mall, was her foreman thief. Mulled Sack, as he was nicknamed, ran a school for robbers. On matters of the highway, Moll had as adviser that devil-may-care highwayman, Captain Hind. And over all Queen Moll ruled with a rod of iron. Ruthless she was, but scrupulous in all transactions with her Boyes.

She had little to fear from the law until one of her Boyes lifted a valuable watch from a wealthy farmer. By merest chance, the victim spotted the watch in the trinket-shop window and demanded Moll's arrest on a charge of acting as a fence, the penalty for which was the gallows.

Gloom spread through Moll's empire. For the judge appointed to hear the case was one of the few she did not count among her friends. She would receive no mercy at his hands if the case were proved.

After listening to the preliminary evidence, the judge ordered: "Constable, produce the watch you say was exhibited for sale in the shop of the accused, Mary Frith, of Fleet Street."

A hush fell over the crowded courtroom as the embarrassed constable fumbled first in one pocket, then in another for the evidence that would put the noose around Moll's neck. It could not be found. One of her most skilled cly-filers had picked it from the constable's pocket in that very room!

It was probably Captain Hind who dared Moll to try her hand at a holdup on Hounslow Heath, setting for more highway robberies than anywhere else in the country. Arming herself with a pistol, she took her stand at a lonely spot. Into view rode wealthy General Fairfax, accompanied by two retainers. Moll shot the General through the arm, scared the two servants out of their wits and retired with a goodly haul.

Moll Cutpurse had amassed considerable wealth by the time Charles I lost his head and Cromwell came to power. Realizing that her heyday was over, Moll wisely went into retirement, surrounded by an amazing collection of pampered pets ranging from parrots to gibbering baboons.

A manuscript in the British Museum states that she died in her house at Fleet Street, on July 26, 1659, and was buried in the Church of St. Bridget's, still unrepentant.

Christmas Complaint

ALTHOUGH Conductor Arturo Toscanini and the late Giacomo Puccini, composer of *Madame Butterfly,* were close friends, their friendship alternated between periods of affection and quarreling.

It was Puccini's custom to give Christmas gifts of a kind of coffee cake called *panettone* to his friends, sending a list of names to his baker with instructions to forward the cakes. However, one Yuletide he simply told his baker to use the list from the previous year, forgetting a quarrel with Toscanini.

Reminded later that Toscanini was listed, he tried to change his order, but the *panettone* had already been sent.

Puccini, enraged, wired Arturo: PANETTONE SENT BY MISTAKE. PUCCINI.

The prompt reply: PANETTONE EATEN BY MISTAKE. TOSCANINI.

—DANTE DEL FIORENTINO, *Immortal Bohemian* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.)

by MILTON WAYNE

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once received a visit from a high official in His Majesty's Government who told Mr. Shaw that he was being considered as recipient for a token of distinction.

Shaw thought it over for a bit. "I cannot afford to be a duke, and you could hardly offer me less," he ventured.

"Well," suggested the man from Downing Street, "what would you say to the Order of Merit?"

Shaw stiffened and glared. "Too late, sir," he announced. "I've already conferred that on myself."

PLAYWRIGHT S. N. BEHRMAN, among whose witty brainchildren are "Biography" and "No Time For Comedy," had finished his first Hollywood script assignment and was awaiting the verdict. The producer tossed the script disdainfully on the desk, remarking: "It stinks!" "Ah," sighed the playwright, "a master of innuendo."

DURING HIS SALAD DAYS, Ferenc Molnar, the Hungarian playwright who created "Liliom" and "The Swan," was somewhat broke in Budapest. He called a messenger to take his gold watch to the pawnshop, and instructed him, "Insist on 200 pengo. Then put the money in an envelope and bring it to me. I'll be at the Arizona bar. If I'm with somebody, hand it to me and say, 'From the French Ambassador with his compliments.' "

An hour later, the messenger entered the Arizona bar and found Molnar in conversation with a couple of journalists. In a crestfallen voice he announced: "The French Ambassador sends his compliments, but says 100 pengo is the limit on your watch. Take it or leave it."

THE LATE CHARLES MAC ARTHUR, co-author of "The Front Page" and "Twentieth Century," was called to the Pentagon during World War II. He was to be sent on a high-level mission for the War Department, and therefore would need a temporary commission. While the matter was being discussed, MacArthur was asked what rank he would like. He answered: "I would like to be a fort."

Coronet Family Shopper

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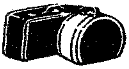

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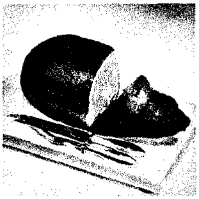

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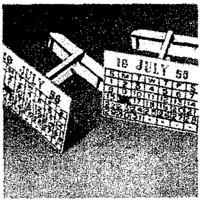

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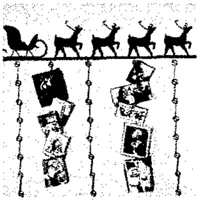

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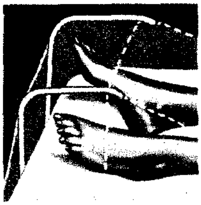

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(Continued on next page)

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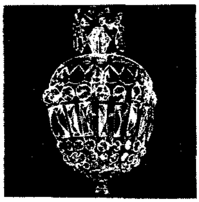

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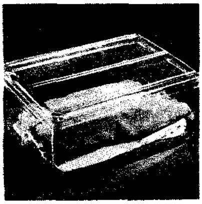

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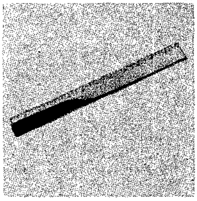

Silver

THE AMERICAN-STYLE birthday party, complete with ice cream and cake, which we gave for our Japanese neighbor Mr. Nakamura at the American Club in Tokyo was a great success, we thought. But shortly thereafter our friendly relations seemed to deteriorate, although our five-year-old daughter Margaret and the Nakamuras' little girl Teruko still remained friends.

Another Japanese cleared up the the mystery, however, reminding us of the fact that Japanese can't rest easy until they have repaid, in kind, any debt or favor. So we were especially pleased when Mr. Nakamura, with much bowing and a twinkle in his eye, invited us to "a special party" at the Episcopal chapel where the family regularly attended services. There the Nakamuras erased what they considered an almost unrepayable social obligation.

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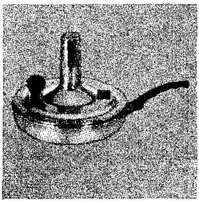

Linings

They honored our daughter by choosing "Margaret" as the Christian name for Teruko at her christening ceremony. —MARGARET HALE

AS A VISITING NURSE, I met the Hendersons, a childless middle-aged couple, when the doctor referred her for home care. She had an inoperable cancer and at her husband's request had not been told. He explained to me, "I want my wife to have a few weeks unclouded by grief and the dread of leaving me. That will upset her most. I know, leaving me alone."

Although she never doubted she would recover, as time passed Mrs. Henderson grew weaker, lost her appetite and suffered almost constant pain. One day she said, "I wonder if I *am* ever going to get well! I would like one more summer at the seashore with my hus-

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(Continued on next page)

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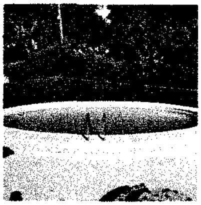

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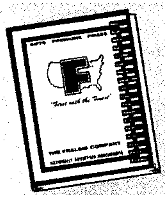

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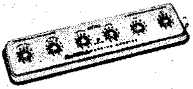

band. It's odd he never mentions going away."

Later, when I repeated this to Mr. Henderson he said, "I'll fix that." He did. Next day she showed me a beautiful bathing suit, cap, sandals and beach robe, all from an exclusive Fifth Avenue shop.

"Now I've got to get well," she exclaimed. "He expects it."

The following week she showed amazing improvement, and they were very happy. But on Monday, he met me whispering, "She is much worse." I made her as comfortable as I could and as I was finishing she asked weakly, "Honey, will you do me a favor? Don't tell George I'm dying. It will be—" and here she used his own words—"easier for him not to have to face being alone yet." She slipped into a coma that night and died two days

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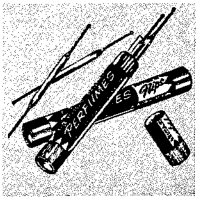

later without regaining consciousness.

The devoted couple never knew they were each playing a magnificent last act of unselfish consideration for each other. I never told Mr. Henderson. —ANNE SCOTT, R.N.

I WAS IN NEW YORK shopping one day with my three small children when the subways which led back to my home in suburban Queens went on strike. Trailing children and loaded with bundles, I stood on Sixth Avenue and looked hopefully for a ride. The cars, jammed bumper to bumper, passed right by. Then I saw a huge trailer truck creeping toward me. When it got closer I noticed a sticker on the window saying in no uncertain terms, "No Riders." The driver, a rather tough-looking young man peered out the window at me, but kept right on going. I had just given up hope of a ride when the

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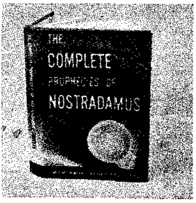

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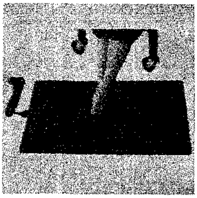

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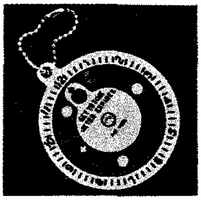

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Silver Linings *continued*

trailer truck appeared once again. This time it slowed to a stop in front of me. The driver leaned out the window. "Okay, lady," he said, "climb in." As I loaded my children and bundles into the front seat, I asked the driver, "What about that sticker on the window? Won't you get in trouble?" "Lady," said the driver looking uncomfortably at me and my children, "the way I figure it, you ain't riders, you're walkers. Now where do you live?"

—CLARE ANDERSON

ONE COLD, blustery day in January I was riding an inter-urban bus in Portland, Oregon. As we reached the outskirts of the city the driver, an elderly gentleman, stopped and picked up an old lady. She was rather shabbily dressed with a scarf tied under her chin.

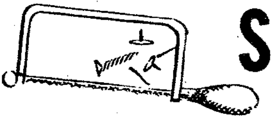
As she got on she snapped at the driver in no uncertain terms: "Where have you been? I've been waiting almost an hour for you."

"That's nothing," he smiled. "I would wait a lot longer than that for you, young lady."

Her belligerence evaporated and she beamed the rest of the way.

—CAPITOLIA JONES SCOTT

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



SHOPPING GUIDE

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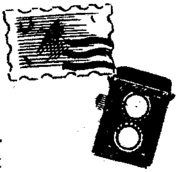

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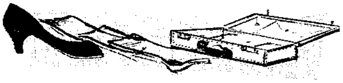

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(*Continued on next page*)

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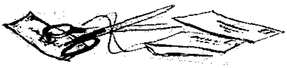

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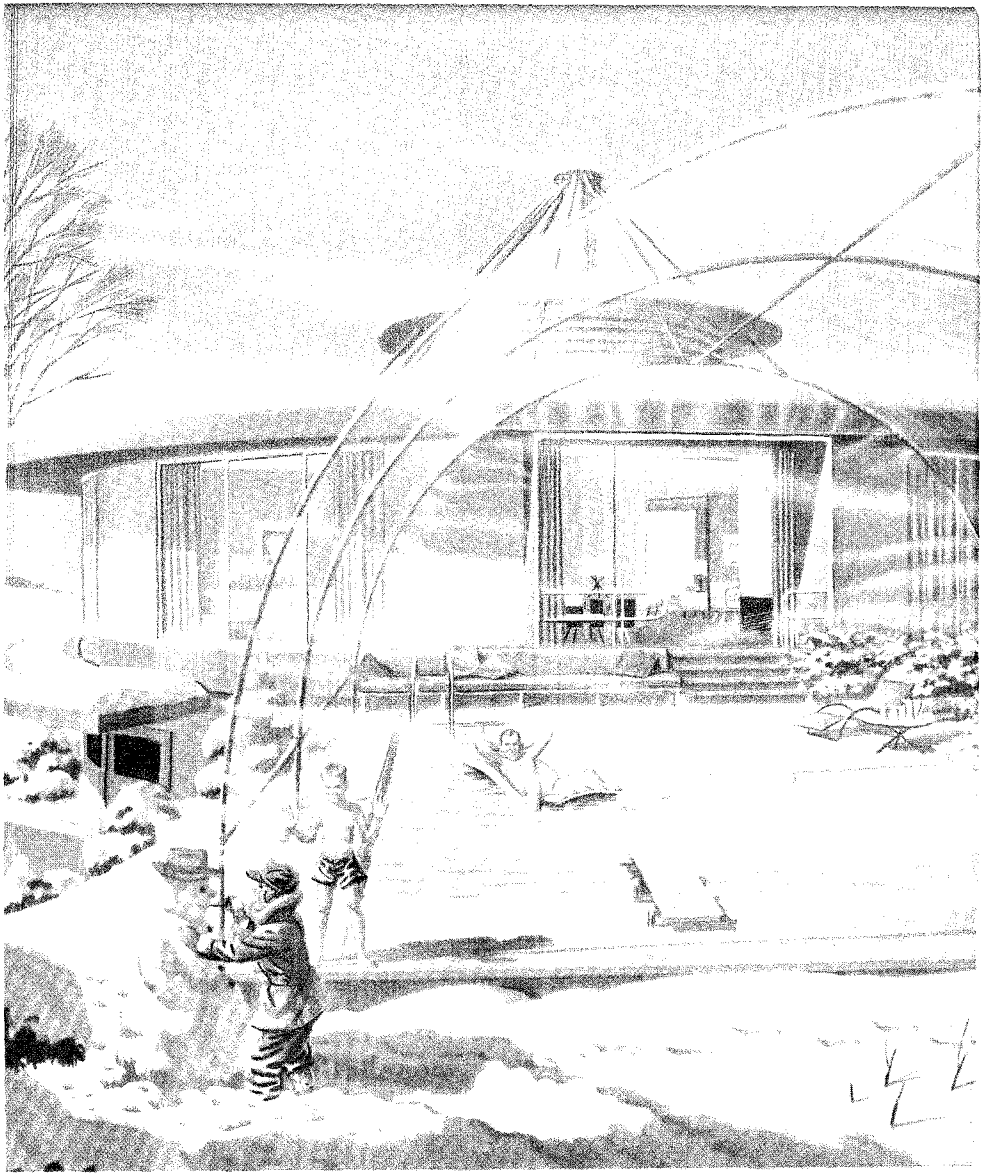

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